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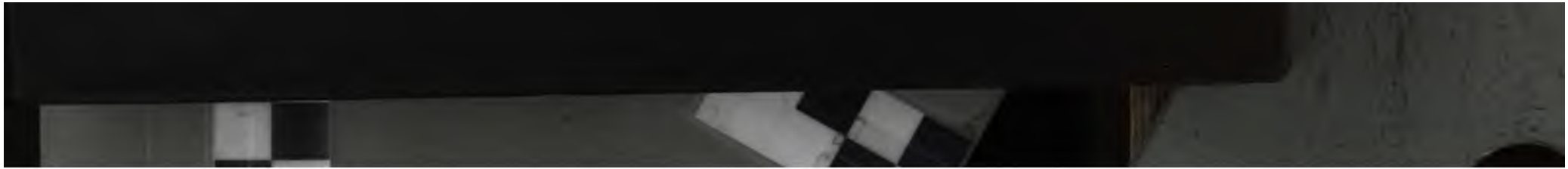

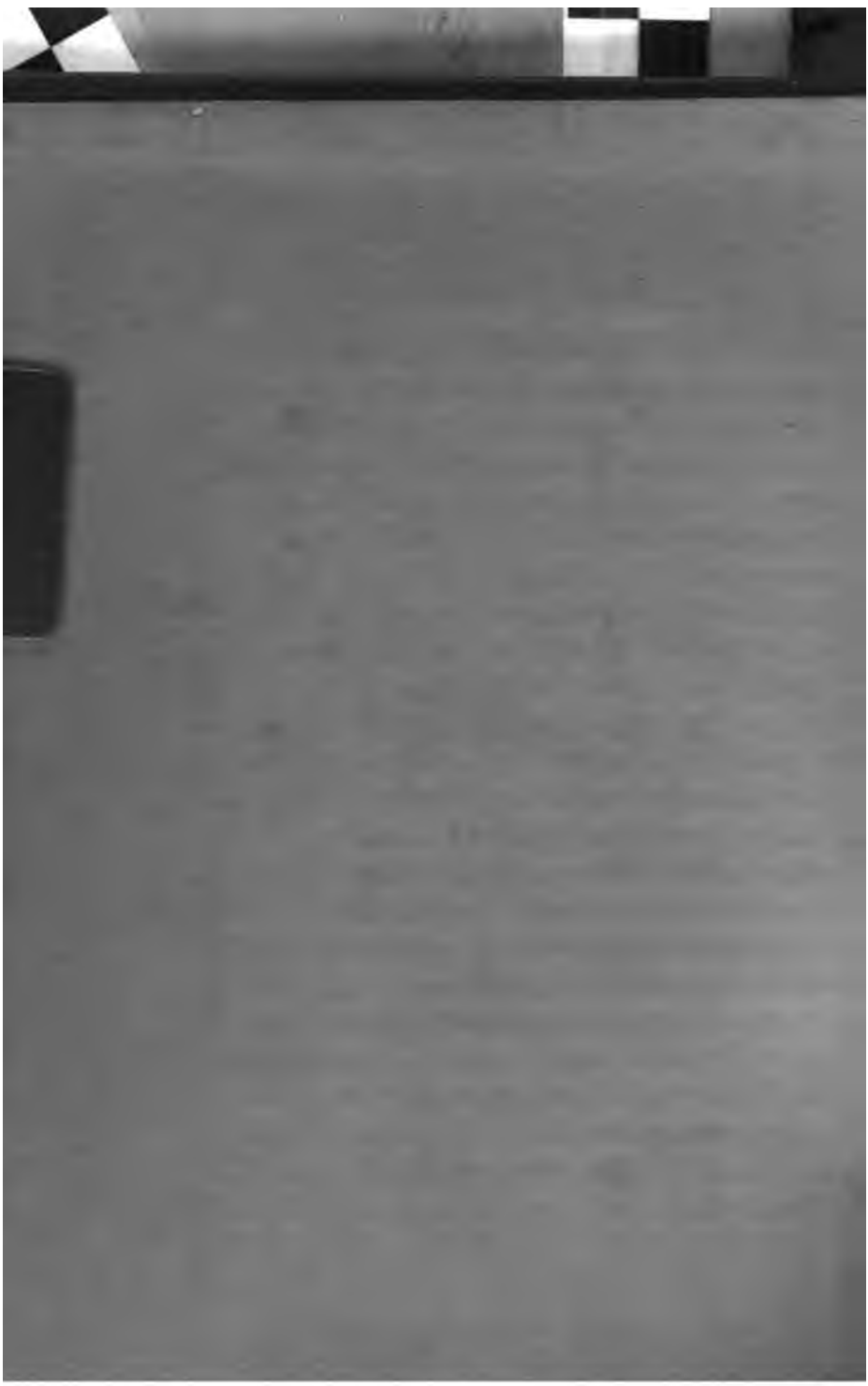

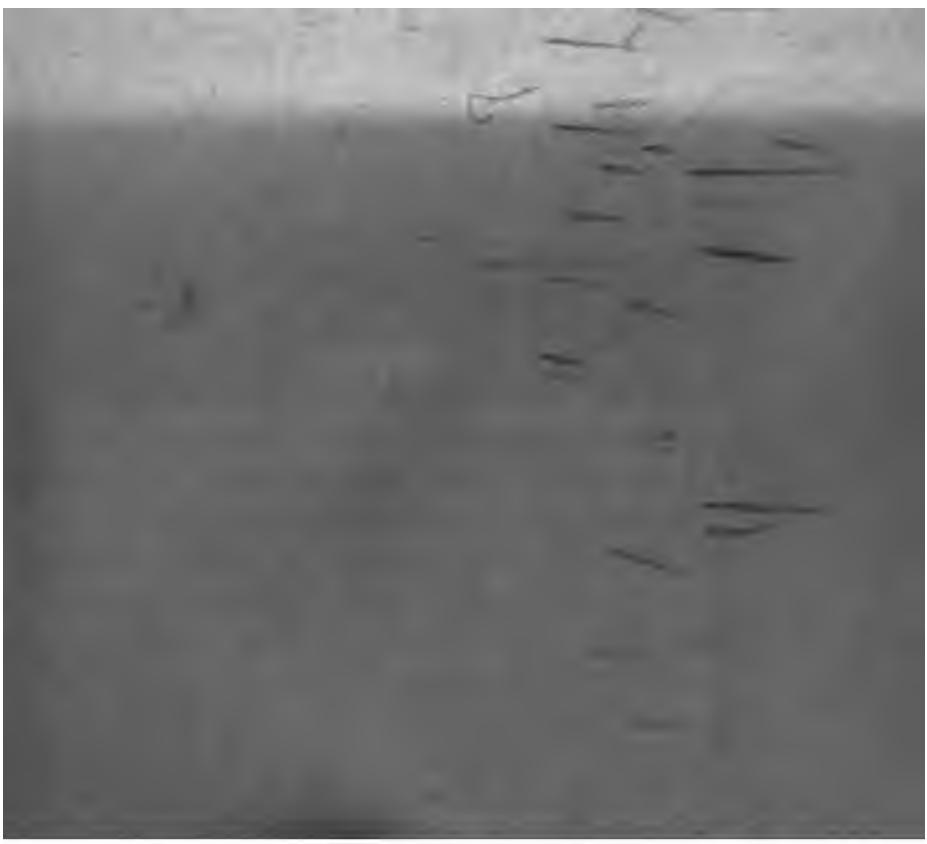

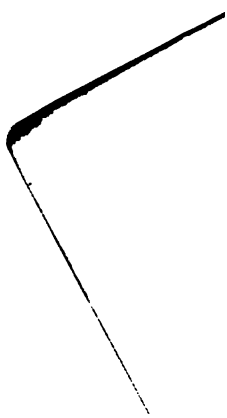

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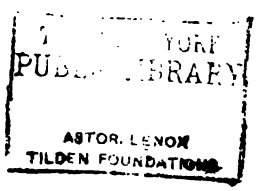
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PREFACE.

It is the intention of the author in the following pages, to trace the progress of the Moslem dominion from the death of Mahomet, in A. D. 622, to the invasion of Spain, in A. D. 710. In this period, which did not occupy fourscore and ten years, and passed within the lifetime of many an aged Arab, the Moslems extended their empire and their faith over the wide regions of Asia and Africa, subverting the empire of the Khosrus; subjugating great territories in India; establishing a splendid seat of power in Syria; dictating to the conquered kingdom of the Pharaohs; overrunning the whole northern coast of Africa; scouring the Mediterranean with their ships; carrying their conquests in one direction to the very walls of Constantinople, and in another to the extreme limits of Mauritania; in a word, trampling down all the old dynasties which once held haughty and magnificent sway in the East.

The whole presents a striking instance of the triumph of fanatic enthusiasm over disciplined valor, at a period when the invention of firearms had not reduced war to a matter of almost arithmetical calculation. There is also an air of wild romance about many of the events recorded in this narrative, owing to the character of the Arabs, and their fondness for stratagems, daring exploits, and individual achievements of an extravagant nature. These have sometimes been softened, if not suppressed, by cautious historians; but the author has found them so in unison with the people and the times, and with a career of conquest, of itself out of the bounds of common probability, that he has been induced to leave them in all their graphic force.

Those who have read the life of Mahomet, will find in the following pages most of their old acquaintances again engaged, but in a vastly grander field of action; leading armies, subjugating empires, and dictating from the palaces and thrones of deposed potentates.

In constructing his work, which is merely intended for popular use, the author has adopted a form somewhat between biography and chronicle, admitting of personal anecdote, and a greater play of familiar traits and peculiarities, than is considered admissible in the stately walk of history. His igno-

rance of the oriental languages has obliged him to take his materials at second-hand, where he could have wished to read them in the original; such, for instance, has been the case with the accounts given by the Arabian writer, Al Wâkidi, of the conquest of Syria, and especially of the siege of Damascus, which retain much of their dramatic spirit even in the homely pages of Ockley. To this latter writer, the author has been much indebted, as well as to the Abbé de Marigny's History of the Arabians, and to D'Herbelot's Bibliotheque Orientale. In fact, his pages are often a mere digest of facts already before the public, but divested of cumbrous diction and uninteresting details. Some, however, are furnished from sources recently laid open, and not hitherto wrought into the regular web of history.

In his account of the Persian conquest, the author has been much benefited by the perusal of the Gemäldesaal of the learned Hammer-Purgstall, and by a translation of the Persian historian Tabari, recently given to the public through the pages of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, by Mr. John P. Brown, dragoman of the United States legation at Constantinople.

In the account of the Moslem conquests along the northern coast of Africa, of which so little is known, he has gleaned

many of his facts from Conde's Domination of the Arabs in Spain; and from the valuable work on the same subject, recently put forth under the sanction of the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland, by his estimable friend, Don Pascual de Gayangos, formerly Professor of Arabic in the Athenæum of Madrid.

The author might cite other sources whence he has derived scattered facts; but it appears to him that he has already said enough on this point, about a work written more through inclination than ambition; and which, as before intimated, does not aspire to be consulted as authority, but merely to be read as a digest of current knowledge, adapted to popular use.

SUNNYSIDE, 1850.

MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

CHAPTER I.

Election of Abu Beker, first Caliph, Hegira 11th, A. D. 632.

The death of Mahomet left his religion without a head and his people without a sovereign; there was danger, therefore, of the newly formed empire falling into confusion. All Medina, on the day of his death, was in a kind of tumult, and nothing but the precaution of Osama Ibn Zeid in planting the standard before the prophet's door, and posting troops in various parts, prevented popular commotions. The question was, on whom to devolve the reins of government? Four names stood prominent as having claims of affinity; Abu Beker, Omar, Othman, and Ali. Abu Beker was the father of Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mahomet. Omar was father of Hafsa, another of his wives, and the one to whose care he had confided the coffer containing the revelations of the Koran. Othman had married successively two of his daughters,

but they were dead, and also their progeny. Ali was cousin-german of Mahomet and husband of Fatima, his only daughter. Such were the ties of relationship to him of these four great captains. The right of succession, in order of consanguinity, lay with Ali; and his virtues and services eminently entitled him to it. On the first burst of his generous zeal, when Islamism was a derided and persecuted faith, he had been pronounced by Mahomet his brother, his vicegerent; he had ever since been devoted to him in word and deed, and had honored the cause by his magnanimity as signally as he had vindicated it by his valor. His friends, confiding in the justice of his claims, gathered round him in the dwelling of his wife Fatima, to consult about means of putting him quietly in possession of the government.

Other interests, however, were at work, operating upon the public mind. Abu Beker was held up, not merely as connected by marriage ties with the prophet, but as one of the first and most zealous of his disciples; as the voucher for the truth of his night journey; as his fellow-sufferer in persecution; as the one who accompanied him in his flight from Mecca; as his companion in the cave when they were miraculously saved from discovery; as his counsellor and co-operator in all his plans and undertakings; as the one in fact whom the prophet had plainly pointed out as his successor, by deputing him to officiate in his stead in the religious ceremonies during his last illness. His claims were strongly urged by his daugh-

ter Ayesha, who had great influence among the faithful; and who was stimulated not so much by zeal for her father, as by hatred of Ali, whom she had never forgiven for having inclined his ear to the charge of incontinence against her in the celebrated case entitled The False Accusation.

Omar also had a powerful party among the populace, who admired him for his lion-like demeanor; his consummate military skill; his straight-forward simplicity and dauntless courage. He also had an active female partisan in his daughter Hafsa.

While therefore Ali and his friends were in quiet counsel in the house of Fatima, many of the principal Moslems gathered together without their knowledge, to settle the question of succession. The two most important personages in this assemblage were Abu Beker and Omar. The first measure was to declare the supreme power not hereditary but elective; a measure which at once destroyed the claims of Ali on the score of consanguinity, and left the matter open to the public choice. This has been ascribed to the jealousy of the Koreishites of the line of Abd Schems; who feared, should Ali's claims be recognized, that the sovereign power, like the guardianship of the Caaba, might be perpetuated in the haughty line of Haschem. Some, however, pretend to detect in it the subtle and hostile influence of Ayesha.

A dispute now arose between the Mohadjerins or refugees

from Mecca and the Ansarians or Helpers of Medina, as to the claims of their respective cities in nominating a successor to Mahomet. The former founded the claims of Mecca on its being the birth-place of the prophet, and the first in which his doctrines had been divulged; they set forward their own claims also as his townsmen, his relatives, and the companions of his exile. The Ansarians, on the other hand, insisted on the superior claims of Medina, as having been the asylum of the prophet, and his chosen residence; and on their own claims as having supported him in his exile, and enabled him to withstand and overcome his persecutors.

The dispute soon grew furious, and scimetars flashed from their scabbards, when one of the people of Medina proposed as a compromise, that each party should furnish a ruler and the government have two heads. Omar derided the proposition with scorn. "Two blades," said he, "cannot go into one sheath." Abu Beker also remonstrated against a measure calculated to weaken the empire in its very infancy. He conjured the Mostems to remain under one head, and named Omar and Abu Obeidah as persons worthy of the office, and between whom they should choose. Abu Obeidah was one of the earliest disciples of Mahomet, he had accompanied him in his flight from Mecca, and adhered to him in all his fortunes.

The counsel of Abu Beker calmed for a time the turbulence of the assembly, but it soon revived with redoubled violence. Upon this Omar suddenly rose, advanced to Abu

Beker and hailed him as the oldest, best, and most thoroughly-tried of the adherents of the prophet, and the one most worthy to succeed him. So saying, he kissed his hand in token of allegiance, and swore to obey him as his sovereign.

This sacrifice of his own claims in favor of a rival struck the assembly with surprise, and opened their eyes to the real merits of Abu Beker. They beheld in him the faithful companion of the prophet, who had always been by his side. They knew his wisdom and moderation and venerated his gray hairs. It appeared but reasonable that the man whose counsels had contributed to establish the government, should be chosen to carry it on. The example of Omar, therefore, was promptly followed, and Abu Beker was hailed as chief.

Omar now ascended the pulpit. "Henceforth," said he, "if any one shall presume to take upon himself the sovereign power without the public voice, let him suffer death; as well as all who may nominate or uphold him." This measure was instantly adopted, and thus a bar was put to the attempts of any other candidate.

The whole policy of Omar in these measures, which at first sight appears magnanimous, has been cavilled at as crafty and selfish. Abu Beker, it is observed, was well-stricken in years, being about the same age with the prophet; it was not probable he would long survive. Omar trusted, therefore, to succeed in a little while to the command. His last measure struck at once at the hopes of Ali, his most formida-

ble competitor; who, shut up with his friends in the dwelling of Fatima, knew nothing of the meeting in which his pretensions were thus demolished. Craft, however, we must observe, was not one of Omar's characteristics, and was totally opposed to the prompt, stern, and simple course of his conduct on all occasions; nor did he ever show any craving lust for power. He seems ever to have been a zealot in the cause of Islam, and to have taken no indirect measures to promote it.

His next movement was indicative of his straight-forward cut-and-thrust policy. Abu Beker, wary and managing feared there might be some outbreak on the part of Ali and his friends when they should hear of the election which had taken place. He requested Omar, therefore, to proceed with an armed band to the mansion of Fatima, and maintain tranquillity in that quarter. Omar surrounded the house with his followers; announced to Ali the election of Abu Beker, and demanded his concurrence. Ali attempted to remonstrate, alleging his own claims; but Omar proclaimed the penalty of death, decreed to all who should attempt to usurp the sovereign power in defiance of public will; and threatened to enforce it by setting fire to the house and consuming its inmates.

"Oh son of Khattâb!" cried Fatima reproachfully, "thou wilt not surely commit such an outrage!"

"Aye will I in very truth!" replied Omar, "unless ye all make common cause with the people."

The friends of Ali were fain to yield, and to acknowledge

the sovereignty of Abu Beker. Ali, however, held himself apart in proud and indignant reserve until the death of Fatima, which happened in the course of several months. He then paid tardy homage to Abu Beker, but, in so doing, upbraided him with want of openness and good faith in managing the election without his privity; a reproach which the reader will probably think not altogether unmerited. Abu Beker, however, disavowed all intrigue, and declared he had accepted the sovereignty merely to allay the popular commotion; and was ready to lay it down whenever a more worthy candidate could be found who would unite the wishes of the people.

Ali was seemingly pacified by this explanation; but he spurned it in his heart, and retired in disgust into the interior of Arabia, taking with him his two sons Hassan and Hosein; the only descendants of the prophet. From these have sprung a numerous progeny, who to this day are considered noble, and wear green turbans as the outward sign of their illustrious lineage.

CHAPTER II.

Moderation of Abu Beker.—Traits of his character.—Rebellion of Arab tribes.—Defeat and death of Malec Ibn Nowirah.—Harsh measures of Khaled condemned by Omar, but excused by Abu Beker.—Khaled defeats Moseïlma the false prophet.—Compilation of the Koran.

On assuming the supreme authority, Abu Beker refused to take the title of king or prince; several of the Moslems hailed him as God's vicar on earth, but he rejected the appellation; he was not the vicar of God, he said, but of his prophet, whose plans and wishes it was his duty to carry out and fulfil. "In so doing,' added he, "I will endeavor to avoid all prejudice and partiality. Obey me only so far as I obey God and the prophet. If I go beyond these bounds, I have no authority over you. If I err, set me right, I shall be open to conviction."

He contented himself, therefore, with the modest title of Caliph, that is to say, successor, by which the Arab sovereigns have ever since been designated. They have not all, however, imitated the modesty of Abu Beker, in calling themselves suc-

cessors of the prophet; but many, in after times, arrogated to themselves the title of Caliphs and Vicars of God, and his Shadow upon Earth. The supreme authority, as when exercised by Mahomet, united the civil and religious functions: the Caliph was sovereign and pontiff.

It may be well to observe, that the original name of the newly elected Caliph was Abdallah Athek Ibn Abu Kahafa. He was also, as we have shown, termed Al Seddek, or The Testifier to the Truth; from having maintained the verity of Mahomet's nocturnal journey; but he is always named in Moslem histories, Abu Beker; that is to say, The Father of the Virgin; his daughter Ayesha being the only one of the prophet's wives that came a virgin to his arms; the others having previously been in wedlock.

At the time of his election Abu Beker was about sixty-two years of age; tall, and well formed, though spare; with a florid complexion and thin beard, which would have been gray, but that he tinged it after the oriental usage. He was a man of great judgment and discretion, whose wariness and management at times almost amounted to craft; yet his purposes appear to have been honest and unselfish; directed to the good of the cause, not to his own benefit. In the administration of his office he betrayed nothing of sordid worldliness. Indifferent to riches, and to all pomps, luxuries, and sensual indulgencies, he accepted no pay for his services but a mere pittance, sufficient to maintain an Arab establishment of the simplest

kind, in which all his retinue consisted of a camel and a black slave. The surplus funds accruing to his treasury he dispensed every Friday; part to the meritorious, the rest to the poor; and was ever ready, from his own private means, to help the distressed. On entering office he caused his daughter Ayesha to take a strict account of his private patrimony, to stand as a record against him should he enrich himself while in office.

Notwithstanding all his merits, however, his advent to power was attended by public commotions. Many of the Arabian tribes had been converted by the sword, and it needed the combined terrors of a conqueror and a prophet to maintain them in allegiance to the faith. On the death of Mahomet, therefore, they spurned at the authority of his successor, and refused to pay the Zacat, or religious contributions of tribute, tithes, and alms. The signal of revolt flew from tribe to tribe, until the Islam empire suddenly shrank to the cities of Mecca, Medina, and Tayef.

A strong body of the rebels even took the field and advanced upon Medina. They were led on by a powerful and popular Sheikh named Malec Ibn Nowirah. He was a man of high birth and great valor, an excellent horseman, and a distinguished poet; all great claims on Arab admiration. To these may be added the enviable fortune of having for wife the most beautiful woman in all Arabia.

Hearing of the approach of this warrior poet and his army,

Abu Beker hastened to fortify the city, sending the women and children, the aged and infirm, to the rocks and caverns of the neighboring mountains.

But though Mahomet was dead, the sword of Islam was not buried with him; and Khaled Ibn Waled now stood forward to sustain the fame acquired by former acts of prowess. He was sent out against the rebels at the head of a hasty levy of four thousand five hundred men and eleven banners. The wary Abu Beker, with whom discretion kept an equal pace with valor, had a high opinion of the character and talents of the rebel chief, and hoped, notwithstanding his defection, to conquer him by kindness. Khaled was instructed, therefore, should Malec fall into his power, to treat him with great respect; to be lenient to the vanquished, and to endeavor, by gentle means, to win all back to the standard of Islam.

Khaled, however, was a downright soldier, who had no liking for gentle means. Having overcome the rebels in a pitched battle, he overran their country, giving his soldiery permission to seize upon the flocks and herds of the vanquished, and make slaves of their children.

Among the prisoners brought into his presence were Malec and his beautiful wife. The beauty of the latter dazzled the eyes even of the rough soldier, but probably hardened his heart against her husband.

"Why," demanded he of Malec, "do you refuse to pay the Zacat?"

"Because I can pray to God without paying these exactions," was the reply.

"Prayer, without alms, is of no avail," said Khaled.

"Does your master say so?" demanded Malec, haughtily.

"My master!" echoed Khaled, "and is he not thy master likewise? By Allah, I have a mind to strike off thy head!"

"Are these also the orders of your master?" rejoined Malec, with a sneer.

"Again!" cried Khaled, in a fury—"smite off the head of this rebel."

His officers interfered, for all respected the prisoner; but the rage of Khaled was not to be appeased.

"The beauty of this woman kills me," said Malec, significantly, pointing to his wife.

"Nay!" cried Khaled, "it is Allah who kills thee because of thine apostacy."

"I am no apostate," said Malec, "I profess the true faith——"

It was too late; the signal of death had already been given. Scarce had the declaration of faith passed the lips of the unfortunate Malec, when his head fell beneath the scimetar of Derar Ibn al Azwar, a rough soldier after Khaled's own heart.

This summary execution, to which the beauty of a woman was alleged as the main excitement, gave deep concern to Abu Beker, who remarked, that the prophet had pardoned even Wacksa, the Ethiop, the slayer of his uncle Hamza, when the

culprit made profession of the faith. As to Omar, he declared that Khaled, according to the laws of the Koran, ought to be stoned to death for adultery, or executed for the murder of a Moslem. The politic Abu Beker, however, observed that Khaled had sinned through error rather than intention "Shall I," added he, "sheathe the sword of God? The sword which he himself has drawn against the unbelieving?"

So far from sheathing the sword, we find it shortly afterwards employed in an important service. This was against the false prophet Moseïlma; who, encouraged by the impunity with which, during the illness of Mahomet, he had been suffered to propagate his doctrines, had increased greatly the number of his proselytes and adherents, and held a kind of regal and sacerdotal sway over the important city and fertile province of Yamama, between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia.

There is quite a flavor of romance in the story of this impostor. Among those dazzled by his celebrity and charmed by his rhapsodical effusions, was Sedjah, wife of Abu Cahdla, a poetess of the tribe of Tamim, distinguished among the Arabs for her personal and mental charms. She came to see Moseïlma in like manner as the Queen of Sheba came to witness the wisdom and grandeur of King Solomon. They were inspired with a mutual passion at the first interview, and passed much of their time together in tender, if not religious intercourse Sedjah became a convert to the faith of her lover,

and caught from him the imaginary gift of prophecy. He appears to have caught, in exchange, the gift of poetry, for certain amatory effusions, addressed by him to his beautiful visitant, are still preserved by an Arabian historian, and breathe all the warmth of the Song of Solomon.

This dream of poetry and prophecy was interrupted by the approach of Khaled at the head of a numerous army. Moseilma sallied forth to meet him with a still greater force A battle took place at Akreba, not far from the capital city of Yamama. At the onset the rebels had a transient success, and twelve hundred Moslems bit the dust. Khaled, however, rallied his forces; the enemy were overthrown, and ten thousand cut to pieces. Moseilma fought with desperation, but fell covered with wounds. It is said his death-blow was given by Wacksa, the Ethiopian, the same who had killed Hamza, uncle of Mahomet, in the battle of Ohod, and that he used the self-same spear. Wacksa, since his pardon by Mahomet, had become a zealous Moslem.

The surviving disciples of Moseilma became promptly converted to Islamism under the pious but heavy hand of Khaled; whose late offence in the savage execution of Malec was completely atoned for by his victory over the false prophet. He added other services of the same military kind in this critical juncture of public affairs; reinforcing and co-operating with certain commanders who had been sent in different directions to suppress rebellions; and it was chiefly through his prompt

and energetic activity that, before the expiration of the first year of the Caliphat, order was restored, and the empire of Islam re established in Arabia.

It was shortly after the victory of Khaled over Moseilma, that Abu Beker undertook to gather together, from written and oral sources, the precepts and revelations of the Koran, which hitherto had existed partly in scattered documents, and partly in the memories of the disciples and companions of the prophet. He was greatly urged to this undertaking by Omar, that ardent zealot for the faith. The latter had observed with alarm the number of veteran companions of the prophet who had fallen in the battle of Akreba. "In a little while," said he, "all the living testifiers to the faith, who bear the revelations of it in their memories, will have passed away, and with them so many records of the doctrines of Islam." He urged Abu Beker, therefore, to collect from the surviving disciples all that they remembered; and to gather together from all quarters whatever parts of the Koran existed in writing. The manner in which Abu Beker proceeded to execute this pious task has been noticed in the preceding volume; it was not, however, completed until under a succeeding Caliph.

CHAPTER III.

Campaign against Syria.—Army sent under Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian.—Successes.—Another army under Amru Ibn al Aass.—Brilliant achievements of Khaled in Irak.

THE rebel tribes of Arabia being once more brought into allegiance, and tranquillity established at home, Abu Beker turned his thoughts to execute the injunction of the prophet, to propagate the faith throughout the world, until all nations should be converted to Islamism, by persuasion or the sword. The moment was auspicious for such a gigantic task. The long and desolating wars between the Persian and Byzantine emperors, though now at an end, had exhausted those once mighty powers, and left their frontiers open to aggression. In the second year of his reign, therefore, Abu Beker prepared to carry out the great enterprise contemplated by Mahomet in his latter days; the conquest of Syria.

Under this general name, it should be observed, were comprehended the countries lying between the Euphrates and the

Mediterranean, including Phœnicia and Palestine.* These countries, once forming a system of petty states and kingdoms, each with its own government and monarch, were now merged into the great Byzantine empire, and acknowledged the sway of the emperor Heraclius at Constantinople.

Syria had long been a land of promise to the Arabs. They had known it for ages by the intercourse of the caravans, and had drawn from it their chief supplies of corn. It was a land of abundance. Part of it was devoted to agriculture and husbandry, covered with fields of grain, with vineyards and trees producing the finest fruits; with pastures well stocked with flocks and herds. On the Arabian borders it had cities, the rich marts of internal trade; while its seaports, though declined from the ancient splendor and pre-eminence of Tyre and Sidon, still were the staples of an opulent and widely extended commerce.

In the twelfth year of the Hegira, the following summons was sent by Abu Beker to the chiefs of Arabia Petrea, and Arabia Felix.

"In the name of the Most Merciful God! Abdallah Athek Ibn Abu Kahafa to all true believers, health, happiness, and the blessing of God. Praise be to God, and to Mahomet his prophet! This is to inform you that I intend to

* Syria, in its widest oriental acceptation, included likewise Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and even Assyria, the whole forming what in Scriptural geography was denominated Aram.

send an army of the faithful into Syria, to deliver that country from the infidels, and I remind you that to fight for the true faith is to obey God '"

There needed no further inducement to bring to his standard every Arab that owned a horse or a camel, or could wield a lance. Every day brought some Sheikh to Medina at the head of the fighting men of his tribe, and before long the fields round the city were studded with encampments. The command of the army was given to Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian. The troops soon became impatient to strike their sunburnt tents and march. "Why do we loiter?" cried they; "all our fighting men are here; there are none more to come. The plains of Medina are parched and bare, there is no food for man or steed. Give us the word, and let us march for the fruitful land of Syria."

Abu Beker assented to their wishes. From the brow of a hill he reviewed the army on the point of departure. The heart of the Caliph swelled with pious exultation as he looked down upon the stirring multitude; the glittering array of arms; the squadrons of horsemen; the lengthening line of camels; and called to mind the scanty handful that used to gather round the standard of the prophet. Scarce ten years had elapsed since the latter had been driven a fugitive from Mecca, and now a mighty host assembled at the summons of his successor, and distant empires were threatened by the sword of Islam. Filled with these thoughts, he lifted up his voice

and prayed to God to make these troops valiant and victorious. Then giving the word to march, the tents were struck, the camels laden, and in a little while the army poured in a long continuous train over hill and valley.

Abu Beker accompanied them on foot on the first day's march. The leaders would have dismounted and yielded him their steeds. "Nay," said he, "ride on. You are in the service of Allah. As for me, I shall be rewarded for every step I take in his cause."

His parting charge to Yezed, the commander of the army, was a singular mixture of severity and mercy.

"Treat your soldiers with kindness and consideration; be just in all your dealings with them, and consult their feelings and opinions. Fight valiantly, and never turn your back upon a foe. When victorious harm not the aged, and protect women and children. Destroy not the palm-tree, nor fruit-trees of any kind; waste not the cornfield with fire; nor kill any cattle excepting for food. Stand faithfully to every covenant and promise; respect all religious persons who live in hermitages, or convents, and spare their edifices. But should you meet with a class of unbelievers of a different kind, who go about with shaven crowns, and belong to the synagogue of Satan, be sure you cleave their skulls unless they embrace the true faith, or render tribute."

Having received this summary charge, Yezed continued his march toward Syria, and the pious Caliph returned to Medina.

The prayers which the latter had put up for the success of the army appeared to be successful. Before long a great cavalgada of horses, mules, and camels laden with booty poured into the gates of Medina. Yezed had encountered, on the confines of Syria, a body of troops detached by the emperor Heraclius to observe him, and had defeated them, killing the general and twelve hundred men. He had been equally successful in various subsequent skirmishes. All the booty gained in these actions had been sent to the Caliph, as an offering by the army of the first fruits of the harvest of Syria.

Abu Beker sent tidings of this success to Mecca, and the surrounding country, calling upon all true believers to press forward in the career of victory, thus prosperously commenced. Another army was soon set on foot, the command of which was given to Seid Ibn Khaled. This appointment, however, not being satisfactory to Omar, whose opinions and wishes had vast weight at Medina, Aycsha prevailed on her father to invite Seid to resign, and to appoint in his place Amru Ibn al Aass; the same who in the early days of the faith ridiculed Mahomet and his doctrines in satirical verses; but who, since his conversion to Islamism, had risen to eminence in its service and was one of its most valiant and efficient champions.

Such was the zeal of the Moslems in the prosecution of this holy war, that Seid Ibn Khaled cheerfully resigned his command and enlisted under the standard which he had lately reared.

At the departure of the army Abu Beker, who was excellent at counsel, and fond of bestowing it, gave Amru a code of conduct for his government; admonishing him to live righteously, as a dying man in the presence of God, and accountable for all things in a future state. That he should not trouble himself about the private concerns of others; and should forbid his men all religious disputes about events and doctrines of the "times of ignorance;" that is to say, the times antecedent to Mahomet; but should enforce the diligent reading of the Koran, which contained all that was necessary for them to know.

As there would now be large bodies of troops in Syria, and various able commanders, Abu Beker in maturing the plan of his campaign assigned them different points of action. Amru was to draw toward Palestine; Abu Obeidah to undertake Emessa; Seid Ibn Abu Sofian, Damascus; and Serhil Ibn Hasan, the country about the Jordan. They were all to act as much as possible in concert, and to aid each other in case of need. When together they were all to be under the orders of Abu Obeidah, to whom was given the general command in Syria. This veteran disciple of the prophet stood high, as we have shown, in the esteem and confidence of Abu Beker, having been one of the two whom he had named as worthy of the Caliphat. He was now about fifty years of age; zealously devoted to the cause, yet one with whom the sword of faith was sheathed in meekness and humanity; perhaps the cautious

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Abu Beker thought his moderation would be a salutary check to the headlong valor of the fanatical soldiers of Islam.

While this grand campaign was put in operation against the Roman possessions in Syria, a minor force was sent to invade Irak. This province, which included the ancient Chaldea and the Babylonia of Ptolemy, was bounded on the east by Susiana or Khurzestan and the mountains of Assyria and Medea, on the north by part of Mesopotamia, on the west and south by the Deserts of Sham or Syria and by a part of Arabia Deserta. It was a region tributary to the Persian monarch, and so far a part of his dominions. The campaign in this quarter was confided to Khaled, of whose prowess Abu Beker had an exalted opinion, and who was at this time at the head of a moderate force in one of the rebellious provinces which he had brought into subjection. The Caliph's letter to him was to the following effect. "Turn thee toward Arabian Irak! The conquest of Hira and Cufa is intrusted to thee. After the subjection of those lands, turn thee against Aila and subdue it with God's help!"

Hira was a kingdom to the west of Babylonia, on the verge of the Syrian Desert: it had been founded by a race of Arabs, descendants of Kahtan, and had subsisted upwards of six hundred years; the greater part of the time it had been under a line of princes of the house of Mondar; who acknowledged allegiance to the kings of Persia, and acted as their lieutenants over the Arabs of Irak.

During the early part of the third century many Jacobite Christians had been driven, by the persecutions and disorders of the Eastern Church, to take refuge among the Arabs of Hira. Their numbers had been augmented in subsequent times by fugitives from various quarters, until, shortly before the birth of Mahomet, the king of Hira and all his subjects had embraced Christianity.

Much was said of the splendor of the capital, which bore the same name with the kingdom. Here were two palaces of extraordinary magnificence, the beauty of one of which, if Arabian legends speak true, was fatal to the architect; for the king, fearing that he might build one still more beautiful for some other monarch, had him thrown headlong from the tower.

Khaled acted with his usual energy and success in the invasion of this kingdom. With ten thousand men he besieged the city of Hira; stormed its palaces; slew the king in battle; subdued the kingdom; imposed on it an annual tribute of seventy thousand pieces of gold, the first tribute ever levied by Moslems on a foreign land, and sent the same, with the son of the deceased king, to Medina.

He next carried his triumphant arms against Aila, defeated Hormuz, the Persian governor, and sent his crown, with a fifth part of the booty, to the Caliph. The crown was of great value, being one of the first class of those worn by the seven vicegerents of the Persian "King of Kings." Among the

trophies of victory sent to Medina was an elephant. Three other Persian generals and governors made several attempts, with powerful armies, to check the victorious career of Khaled, but were alike defeated. City after city fell into his hands; nothing seemed capable of withstanding his arms. Planting his victorious standard on the bank of the Euphrates, he wrote to the Persian monarch, calling upon him to embrace the faith or pay tribute. "If you refuse both," added he, "I will come upon you with a host who love death as much as you do life."

The repeated convoys of booty sent by Khaled to Medina after his several victories, the sight of captured crowns and captured princes, and of the first tribute imposed on foreign lands, had excited the public exultation to an uncommon degree. Abu Beker especially took pride in his achievements; considering them proofs of his own sagacity and foresight, which he had shown in refusing to punish him with death when strongly urged to do so by Omar. As victory after victory was announced, and train after train laden with spoils crowded the gates of Medina, he joyed to see his anticipations so far outstripped by the deeds of this headlong warrior. "By Allah," exclaimed he, in an ecstasy, "womankind is too weak to give birth to another Khaled."

CHAPTER IV.

Incompetency of Abu Obeidah to the general command in Syria.—Khaled sent to supersede him.—Peril of the Moslem army before Bosra.—Timely arrival of Khaled.—His exploits during the siege.—Capture of Bosra.

The exultation of the Caliph over the triumphs in Irak was checked by tidings of a different tone from the army in Syria. Abu Obeidah, who had the general command, wanted the boldness and enterprise requisite to an invading general. A partial defeat of some of his troops discouraged him, and he heard with disquiet of vast hosts which the emperor Heraclius was assembling to overwhelm him. His letters to the Caliph partook of the anxiety and perplexity of his mind. Abu Beker, whose generally sober mind was dazzled at the time by the daring exploits of Khaled, was annoyed at finding that, while the latter was dashing forward in a brilliant career of conquest in Irak, Abu Obeidah was merely standing on the defensive in Syria. In the vexation of the moment, he regretted that he had intrusted the invasion of the latter country to one who appeared to him a nerveless man; and he forthwith sent mis-

sives to Khaled ordering him to leave the prosecution of the war in Irak to his subordinate generals, and repair, in all haste, to aid the armies in Syria, and take the general command there. Khaled obeyed the orders with his usual promptness. Leaving his army under the charge of Mosenna Ibn Haris, he put himself at the head of fifteen hundred horse, and spurred over the Syrian borders to join the Moslem host, which he learned, while on the way, was drawing toward the Christian city of Bosra.

This city, the reader will recollect, was the great mart on the Syrian frontier, annually visited by the caravans, and where Mahomet, when a youth, had his first interview with Sergius, the Nestorian monk, from whom he was said to have received instructions in the Christian faith. It was a place usually filled with merchandise, and held out a promise of great booty; but it was strongly walled, its inhabitants were inured to arms, and it could at any time pour forth twelve thousand horse. Its very name, in the Syrian tongue, signified a tower of safety. Against this place Abu Obeidah had sent Serjabil Ibn Hasanah, a veteran secretary of Mahomet, with a troop of ten thousand horse. On his approach, Romanus, the governor of the city, notwithstanding the strength of the place and of the garrison, would fain have paid tribute, for he was dismayed by the accounts he had received of the fanatic zeal and irresistible valor of the Moslems, but his people were stout of heart, and insisted on fighting.

The venerable Serjabil, as he drew near to the city, called upon Allah to grant the victory promised in his name by his apostle; and to establish the truth of his unity by confounding its opposers. His prayers apparently were of no avail. Squadron after squadron of horsemen wheeled down from the gates of Bosra, attacked the Moslems on every side, threw them into confusion, and made great slaughter. Overwhelmed by numbers, Serjabil was about to order a retreat, when a great cloud of dust gave notice of another army at hand.

There was a momentary pause on both sides, but the shout of Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! resounded through the Moslem host, as the eagle banner of Khaled was descried through the cloud. That warrior came galloping to the field, at the head of his troop of horsemen, all covered with dust. Charging the foe with his characteristic impetuosity, he drove them back to the city, and planted his standard before the walls.

The battle over, Serjabil would have embraced his deliverer, who was likewise his ancient friend, but Khaled regarded him reproachfully. "What madness possessed thee," said he, "to attack with thy handful of horsemen a fortress girt with stone walls and thronged with soldiers?"

"I acted," said Serjabil, "not for myself, but at the command of Abu Obeidah."

"Abu Obeidah," replied Khaled, bluntly, "is a very worthy man, but he knows little of warfare"

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The repeated convoys of booty sent by Khaled to Medina after his several victories, the sight of captured crowns and captured princes, and of the first tribute imposed on foreign lands, had excited the public exultation to an uncommon degree. Abu Beker especially took pride in his achievements; considering them proofs of his own sagacity and foresight, which he had shown in refusing to punish him with death when strongly urged to do so by Omar. As victory after victory was announced, and train after train laden with spoils crowded the gates of Medina, he joyed to see his anticipations so far outstripped by the deeds of this headlong warrior. "By Allah," exclaimed he, in an ecstasy, "womankind is too weak to give birth to another Khaled."

CHAPTER IV.

Incompetency of Abu Obeidah to the general command in Syria.—Khaled sent to supersede him.—Peril of the Moslem army before Bosra.—Timely arrival of Khaled.—His exploits during the siege.—Capture of Bosra.

The exultation of the Caliph over the triumphs in Irak was checked by tidings of a different tone from the army in Syria. Abu Obeidah, who had the general command, wanted the boldness and enterprise requisite to an invading general. A partial defeat of some of his troops discouraged him, and he heard with disquiet of vast hosts which the emperor Heraclius was assembling to overwhelm him. His letters to the Caliph partook of the anxiety and perplexity of his mind. Abu Beker, whose generally sober mind was dazzled at the time by the daring exploits of Khaled, was annoyed at finding that, while the latter was dashing forward in a brilliant career of conquest in Irak, Abu Obeidah was merely standing on the defensive in Syria. In the vexation of the moment, he regretted that he had intrusted the invasion of the latter country to one who appeared to him a nerveless man; and he forthwith sent mis-

sives to Khaled ordering him to leave the prosecution of the war in Irak to his subordinate generals, and repair, in all haste, to aid the armies in Syria, and take the general command there. Khaled obeyed the orders with his usual promptness. Leaving his army under the charge of Mosenna Ibn Haris, he put himself at the head of fifteen hundred horse, and spurred over the Syrian borders to join the Moslem host, which he learned, while on the way, was drawing toward the Christian city of Bosra.

This city, the reader will recollect, was the great mart on the Syrian frontier, annually visited by the caravans, and where Mahomet, when a youth, had his first interview with Sergius, the Nestorian monk, from whom he was said to have received instructions in the Christian faith. It was a place usually filled with merchandise, and held out a promise of great booty; but it was strongly walled, its inhabitants were inured to arms, and it could at any time pour forth twelve thousand horse. Its very name, in the Syrian tongue, signified a tower of safety. Against this place Abu Obeidah had sent Serjabil Ibn Hasanah, a veteran secretary of Mahomet, with a troop of ten thousand horse. On his approach, Romanus, the governor of the city, notwithstanding the strength of the place and of the garrison, would fain have paid tribute, for he was dismayed by the accounts he had received of the fanatic zeal and irresistible valor of the Moslems, but his people were stout of heart, and insisted on fighting.

The venerable Serjabil, as he drew near to the city, called upon Allah to grant the victory promised in his name by his apostle; and to establish the truth of his unity by confounding its opposers. His prayers apparently were of no avail. Squadron after squadron of horsemen wheeled down from the gates of Bosra, attacked the Moslems on every side, threw them into confusion, and made great slaughter. Overwhelmed by numbers, Serjabil was about to order a retreat, when a great cloud of dust gave notice of another army at hand.

There was a momentary pause on both sides, but the shout of Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! resounded through the Moslem host, as the eagle banner of Khaled was descried through the cloud. That warrior came galloping to the field, at the head of his troop of horsemen, all covered with dust. Charging the foe with his characteristic impetuosity, he drove them back to the city, and planted his standard before the walls.

The battle over, Serjabil would have embraced his deliverer, who was likewise his ancient friend, but Khaled regarded him reproachfully. "What madness possessed thee," said he, "to attack with thy handful of horsemen a fortress girt with stone walls and thronged with soldiers?"

"I acted," said Serjabil, "not for myself, but at the command of Abu Obeidah."

"Abu Obeidah," replied Khaled, bluntly, "is a very worthy man, but he knows little of warfare"

In effect the army of Syria soon found the difference between the commanders. The soldiers of Khaled, fatigued with a hard march, and harder combat, snatched a hasty repast, and throwing themselves upon the ground, were soon asleep. Khaled alone took no rest; but, mounting a fresh horse, prowled all night round the city and the camp, fearing some new irruption from the foe.

At daybreak he roused his army for the morning prayer. Some of the troops performed their ablutions with water, others with sand. Khaled put up the matin prayer: then every man grasped his weapon and sprang to horse, for the gates of Bosra were already pouring forth their legions. The eyes of Khaled kindled as he saw them prancing down into the plain, and glittering in the rising sun. "These infidels," said he, "think us weary and wayworn, but they will be confounded. Forward to the fight, for the blessing of Allah is with us!"

As the armies approached each other, Romanus rode in advance of his troops, and defied the Moslem chief to single combat. Khaled advanced on the instant. Romanus, however, instead of levelling his lance, entered into a parley in an under tone of voice. He declared that he was a Mahometan at heart, and had incurred great odium among the people of the place by endeavoring to persuade them to pay tribute. He now offered to embrace Islamism, and to return and do his best to yield the city into the hands of the Moslems, on condition of security for life, liberty, and property.

Khaled readily assented to the condition, but suggested that they should exchange a few dry blows, to enable Romanus to return to the city with a better grace, and prevent a suspicion of collusion. Romanus agreed to the proposal, but with no great relish, for he was an arrant craven. He would fain have made a mere feint and flourish of weapons; but Khaled had a heavy hand and a kindling spirit, and dealt such hearty blows, that he would have severed the other in twain, or cloven him to the saddle, had he struck with the edge instead of the flat of the sword.

"Softly, softly," cried Romanus. "Is this what you call sham fighting; or do you mean to slay me?"

"By no means," replied Khaled, "but we must lay on our blows a little roughly, to appear in earnest."

Romanus, battered and bruised, and wounded in several places, was glad to get back to his army with his life. He now extolled the prowess of Khaled, and advised the citizens to negotiate a surrender; but they upbraided him with his cowardice, stripped him of his command, and made him a prisoner in his own house: substituting in his place the general who had come to them with reinforcements from the emperor Heraclius.

The new governor, as his first essay in command, sallied in advance of the army, and defied Khaled to combat. Abda-'lrahman, son of the Caliph, a youth of great promise, begged of Khaled the honor of being his champion. His request be-

ing granted, he rode forth, well armed, to the encounter. The combat was of short duration. At the onset the governor was daunted by the fierce countenance of the youthful Moslem, and confounded by the address with which he managed his horse and wielded his lance. At the first wound he lost all presence of mind, and turning the reins, endeavored to escape by dint of hoof. His steed was swiftest, and he succeeded in throwing himself into the midst of his forces. The impetuous youth spurred after him, cutting and slashing, right and left, and hewing his way with his scimetar.

Khaled, delighted with his valor, but alarmed at his peril, gave the signal for a general charge. To the fight! to the fight! Paradise! Paradise! was the maddening cry. Horse was spurred against horse; man grappled man. The desperate conflict was witnessed from the walls, and spread dismay through the city. The bells rang alarums, the shrieks of women and children mingled with the prayers and chants of priests and monks moving in procession through the streets.

The Moslems, too, called upon Allah for succor, mingling prayers and execrations as they fought. At length the troops of Bosra gave way: the squadrons that had sallied forth so gloriously in the morning, were driven back in broken and headlong masses to the city; the gates were hastily swung to and barred after them; and, while they panted with fatigue and terror behind their bulwarks, the standards and banners of the cross were planted on the battlements, and

couriers were sent off imploring reinforcements from the emperor.

Night closed upon the scene of battle. The stifled groans of wounded warriors, mingled with the wailings of women, and the prayers of monks and friars, were heard in the once joyful streets of Bosra; while sentinels walked the rounds of the Arab camp to guard it against the desperation of the foe.

Abda'lrahman commanded one of the patrols. Walking his round beneath the shadow of the city walls, he beheld a man come stealthily forth, the embroidery of whose garments, faintly glittering in the starlight, betrayed him to be a person of consequence. The lance of Abda'lrahman was at his breast, when he proclaimed himself to be Romanus, and demanded to be led to Khaled. On entering the tent of that leader, he inveighed against the treatment he had experienced from the people of Bosra, and invoked vengeance. They had confined him to his house, but it was built against the wall of the city. He had caused his sons and servants, therefore, to break a hole through it, by which he had issued forth, and by which he offered to introduce a band of soldiers, who might throw open the city gates to the army.

His offer was instantly accepted, and Abda'lrahman was intrusted with the dangerous enterprise. He took with him a hundred picked men, and, conducted by Romanus, entered in the dead of night, by the breach in the wall. into the house of

the traitor. Here they were refreshed with food, and disguised to look like the soldiers of the garrison. Abda'lrahman then divided them into four bands of twenty-five men each; three of which he sent in different directions, with orders to keep quiet until he and his followers should give the signal-shout of Allah Achbar! He then requested Romanus to conduct him to the quarters of the governor, who had fled the fight with him that day. Under the guidance of the traitor, he and his twenty-five men passed with noiseless steps through the streets. Most of the unfortunate people of Bosra had sunk to sleep; but now and then the groan of some wounded warrior, or the lament of some afflicted woman, broke the stillness of the night and startled the prowlers.

Arrived at the gate of the citadel they surprised the sentinels, who mistook them for a friendly patrol, and made their way to the governor's chamber. Romanus entered first, and summoned the governor to receive a friend.

"What friend seeks me at this hour of the night?"

"Thy friend Abda'lrahman," cried Romanus with malignant triumph; "who comes to send thee to hell!"

The wretched poltroon would have fled. "Nay," cried Abda'lrahman, 'you escape me not a second time!" and with a blow of his scimetar laid him dead at his feet. He then gave the signal shout of Allah Achbar! It was repeated by his followers at the portal; echoed by the other parties in different quarters; the city gates were thrown open, the le-

gions of Khaled and Serjabil rushed in, and the whole city resounded with the cries of Allah Achbar! The inhabitants, startled from their sleep, hastened forth to know the meaning of the uproar, but were cut down at their thresholds, and a horrible carnage took place until there was a general cry for quarter. Then, in compliance with one of the precepts of Mahomet, Khaled put a stop to the slaughter, and received the survivors under the yoke.

The savage tumult being appeased, the unhappy inhabitants of Bosra inquired as to the mode in which they had been surprised. Khaled hesitated to expose the baseness of Romanus; but the traitor gloried in his shame, and in the vengeance he had wreaked upon former friends. "'Twas I!" cried he with demoniac exultation. "I renounce ye both in this world and the next. I deny him who was crucified and despise his worshippers. I choose Islam for my faith; the Caaba for my temple; the Moslems for my brethren; Mahomet for my prophet; and I bear witness that there is but one only God, who has no partner in his power and glory."

Having made this full recantation of his old faith and profession of his new, in fulfilment of his traitorous compact the apostate departed from Bosra, followed by the execrations of its inhabitants, among whom he durst no longer abide; and Khaled, although he despised him in his heart, appointed a guard to protect his property from plunder.

CHAPTER V.

Khaled lays siege to Damascus.

THE capture of Bosra increased the ambition and daring of the Moslems, and Khaled now aspired to the conquest of Damascus. This renowned and beautiful city, one of the largest and most magnificent of the East, and reputed to be the oldest in the world, stood in a plain of wonderful richness and fertility, covered with groves and gardens, and bounded by an amphitheatre of hills, the skirts of Mount Lebanon. A river called by the ancients Chrysorrhoa, or the stream of gold, flows through this plain, feeding the canals and water-courses of its gardens, and the fountains of the city.

The commerce of the place bespoke the luxuriance of the soil; dealing in wines, silks, wool, prunes, raisins, figs of unrivalled flavor, sweet-scented waters and perfumes. The fields were covered with odoriferous flowers, and the rose of Damascus has become famous throughout the world. This is one of the few, the very few, cities famous in ancient times, which still retain a trace of ancient delights. "The citron,"

says a recent traveller, "perfumes the air for many miles round the city; and the fig-trees are of vast size. The pomegranate and orange grow in thickets. There is the trickling of water on every hand. Wherever you go there is a trotting brook, or a full and silent stream beside the track; and you have frequently to cross from one vivid green meadow to another by fording, or by little bridges. These streams are all from the river beloved by Naaman of old. He might well ask whether the Jordan was better than Pharpar and Abana, the rivers of Damascus."

In this city too were invented those silken stuffs called damask from the place of their origin, and those swords and scimetars proverbial for their matchless temper.

When Khaled resolved to strike for this great prize, he had but fifteen hundred horse, which had followed him from Irak, in addition to the force which he found with Serjabil; having, however, the general command of the troops in Syria, he wrote to Abu Obeidah to join him with his army, amounting to thirty-seven thousand men.

The Moslems, accustomed to the aridity of the desert, gazed with wonder and delight upon the rich plain of Damascus. As they wound in lengthening files along the banks of the shining river, through verdant and flowery fields, or among groves and vineyards and blooming gardens, it seemed as if they were already realizing the paradise promised by the prophet to true believers; but when the fanes and towers of

Damascus rose to sight from among tufted bowers, they broke forth into shouts of transport.

Heraclius the emperor was at Antioch, the capital of his Syrian dominions, when he heard of the advance of the Arabs upon the city of Damascus. He supposed the troops of Khaled, however, to be a mere predatory band, intent as usual on hasty ravage, and easily repulsed when satisfied with plunder; and he felt little alarm for the safety of the city, knowing it to be very populous, strongly fortified, and well garrisoned. He contented himself, therefore, with dispatching a general named Caloüs with five thousand men to reinforce it.

In passing through the country, Caloüs found the people flying to castles and other strongholds and putting them in a state of defence. As he approached Baalbec, the women came forth with dishevelled hair, wringing their hands and uttering cries of despair. "Alas!" cried they, "the Arabs overrun the land, and nothing can withstand them. Aracah and Sachnah, and Tadmor and Bosra, have fallen, and who shall protect Damascus!"

Caloüs inquired the force of the invaders.

They knew but of the troops of Khaled, and answered, "fifteen hundred horse."

"Be of good cheer," said Caloüs; "in a few days I will return with the head of Khaled on the point of this good spear."

He arrived at Damascus before the Moslem army came in sight, and the same self-confidence marked his proceedings.

Arrogating to himself the supreme command, he would have deposed and expelled the former governor Azrail, a meritorious old soldier, well beloved by the people. Violent dissensions immediately arose, and the city, instead of being prepared for defence, was a prey to internal strife.

In the height of these tumults, the army of Khaled, forty thousand strong, being augmented by that of Abu Obeidah, was descried marching across the plain. The sense of danger calmed the fury of contention, and the two governors sallied forth, with a great part of the garrison, to encounter the invaders.

Both armies drew up in battle array. Khaled was in front of the Moslem line, and with him was his brother in arms, Derar Ibn al Azwar. The latter was mounted on a fine Arabian mare, and poised a ponderous lance, looking a warrior at all points. Khaled regarded him with friendly pride, and resolved to give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. For this purpose he detached him with a small squadron of horse to feel the pulse of the enemy. "Now is the time, Derar," cried he, "to show thyself a man, and emulate the deeds of thy father and other illustrious soldiers of the faith. Forward in the righteous cause, and Allah will protect thee."

Derar levelled his lance, and at the head of his handful of followers charged into the thickest of the foe. In the first encounter four horsemen fell beneath his arm; then wheeling off, and soaring as it were into the field to mark a different

quarry, he charged with his little troop upon the foot soldiers, slew six with his own hand, trampled down others, and produced great confusion. The Christians, however, recovered from a temporary panic, and opposed him with overwhelming numbers and Roman discipline. Derar saw the inequality of the fight, and having glutted his martial fury, showed the Arab dexterity at retreat, making his way back safely to the Moslem army by whom he was received with acclamation.

Abda'lrahman gave a similar proof of fiery courage; but his cavalry was received by a battalion of infantry arranged in phalanx with extended spears. while stones and darts hurled from a distance galled both horse and rider. He also, after making a daring assault and sudden carnage, retired upon the spur and rejoined the army.

Khaled now emulated the prowess of his friends, and careering in front of the enemy, launched a general defiance to single combat.

The jealousies of the two Christian commanders continued in the field Azraïl, turning to Caloûs, taunted him to accept the challenge as a matter of course; seeing he was sent to protect the country in this hour of danger.

The vaunting of Caloûs was at an end. He had no inclination for so close a fight with such an enemy, but pride would not permit him to refuse. He entered into the conflict with a faint heart, and in a short time would have retreated, but Khaled wheeled between him and his army. He then fought

with desperation, and the contest was furious on both sides, until Caloûs beheld his blood streaming down his armor. His heart failed him at the sight; his strength flagged; he fought merely on the defensive. Khaled perceiving this, suddenly closed with him, shifted his lance to his left hand, grasped Caloûs with the right, dragged him out of the saddle, and bore him off captive to the Moslem host, who rent the air with triumphant shouts.

Mounting a fresh horse Khaled prepared again for battle.

"Tarry, my friend," cried Derar; "repose thyself for a time, and I will take thy place."

"Oh Derar," replied Khaled, "he who labors to-day shall rest to-morrow. There will be repose sufficient amidst the delights of paradise!"

When about to return to the field Caloûs demanded a moment's audience, and making use of the traitor Romanus as an interpreter, advised Khaled to bend all his efforts against Azraïl, the former governor of the city, whose death he said would be the surest means of gaining the victory. Thus a spirit of envy induced him to sacrifice the good of his country to the desire of injuring a rival

Khaled was willing to take advice even from an enemy, especially when it fell in with his own humor; he advanced, therefore, in front, challenging Azraïl loudly by name. The latter quickly appeared, well armed and mounted, and with undaunted bearing.

The contest was long and obstinate. The combatants paused for breath. Khaled could not but regard his adversary with admiration.

"Thy name," said he, "is Azraïl?" (This is the Arabic name for the angel of death.)

"Azraïl is my name," replied the other.

"By Allah!" replied Khaled, "thy namesake is at hand, waiting to carry thy soul to the fire of Jehennam!"

They renewed the fight. Azraïl, who was the most fleetly mounted, being sorely pressed, made use of an Arabian stratagem, and giving the reins to his steed pretended to fly the field. Having distanced his adversary and fatigued his horse, he suddenly wheeled about and returned to the charge. Khaled, however, was not to be outdone in stratagem. Throwing himself lightly from his saddle just as his antagonist came galloping upon him, he struck at the legs of his horse, brought him to the ground and took his rider prisoner.

The magnanimity of Khaled was not equal to his valor; or rather his fanatical zeal overcame all generous feelings. He admired Azraïl as a soldier; but detested him as an infidel. Placing him beside his late rival Caloüs, he called upon both to renounce Christianity and embrace the faith of Islam. They persisted in a firm refusal, upon which he gave the signal, and their heads were struck off and thrown over the walls into the city, a fearful warning to the inhabitants.

CHAPTER VI.

Siege of Damascus continued.—Exploits of Derar.—Defeat of the imperial army.

The siege of Damascus continued with increasing rigor. The inhabitants were embarrassed and dismayed by the loss of their two governors, and the garrison was thinned by frequent skirmishes, in which the bravest warriors were sure to fall. At length the soldiers ceased to sally forth, and the place became strictly invested. Khaled, with one half of the army, drew near to the walls on the east side; while Abu Obeidah, with the other half, was stationed on the west. The inhabitants now attempted to corrupt Khaled, offering him a thousand ounces of gold, and two hundred magnificent damask robes to raise the siege. His reply was, that they must embrace the Islam faith, pay tribute, or fight unto the death.

While the Arabs lay thus encamped round the city, as if watching its expiring throes, they were surprised one day by the unusual sound of shouts of joy within its walls. Sending out scouts, they soon learnt the astounding intelligence that a great army was marching to the relief of the place.

The besieged, in fact, in the height of their extremity, had lowered a messenger from the walls in the dead of the night, bearing tidings to the emperor at Antioch of their perilous condition, and imploring prompt and efficient succor. Aware for the first time of the real magnitude of the danger, Heraclius dispatched an army of a hundred thousand men to their relief, led on by Werdan, prefect of Emessa, an experienced general.

Khaled would at once have marched to meet the foe; alleging that so great a host could come only in divisions, which might be defeated in detail; the cautious and quiet Abu Obeidah, however, counselled to continue the siege, and send some able officer with a detachment to check and divert the advancing army. His advice was adopted, and Derar, the cherished companion in arms of Khaled, was chosen for the purpose. That fiery Moslem was ready to march at once and attack the enemy with any handful of men that might be assigned him; but Khaled rebuked his inconsiderate zeal. "We are expected," said he, "to fight for the faith, but not to throw ourselves away." Allotting to his friend, therefore, one thousand chosen horsemen, he recommended to him to hang on the flanks of the enemy and impede their march.

The fleetly mounted band of Derar soon came in sight of the van of Werdan's army, slowly marching in heavy masses. They were for hovering about it and harassing it in the Arab manner, but the impetuous valor of Derar was inflamed, and

he swore not to draw back a step without hard fighting. He was seconded by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, who reminded the troops that a handful of the faithful was sufficient to defeat an army of infidels.

The battle cry was given. Derar, with some of his choicest troops, attacked the centre of the army, seeking to grapple with the general, whom he beheld there, surrounded by his guard. At the very onset he struck down the prefect's right-hand man, and then his standard-bearer. Several of Derar's followers sprang from their steeds to seize the standard, a cross richly adorned with precious stones, while he beat off the enemy, who endeavored to regain it. The captured cross was borne off in triumph; but at the same moment Derar received a wound in the left arm from a javelin, launched by a son of Werdan. Turning upon the youth, he thrust his lance into his body, but, in withdrawing it, the iron head remained in the wound. Thus left, unarmed, he defended himself for a time with the mere truncheon of the lance, but was overpowered and taken prisoner. The Moslems fought furiously to rescue him, but in vain, and he was borne captive from the field. They would now have fled, but were recalled by Rafi Ibn Omeirah. "Whoever flies," cried he, "turns his back upon God and his prophet. Paradise is for those who fall in battle. If your captain be dead, God is living, and sees your actions."

They rallied and stood at bay. The fortune of the day

was against them; they were attacked by tenfold their number and though they fought with desperation, they would soon have been cut to pieces, had not Khaled, at that critical moment, arrived at the scene of action with the greater part of his forces; a swift horseman having brought him tidings of the disastrous affray, and the capture of his friend.

On arriving, he stopped not to parley, but charged into the thickest of the foe, where he saw most banners, hoping there to find his captive friend. Wherever he turned he hewed a path before him, but Derar was not to be found. At length a prisoner told him that the captive had been sent off to Emessa under a strong escort. Khaled instantly dispatched Rafi Ibn Omeirah with a hundred horse in pursuit. They soon overtook the escort, attacked them furiously, slew several, and put the rest to flight, who left Derar, bound with cords, upon his charger.

By the time that Rafi and Derar rejoined the Moslem army, Khaled had defeated the whole forces of Werdan, division after division, as they arrived successively at the field of action. In this manner a hundred thousand troops were defeated, in detail, by less than a third of their number, inspired by fanatic valor, and led on by a skilful and intrepid chief. Thousands of the fugitives were killed in the pursuit; an immense booty in treasure, arms, baggage, and horses fell to the victors, and Khaled led back his army, flushed with conquest, but fatigued with fighting and burthened with spoils, to resume the siege of Damascus.

CHAPTER VII.

Siege of Damascus continued.—Sally of the garrison.—Heroism of the Moslem women.

The tidings of the defeat of Werdan and his powerful army, made the emperor Heraclius tremble in his palace at Antioch, for the safety of his Syrian kingdom. Hastily levying another army of seventy thousand men, he put them under the command of Werdan, at Aiznadin, with orders to hasten to the relief of Damascus, and attack the Arab army, which must be diminished and enfeebled by the recent battle.

Khaled took counsel of Abu Obeidah how to avoid the impending storm. It was determined to raise the siege of Damascus, and seek the enemy promptly at Aiznadin. Conscious, however, of the inadequacy of his forces, Khaled sent missives to all the Moslem generals within his call.

"In the name of the most merciful God! Khaled Ibn al Walid to Amru Ibn al Aass, health and happiness. The Moslem brethren are about to march to Aiznadin to do battle

with seventy thousand Greeks, who are coming to extinguish the light of God. But Allah will preserve his light in despite of all the infidels. Come to Aiznadin with thy troops; for, God willing, thou shalt find me there." These missives sent, he broke up his encampment before Damascus, and marched, with his whole force, toward Aiznadin. He would have placed Abu Obeidah at the head of the army; but the latter modestly remarked, that as Khaled was now commander-in-chief that station appertained to him. Abu Obeidah, therefore, brought up the rear, where were the baggage, the booty, the women, and the children.

When the garrison of Damascus saw their enemy on the march, they sallied forth under two brothers named Peter and Paul. The former led ten thousand infantry, the latter six thousand horse. Overtaking the rear of the Moslems, Paul with his cavalry charged into the midst of them, cutting down some, trampling others under foot, and spreading wide confusion. Peter in the meantime, with his infantry, made a sweep of the camp equipage, the baggage, and the accumulated booty, and capturing most of the women, made off with his spoils towards Damascus.

Tidings of this onset having reached Khaled in the van, he sent Derar, Abda'lrahman, and Rafi Ibn Omeirah, scouring back, each at the head of two hundred horse, while he followed with the main force.

Derar and his associates soon turned the tide of battle,

routing Paul and his cavalry with such slaughter, that of the six thousand but a small part escaped to Damascus. Paul threw himself from his horse, and attempted to escape on foot, but was taken prisoner. The exultation of the victors, however, was damped by the intelligence that their women had been carried away captive, and great was the grief of Derar, on learning that his sister Caulah, a woman of great beauty, was among the number.

In the meantime, Peter and his troops, with their spoils and captives, had proceeded on the way to Damascus, but halted under some trees beside a fountain, to refresh themselves and divide their booty. In the division, Caulah the sister of Derar was allotted to Peter. This done, the captors went into their tents to carouse and make merry with the spoils, leaving the women among the baggage, bewailing their captive state.

Caulah, however, was the worthy sister of Derar. Instead of weeping and wringing her hands, she reproached her companions with their weakness. "What!" cried she, "shall we, the daughters of warriors and followers of Mahomet, submit to be the slaves and paramours of barbarians and idolaters? For my part, sooner will I die!"

Among her fellow-captives were Hamzarite women, descendants as it is supposed of the Amalekites of old, and others of the tribe of Himiar, all bold viragos, accustomed from their youth to mount the horse, ply the bow, and launch the javelin. They were roused by the appeal of Caulah. "What, however,

can we do," cried they, "having neither sword nor lance nor bow?"

"Let us each take a tent pole," replied Caulah, "and defend ourselves to the utmost. God may deliver us; if not, we shall die and be at rest, leaving no stain upon our country." She was seconded by a resolute woman named Offeirah. Her words prevailed. They all armed themselves with tent poles, and Caulah placed them closely side by side in a circle. "Stand firm," said she. "Let no one pass between you; parry the weapons of your assailants, and strike at their heads."

With Caulah, as with her brother, the word was accompanied by the deed; for scarce had she spoken, when a Greek soldier happening to approach, with one blow of her staff she shattered his skull.

The noise brought the carousers from the tents. They surrounded the women, and sought to pacify them; but whoever came within reach of their staves was sure to suffer. Peter was struck with the matchless form and glowing beauty of Caulah, as she stood fierce and fearless, dealing her blows on all who approached. He charged his men not to harm her, and endeavored to win her by soothing words and offers of wealth and honor; but she reviled him as an infidel, a dog, and rejected with scorn his brutal love. Incensed at length by her taunts and menaces, he gave the word, and his followers rushed upon the women with their scimetars. The unequal combat would soon have ended,

when Khaled and Derar came galloping with their cavalry to the rescue. Khaled was heavily armed; but Derar was almost naked, on a horse without a saddle, and brandishing a lance.

At sight of them Peter's heart quaked; he put a stop to the assault on the women, and would have made a merit of delivering them up unharmed. "We have wives and sisters of our own," said he, "and respect your courageous defence. Go in peace to your countrymen."

He turned his horse's head, but Caulah smote the legs of the animal and brought him to the ground; and Derar thrust his spear through the rider as he fell. Then alighting and striking off the head of Peter, he elevated it on the point of his lance. A general action ensued. The enemy were routed and pursued with slaughter to the gates of Damascus, and great booty was gained of horses and armor.

The battle over, Paul was brought a prisoner before Khaled, and the gory head of his brother was shown to him. "Such," cried Khaled, "will be your fate unless you instantly embrace the faith of Islam." Paul wept over the head of his brother, and said he wished not to survive him. "Enough," cried Khaled; the signal was given, and the head of Paul was severed from his body

The Moslem army now retired to their old camp, where they found Abu Obeidah, who had rallied his fugitives and

intrenched himself, for it was uncertain how near Werdan and his army might be. Here the weary victors reposed themselves from their dangers and fatigues; talked over the fortunes of the day, and exulted in the courage of their women.

CHAPTER VIII.

Battle of Aiznadin.

The army of the prefect Werdan, though seventy thousand in number, was for the most part composed of newly levied troops. It lay encamped at Aiznadin, and ancient historians speak much of the splendid appearance of the imperial camp, rich in its sumptuous furniture of silk and gold, and of the brilliant array of the troops in burnished armor, with glittering swords and lances.

While thus encamped, Werdan was surprised one day to behold clouds of dust rising in different directions, from which as they advanced broke forth the flash of arms and din of trumpets. These were in fact the troops which Khaled had summoned by letter from various parts, and which, though widely separated, arrived at the appointed time with a punctuality recorded by the Arabian chroniclers as miraculous.

The Moslems were at first a little daunted by the number

and formidable array of the imperial host; but Khaled harangued them in a confident tone. "You behold," said he, "the last stake of the infidels. This army vanquished and dispersed, they can never muster another of any force, and all Syria is ours."

The armies lay encamped in sight of each other all night, and drew out in battle array in the morning.

"Who will undertake," said Khaled, "to observe the enemy near at hand, and bring me an account of the number and disposition of his forces?"

Derar immediately stepped forward. "Go," said Khaled, 'and Allah go with thee. But I charge thee, Derar, not to strike a blow unprovoked, nor to expose thy life unnecessarily."

When Werdan saw a single horseman prowling in view of his army and noting its strength and disposition, he sent forth thirty horsemen to surround and capture him. Derar retreated before them until they became separated in the eagerness of pursuit, then suddenly wheeling, he received the first upon the point of his lance, and so another and another, thrusting them through or striking them from their saddles, until he had killed or unhorsed seventeen, and so daunted the rest, that he was enabled to make his retreat in safety.

Khaled reproached him with rashness and disobedience of orders.

"I sought not the fight," replied Derar. "They came forth against me, and I feared that God should see me turn my back. He doubtless aided me, and had it not been for your orders, I should not have desisted when I did."

Being informed by Derar of the number and positions of the enemy's troops, Khaled marshalled his army accordingly. He gave command of the right wing to Mead and Noman; the left to Saad Ibn Abu Wakkas and Serjabil, and took charge of the centre himself, accompanied by Amru, Abda-'lrahman, Derar, Kais, Rafi, and other distinguished leaders. A body of four thousand horse, under Yezed Ebn Abu Sofian, was posted in the rear to guard the baggage and the women.

But it was not the men alone that prepared for this momentous battle. Caulah and Offeirah, and their intrepid companions, among whom were women of the highest rank, excited by their recent success, armed themselves with such weapons as they found at hand, and prepared to mingle in the fight. Khaled applauded their courage and devotion, assuring them that, if they fell, the gates of paradise would be open to them. He then formed them into two battalions, giving command of one to Caulah, and of the other to Offeirah; and charged them, besides defending themselves against the enemy, to keep a strict eye upon his own troops; and whenever they saw a Moslem turn his back upon the foe, to slay him as a recreant and an apostate. Finally he rode through the ranks of his

army, exhorting them all to fight with desperation, since they had wives, children, honor, religion, every thing at stake: and no place of refuge should they be defeated.

The war cries now arose from either army; the Christians shouting for "Christ and for the faith;" the Moslems, "La Ilaha illa Allah, Mohammed Resoul Allah!" "There is but one God! Mahomet is the prophet of God!"

Just before the armies engaged, a venerable man came forth from among the Christians, and, approaching Khaled, demanded, "Art thou the general of this army?" "I am considered such," replied Khaled, "while I am true to God, the Koran, and the prophet."

"Thou art come unprovoked," said the old man, "thou and thy host, to invade this Christian land. Be not too certain of success. Others who have heretofore invaded this land, have found a tomb instead of a triumph. Look at this host. It is more numerous, and perhaps better disciplined than thine. Why wilt thou tempt a battle which may end in thy defeat, and must at all events cost thee most lamentable bloodshed? Retire, then, in peace, and spare the miseries which must otherwise fall upon either army. Shouldst thou do so, I am authorized to offer, for every soldier in thy host, a suit of garments, a turban, and a piece of gold; for thyself a hundred pieces and ten silken robes, and for thy Caliph, a thousand pieces and a hundred robes."

"You proffer a part," replied Khaled, scornfully, "to one

who will soon possess the whole. For yourselves there are but three conditions; embrace the faith, pay tribute, or expect the sword." With this rough reply the venerable man returned sorrowfully to the Christian host.

Still Khaled was unusually wary. "Our enemies are two to one," said he, "we must have patience and outwind them. Let us hold back until nightfall, for that with the prophet was the propitious time of victory."

The enemy now threw their Armenian archers in the advance, and several Moslems were killed and wounded with flights of arrows. Still Khaled restrained the impatience of his troops, ordering that no man should stir from his post. The impetuous Derar at length obtained permission to attack the insulting band of archers, and spurred vigorously upon them with his troop of horse. They faltered, but were reinforced: troops were sent to sustain Derar; many were slain on both sides, but success inclined to the Moslems.

The action was on the point of becoming general, when a horseman from the advance army galloped up, and inquired for the Moslem general. Khaled, considering it a challenge, levelled his lance for the encounter. "Turn, thy lance aside, I pray thee," cried the Christian, eagerly; "I am but a messenger, and seek a parley."

Khaled quietly reined up his steed, and laid his lance athwart the pommel of his saddle: "Speak to the purpose," said he, "and tell no lies."

"I will tell the naked truth; dangerous for me to tell, but most important for thee to hear; but first promise protection for myself and family."

Having obtained this promise, the messenger, whose name was David, proceeded: "I am sent by Werdan to entreat that the battle may cease, and the blood of brave men be spared; and that thou wilt meet him to-morrow morning, singly, in sight of either army, to treat of terms of peace. Such is my message; but beware, oh Khaled! for treason lurks beneath it. Ten chosen men, well armed, will be stationed in the night close by the place of conference, to surprise and seize, or kill thee, when defenceless and off thy guard."

He then proceeded to mention the place appointed for the conference, and all the other particulars. "Enough," said Khaled. "Return to Werdan, and tell him I agree to meet him."

The Moslems were astonished at hearing a retreat sounded, when the conflict was inclining in their favor; they withdrew reluctantly from the field, and Abu Obeidah and Derar demanded of Khaled the meaning of this conduct. He informed them of what had just been revealed to him. "I will keep this appointment," said he. "I will go singly, and will bring back the heads of all the assassins." Abu Obeidah, however, remonstrated against his exposing himself to such unnecessary danger. "Take ten men with thee," said he, "man for man.' "Why defer the punishment of their perfidy until morning?"

cried Derar. "Give me the ten men, and I will counterplot these lurkers this very night."

Having obtained permission, he picked out ten men of assured coolness and courage, and set off with them in the dead of the night for the place of ambush. As they drew near Derar caused his companions to halt, and, putting off his clothes to prevent all rustling noise, crept warily with his naked scimetar to the appointed ground. Here he beheld the ten men fast asleep, with their weapons beneath their heads. Returning silently, and beckoning his companions, they singled out each his man, so that the whole were dispatched at a blow. They then stripped the dead, disguised themselves in their clothes, and awaited the coming day.

The rising sun shone on the two armies, drawn out in battle array, and awaiting the parley of the chiefs. Werdan rode forth on a white mule, and was arrayed in rich attire, with chains of gold and precious stones. Khaled was clad in a yellow silk vest and green turban. He suffered himself to be drawn by Werdan towards the place of ambush; then, alighting, and seating themselves on the ground, they entered into a parley. Their conference was brief and boisterous. Each considered the other in his power, and conducted himself with haughtiness and acrimony. Werdan spoke of the Moslems as needy spoilers, who lived by the sword, and invaded the fertile territories of their neighbors in quest of plunder. "We, on the other hand,' said he, "are wealthy, and desire peace. Speak,

what do you require to relieve your wants and satisfy your rapacity?"

"Miserable infidel!" replied Khaled. "We are not so poor as to accept alms at your hands. Allah provides for us. You offer us a part of what is all our own; for Allah has put all that you have into our hands; even to your wives and children. But do you desire peace? We have already told you our conditions. Either acknowledge that there is no other God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet, or pay us such tribute as we may impose. Do you refuse? For what, then, have you brought me here? You knew our terms yesterday, and that all your propositions were rejected. Do you entice me here alone for single combat? Be it so, and let our weapons decide between us."

So saying, he sprang upon his feet. Werdan also rose, but expecting instant aid, neglected to draw his sword. Khaled seized him by the throat, upon which he called loudly to his men in ambush. The Moslems in ambush rushed forth, and, deceived by their Grecian dresses, Werdan for an instant thought himself secure. As they drew near, he discovered his mistake, and shrank with horror at the sight of Derar, who advanced almost naked, brandishing a scimetar, and in whom he recognized the slayer of his son. "Mercy! Mercy!" cried he to Khaled, at finding himself caught in his own snare.

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The sentence was no sooner pronounced, than the powerful sword of Derar performed its office, and the head of Werdan was struck off at a blow. The gory trophy was elevated on the point of a lance and borne by the little band toward the Christian troops, who, deceived by the Greek disguises, supposed it the head of Khaled and shouted with joy. Their triumph was soon turned to dismay as they discovered their error. Khaled did not suffer them to recover from their confusion, but bade his trumpets sound a general charge. What ensued was a massacre rather than a battle. The imperial army broke and fled in all directions; some toward Cæsarea, others to Damascus, and others to Antioch. The booty was immense; crosses of silver and gold, adorned with precious stones, rich chains and bracelets, jewels of price, silken robes, armor and weapons of all kinds, and numerous banners, all which Khaled declared should not be divided until after the capture of Damascus.

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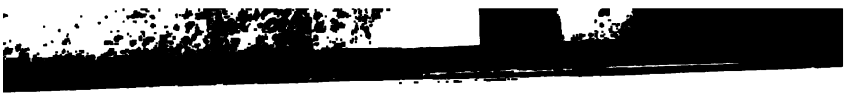
In compliance with this advice, Abu Beker refused the prayer of the applicants. Upon this the people of Mecca, and especially those of the tribe of Koreish, sent a powerful deputation, headed by Abu Sofian, to remonstrate with the Caliph. "Why are we denied permission," said they, "to fight in the cause of our religion? It is true, that in the days of darkness and ignorance we made war on the disciples of the prophet, because we thought we were doing God service. Allah, however, has blessed us with the light; we have seen and renounced our former errors. We are your brethren in the faith, as we have ever been your kindred in blood, and hereby take upon ourselves to fight in the common cause. Let there then no longer be jealousy and envy between us."

The heart of the Caliph was moved by these remon-

strances. He consulted with Ali and Omar, and it was agreed that the tribe of Koreish should be permitted to join the army. Abu Beker accordingly wrote to Khaled congratulating him on his success, and informing him that a large reinforcement would join him conducted by Abu Sofian. This letter he sealed with the seal of the prophet, and dispatched it by his son Abda'lrahman.



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The Moslems were now better equipped for war than ever, having supplied themselves with armor and weapons taken in repeated battles. As yet, however, they retained their Arab frugality and plainness, neglecting the delicate viands, the sumptuous raiment, and other luxurious indulgences of their enemies. Even Abu Obeidah, in the humility of his spirit, contented himself with his primitive Arab tent of camel's hair; refusing the sumptuous tents of the Christian commanders, won in the recent battle. Such were the stern and simple-minded invaders of the effeminate and sensual nations of the East.

The first assaults of the Moslems were bravely repelled, and many were slain by darts and stones hurled by the machines from the wall. The garrison even ventured to make a sally, but were driven back with signal slaughter. The siege was then pressed with unremitting rigor, until no one dared to venture beyond the bulwarks. The principal inhabitants now consulted together whether it were not best to capitulate while there was yet a chance of obtaining favorable terms.

There was at this time living in Damascus, a noble Greek, named Thomas, who was married to a daughter of the emperor Heraclius. He held no post, but was greatly respected, for he was a man of talents and consummate courage. In this moment of general depression, he endeavored to rouse the spirits of the people; representing their invaders as despicable, barbarous, naked, and poorly armed, without discipline or

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The Christians were sadly devout in this hour of extremity. At early dawn the bishop, in his robes, proceeded at the head of the clergy to the gate by which the sally was to be made; where he elevated the cross, and laid beside it the New Testament. As Thomas passed out at the gate, he laid his hand upon the sacred volume. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "if our faith be true, aid us, and deliver us not into the hands of its enemies."

The Moslems, who had been on the alert, were advancing to attack just at the time of the sally, but were checked by a general discharge from the engines on the wall. Thomas led his troops bravely to the encounter, and the conflict was fierce and bloody. He was a dexterous archer, and singled out the most conspicuous of the Moslems, who fell one after another

beneath his shafts. Among others he wounded Abân Ibn Zeid with an arrow tipped with poison. The latter bound up the wound with his turban, and continued in the field, but being overcome by the venom, was conveyed to the camp. He had but recently been married to a beautiful woman of the intrepid race of the Himiar; one of those Amazons accustomed to use the bow and arrow, and to mingle in warfare.

Hearing that her husband was wounded, she hastened to his tent, but before she could reach it he had expired. She uttered no lamentation, nor shed a tear, but, bending over the body, "Happy art thou, oh my beloved," said she, "for thou art with Allah, who joined us but to part us from each other. But I will avenge thy death, and then seek to join thee in paradise. Henceforth shall no man touch me more, for I dedicate myself to God!"

Then grasping her husband's bow and arrows, she hastened to the field in quest of Thomas, who, she had been told, was the slayer of her husband. Pressing toward the place where he was fighting she let fly a shaft, which wounded his standard-bearer in the hand. The standard fell, and was borne off by the Moslems Thomas pursued it, laying about him furiously, and calling upon his men to rescue their banner. It was shifted from hand to hand until it came into that of Serjabil. Thomas assailed him with his scimetar: Serjabil threw the standard among his troops and closed with him. They fought with equal ardor, but Thomas was gaining the advantage,

when an arrow, shot by the wife of Abân, smote him in the eye. He staggered with the wound, but his men abandoning the contested standard, rushed to his support, and bore him off to the city. He refused to retire to his home, and, his wound being dressed on the ramparts, would have returned to the conflict, but was overruled by the public. He took his station, however, at the city gate, whence he could survey the field and issue his orders. The battle continued with great fury; but such showers of stones and darts and other missiles were discharged by the Jews from the engines on the walls, that the besiegers were kept a distance. Night terminated the conflict. The Moslems returned to their camp wearied with a long day's fighting; and, throwing themselves on the earth, were soon buried in profound sleep.

Thomas, finding the courage of the garrison roused by the stand they had that day made, resolved to put it to further proof. At his suggestion, preparations were made in the dead of the night for a general sally at daybreak from all the gates of the city. At the signal of a single stroke upon a bell at the first peep of dawn, all the gates were thrown open, and from each rushed forth a torrent of warriors upon the nearest encampment.

So silently had the preparations been made, that the besiegers were completely taken by surprise. The trumpets sounded alarms, the Moslems started from sleep and snatched up their weapons, but the enemy were already upon them, and

what do you require to relieve your wants and satisfy your rapacity?"

"Miserable infidel!" replied Khaled. "We are not so poor as to accept alms at your hands. Allah provides for us. You offer us a part of what is all our own; for Allah has put all that you have into our hands; even to your wives and children. But do you desire peace? We have already told you our conditions. Either acknowledge that there is no other God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet, or pay us such tribute as we may impose. Do you refuse? For what, then, have you brought me here? You knew our terms yesterday, and that all your propositions were rejected. Do you entice me here alone for single combat? Be it so, and let our weapons decide between us."

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CHAPTER IX.

Occurrences before Damascus.—Exploits of Thomas.—Abân Ibn Zeid and his Amazonian wife.

The fugitives from the field of Aiznadin carried to Damascus the dismal tidings that the army was overthrown, and the last hope of succor destroyed. Great was the consternation of the inhabitants, yet they set to work, with desperate activity, to prepare for the coming storm. The fugitives had reinforced the garrison with several thousand effective men. New fortifications were hastily erected. The walls were lined with engines to discharge stones and darts, which were managed by Jews skilled in their use.

In the midst of their preparation, they beheld squadron after squadron of Moslem cavalry emerging from among distant groves, while a lengthening line of foot soldiers poured along between the gardens. This was the order of march of the Moslem host. The advance guard, of upwards of nine thousand horsemen, was led by Amru. Then came two thousand Koreishite horse, led by Abu Sofian. Then a like num-

ber under Serjabil. Then Omar Ibn Rabiyah with a similar division; then the main body of the army led by Abu Obeidah, and lastly the rear-guard displaying the black eagle, the fateful banner of Khaled, and led by that invincible warrior.

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The Moslems, who had been on the alert, were advancing to attack just at the time of the sally, but were checked by a general discharge from the engines on the wall. Thomas led his troops bravely to the encounter, and the conflict was fierce and bloody. He was a dexterous archer, and singled out the most conspicuous of the Moslems, who fell one after another

beneath his shafts. Among others he wounded Abân Ibn Zeid with an arrow tipped with poison. The latter bound up the wound with his turban, and continued in the field, but being overcome by the venom, was conveyed to the camp. He had but recently been married to a beautiful woman of the intrepid race of the Himiar; one of those Amazons accustomed to use the bow and arrow, and to mingle in warfare.

Hearing that her husband was wounded, she hastened to his tent, but before she could reach it he had expired. She uttered no lamentation, nor shed a tear, but, bending over the body, "Happy art thou, oh my beloved," said she, "for thou art with Allah, who joined us but to part us from each other. But I will avenge thy death, and then seek to join thee in paradise. Henceforth shall no man touch me more, for I dedicate myself to God!"

Then grasping her husband's bow and arrows, she hastened to the field in quest of Thomas, who, she had been told, was the slayer of her husband. Pressing toward the place where he was fighting she let fly a shaft, which wounded his standard-bearer in the hand. The standard fell, and was borne off by the Moslems. Thomas pursued it, laying about him furiously, and calling upon his men to rescue their banner. It was shifted from hand to hand until it came into that of Serjabil. Thomas assailed him with his scimetar: Serjabil threw the standard among his troops and closed with him. They fought with equal ardor, but Thomas was gaining the advantage,

when an arrow, shot by the wife of Abân, smote him in the eye. He staggered with the wound, but his men abandoning the contested standard, rushed to his support, and bore him off to the city. He refused to retire to his home, and, his wound being dressed on the ramparts, would have returned to the conflict, but was overruled by the public. He took his station, however, at the city gate, whence he could survey the field and issue his orders. The battle continued with great fury; but such showers of stones and darts and other missiles were discharged by the Jews from the engines on the walls, that the besiegers were kept a distance. Night terminated the conflict. The Moslems returned to their camp wearied with a long day's fighting; and, throwing themselves on the earth, were soon buried in profound sleep.

Thomas, finding the courage of the garrison roused by the stand they had that day made, resolved to put it to further proof. At his suggestion, preparations were made in the dead of the night for a general sally at daybreak from all the gates of the city. At the signal of a single stroke upon a bell at the first peep of dawn, all the gates were thrown open, and from each rushed forth a torrent of warriors upon the nearest encampment.

So silently had the preparations been made, that the besiegers were completely taken by surprise. The trumpets sounded alarms, the Moslems started from sleep and snatched up their weapons, but the enemy were already upon them, and

struck them down before they had recovered from their amaze ment. For a time it was a slaughter rather than a fight, at the various stations. Khaled is said to have shed tears at beholding the carnage. "Oh thou, who never sleepest!" cried he, in the agony of his heart, "aid thy faithful servants; let them not fall beneath the weapons of these infidels." Then, followed by four hundred horsemen, he spurred about the field wherever relief was most needed.

The hottest of the fight was opposite the gate whence Thomas had sallied. Here Serjabil had his station, and fought with undaunted valor. Near him was the intrepid wife of Abân, doing deadly execution with her shafts. She had expended all but one, when a Greek soldier attempted to seize her. In an instant the arrow was sped through his throat, and laid him dead at her feet; but she was now weaponless, and was taken prisoner.

At the same time Serjabil and Thomas were again engaged hand to hand with equal valor; but the scimetar of Serjabil broke on the buckler of his adversary, and he was on the point of being slain or captured, when Khaled and Abda'lrahman galloped up with a troop of horse. Thomas was obliged to take refuge in the city, and Serjabil and the Amazonian widow were rescued.

The troops who sallied out at the gate of Jabeyah, met with the severest treatment. The meek Abu Obeidah was stationed in front of that gate, and was slumbering quietly in

his hair tent at the time of the sally. His first care in the moment of alarm was to repeat the morning prayer. He then ordered forth a body of chosen men to keep the enemy at bay, and while they were fighting, led another detachment, silently but rapidly, round between the combatants and the city. The Greeks thus suddenly found themselves assailed in front and rear; they fought desperately, but so successful was the stratagem, and so active the valor of the meek Abu Obeidah, when once aroused, that never a man, says the Arabian historian, that sallied from that gate, returned again.

The battle of the night was almost as sanguinary as that of the day; the Christians were repulsed in all quarters, and driven once more within their walls, leaving several thousand dead upon the field. The Moslems followed them to the very gates, but were compelled to retire by the deadly shower hurled by the Jews from the engines on the walls.

CHAPTER X.

Surrender of Damascus.—Disputes of the Saracen generals.—Departure of Thomas and the exiles.

For seventy days had Damascus been besieged by the fanatic legions of the desert: the inhabitants had no longer the heart to make further sallies, but again began to talk of capitulating It was in vain that Thomas urged them to have patience until he should write to the emperor for succor; they listened only to their fears, and sent to Khaled begging a truce, that they might have time to treat of a surrender. That fierce warrior turned a deaf ear to their prayer: he wished for no surrender, that would protect the lives and property of the besieged; he was bent upon taking the city by the sword, and giving it up to be plundered by his Arabs.

In their extremity the people of Damascus turned to the good Abu Obeidah, whom they knew to be meek and humane. Having first treated with him by a messenger who understood Arabic, and received his promise of security, a hundred of the principal inhabitants, including the most venerable of the clergy, issued privately one night by the gate of Jabiyah, and

sought his presence. They found this leader of a mighty force, that was shaking the empire of the Orient, living in a humble tent of hair-cloth, like a mere wanderer of the desert. He listened favorably to their propositions, for his object was conversion rather than conquest; tribute rather than plunder. A covenant was soon written, in which he engaged that hostilities should cease on their delivering the city into his hands; that such of the inhabitants as pleased might depart in safety with as much of their effects as they could carry, and those who remained as tributaries should retain their property, and have seven churches allotted to them. This covenant was not signed by Abu Obeidah, not being commander-in-chief, but he assured the envoys it would be held sacred by the Moslems.

The capitulation being arranged, and hostages given for the good faith of the besieged, the gate opposite to the encampment of Abu Obeidah was thrown open, and the venerable chief entered at the head of a hundred men to take possession.

While these transactions were taking place at the gate of Jabiyah, a different scene occurred at the eastern gate. Khaled was exasperated by the death of a brother of Amru, shot from the walls with a poisoned arrow. In the height of his indignation, an apostate priest, named Josias, undertook to deliver the gate into his hands, on condition of security of person and property for himself and his relatives.

By means of this traitor, a hundred Arabs were secretly

introduced within the walls, who, rushing to the eastern gate, broke the bolts and bars and chains by which it was fastened, and threw it open with the signal shout of Allah Achbar!

Khaled and his legions poured in at the gate with sound of trumpet and tramp of steed; putting all to the sword, and deluging the streets with blood. "Mercy! Mercy!" was the cry. "No mercy for infidels!" was Khaled's fierce response.

He pursued his career of carnage into the great square before the church of the Virgin Mary. Here, to his astonishment, he beheld Abu Obeidah and his attendants, their swords sheathed, and marching in solemn procession with priests and monks and the principal inhabitants, and surrounded by women and children.

Abu Obeidah saw fury and surprise in the looks of Khaled, and hastened to propitiate him by gentle words. "Allah in his mercy," said he. "has delivered this city into my hands by peaceful surrender; sparing the effusion of blood and the necessity of fighting."

"Not so," cried Khaled in a fury. "I have won it with this sword, and I grant no quarter."

"But I have given the inhabitants a covenant written with my own hand."

"And what right had you," demanded Khaled, "to grant a capitulation without consulting me? Am not I the general? Yes, by Allah! and to prove it I will put every inhabitant to the sword."

Abu Obeidah felt that in point of military duty he had erred, but he sought to pacify Khaled, assuring him he had intended all for the best, and felt sure of his approbation; entreating him to respect the covenant he had made in the name of God and the prophet, and with the approbation of all the Moslems present at the transaction.

Several of the Moslem officers seconded Abu Obeidah, and endeavored to persuade Khaled to agree to the capitulation. While he hesitated, his troops, impatient of delay, resumed the work of massacre and pillage.

The patience of the good Abu Obeidah was at an end. "By Allah!" cried he, "my word is treated as nought, and my covenant is trampled under foot!"

Spurring his horse among the marauders, he commanded them, in the name of the prophet, to desist until he and Khaled should have time to settle their dispute. The name of the prophet had its effect; the soldiery paused in their bloody career, and the two generals with their officers retired to the church of the Virgin.

Here, after a sharp altercation, Khaled, callous to all claims of justice and mercy, was brought to listen to policy. It was represented to him that he was invading a country where many cities were yet to be taken; that it was important to respect the capitulations of his generals, even though they might not be altogether to his mind; otherwise the Moslem word would cease to be trusted, and other cities, warned by the fate of

Damascus, instead of surrendering on favorable terms, might turn a deaf ear to all offers of mercy and fight to the last extremity.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Abu Obeidah wrung from the iron soul of Khaled a slow consent to his capitulation, on condition that the whole matter should be referred to the Caliph. At every article he paused and murmured. He would fain have inflicted death upon Thomas, and another leader named Herbis, but Abu Obeidah insisted that they were expressly included in the covenant.

Proclamation was then made that such of the inhabitants as chose to remain tributaries to the Caliph should enjoy the exercise of their religion; the rest were permitted to depart, The greater part preferred to remain; but some determined to follow their champion Thomas to Antioch. The latter prayed for a passport or a safe-conduct through the country controlled by the Moslems. After much difficulty, Khaled granted them three days' grace, during which they should be safe from molestation or pursuit; on condition they took nothing with them but provisions.

Here the worthy Abu Obeidah interfered, declaring that he had covenanted to let them go forth with bag and baggage. "Then," said Khaled, "they shall go unarmed." Again Abu Obeidah interfered, and Khaled at length consented that they should have arms sufficient to defend themselves against robbers and wild beasts; he, however, who had a lance, should

have no sword; and he who had a bow, should have no lance.

Thomas and Herbis, who were to conduct this unhappy caravan, pitched their tents in the meadow adjacent to the city, whither all repaired who were to follow them into exile; each laden with plate, jewels, silken stuffs, and whatever was most precious and least burdensome. Among other things was a wardrobe of the emperor Heraclius, in which there were above three hundred loads of costly silks and cloth of gold.

All being assembled, the sad multitude set forth on their wayfaring. Those who from pride, from patriotism, or from religion, thus doomed themselves to poverty and exile, were among the noblest and most highly bred of the land; people accustomed to soft and luxurious life, and to the silken abodes of palaces. Of this number was the wife of Thomas, a daughter of the emperor Heraclius, who was attended by her maidens. It was a piteous sight to behold aged men, delicate and shrinking women, and helpless children, thus setting forth on a wandering journey through wastes and deserts, and rugged mountains, infested by savage hordes. Many a time did they turn to cast a look of fondness and despair on those sumptuous palaces and delightful gardens, once their pride and joy; and still would they turn and weep, and beat their breasts, and gaze through their tears on the stately towers of Damascus, and the flowery banks of the Pharpar.

Thus terminated the hard-contested siege of Damascus,

which Voltaire has likened for its stratagems, skirmishes, and single combats, to Homer's siege of Troy. More than twelve months elapsed between the time the Saracens first pitched their tents before it and the day of its surrender.

CHAPTER XI.

Story of Jonas and Eudocea.—Pursuit of the exiles.—Death of the Caliph Abu Beker.

It is recorded that Derar gnashed his teeth with rage at seeing the multitude of exiles departing in peace, laden with treasures, which he considered as so much hard-earned spoil, lost to the faithful; but what most incensed him was, that so many unbelievers should escape the edge of the scimetar. Khaled would have been equally indignant, but that he had secretly covenanted with himself to regain this booty. For this purpose he ordered his men to refresh themselves and their horses, and be in readiness for action, resolving to pursue the exiles when the three days of grace should have expired.

A dispute with Abu Obeidah concerning a quantity of grain, which the latter claimed for the citizens, detained him one day longer, and he was about to abandon the pursuit as hopeless, when a guide presented himself who knew all the country, and the shortest passes through the mountains. The

story of this guide is worthy of notice, as illustrating the character of these people and these wars.

During the siege, Derar, as has been related, was appointed to patrol round the city and the camp, with two thousand horse. As a party of these were one night going their rounds, near the walls, they heard the distant neighing of a horse, and looking narrowly round, descried a horseman coming stealthily from the gate Keisan. Halting in a shadowy place, they waited until he came close to them, when, rushing forth, they made him prisoner. He was a youthful Syrian, richly and gallantly arrayed, and apparently a person of distinction. Scarcely had they seized him when they beheld another horseman issuing from the same gate, who in a soft voice called upon their captive, by the name of Jonas. They commanded the latter to invite his companion to advance. He seemed to reply, and called out something in Greek: upon hearing which, the other turned bridle and galloped back into the city. The Arabs, ignorant of Greek, and suspecting the words to be a warning, would have slain their prisoner on the spot; but, upon second thoughts, conducted him to Khaled.

The youth avowed himself a nobleman of Damascus, and betrothed to a beautiful maiden named Eudocea; but her parents, from some capricious reason, had withdrawn their consent to his nuptials; whereupon the lovers had secretly agreed to fly from Damascus. A sum of gold had bribed the sentinels who kept watch that night at the gate. The damsel, disguised in

male attire, and accompanied by two domestics, was following her lover at a distance, as he sallied in advance. His reply in Greek, when she called upon him, was, "the bird is caught!" a warning at the hearing of which she had fled back to the city.

Khaled was not the man to be moved by a love tale; but he gave the prisoner his alternative. "Embrace the faith of Islam," said he, "and when Damascus falls into our power, you shall have your betrothed; refuse, and your head is forfeit."

The youth paused not between a scimetar and a bride. He made immediate profession of faith between the hands of Khaled, and thenceforth fought zealously for the capture of the city, since its downfall was to crown his hopes.

When Damascus yielded to its foes, he sought the dwelling of Eudocea, and learnt a new proof of her affection. Supposing, on his capture by the Arabs, that he had fallen a martyr to his faith, she had renounced the world, and shut herself up in a convent. With throbbing heart he hastened to the convent, but when the lofty-minded maiden beheld in him a renegade, she turned from him with scorn, retired to her cell, and refused to see him more. She was among the noble ladies who followed Thomas and Herbis into exile. Her lover, frantic at the thoughts of losing her, reminded Khaled of his promise to restore her to him, and entreated that she might be detained; but Khaled pleaded the covenant of Abu Obeidah according to which all had free leave to depart.

When Jonas afterwards discovered that Khaled meditated a pursuit of the exiles, but was discouraged by the lapse of time, he offered to conduct him by short and secret passes through the mountains, which would insure his overtaking them. His offer was accepted. On the fourth day after the departure of the exiles, Khaled set out in pursuit, with four thousand chosen horsemen; who, by the advice of Jonas, were disguised as Christian Arabs. For some time they traced the exiles along the plains, by the numerous foot-prints of mules and camels, and by articles thrown away to enable them to travel more expeditiously. At length, the foot-prints turned towards the mountains of Lebanon, and were lost in their arid and rocky defiles. The Moslems began to falter. "Courage!" cried Jonas, "they will be entangled among the mountains. They cannot now escape."

They continued their weary course, stopping only at the stated hours of prayer. They had now to climb the high and cragged passes of Lebanon, along rifts and glens worn by winter torrents. The horses struck fire at every tramp; they cast their shoes, their hoofs were battered on the rocks, and many of them were lamed and disabled. The horsemen dismounted and scrambled up on foot, leading their weary and crippled steeds. Their clothes were worn to shreds, and the soles of their iron-shod boots were torn from the upper leathers. The men murmured and repined; never in all their marches had they experienced such hardships; they insisted

on halting, to rest and to bait their horses. Even Khaled, whose hatred of infidels furnished an impulse almost equal to the lover's passion, began to flag, and reproached the renegade as the cause of all this trouble.

Jonas still urged them forward: he pointed to fresh foot-prints and tracks of horses that must have recently passed. After a few hours' refreshment they resumed the pursuit; passing within sight of Jabalah and Laodicea, but without venturing within their gates, lest the disguise of Christian Arabs, which deceived the simple peasantry, might not avail with the shrewder inhabitants of the towns.

Intelligence received from a country boor increased their perplexity. The emperor Heraclius, fearing that the arrival of the exiles might cause a panic at Antioch, had sent orders for them to proceed along the sea-coast to Constantinople. This gave their pursuers a greater chance to overtake them: but Khaled was startled at learning, in addition, that troops were assembling to be sent against him, and that but a single mountain separated him from them. He now feared they might intercept his return, or fall upon Damascus in his absence. A sinister dream added to his uneasiness, but it was favorably interpreted by Abda'lrahman, and he continued the pursuit.

A tempestuous night closed on them: the rain fell in torrents, and man and beast was ready to sink with fatigue: still they were urged forward: the fugitives could not be far distant, the enemy was at hand: they must snatch their prey and

retreat. The morning dawned; the storm cleared up, and the sun shone brightly on the surrounding heights. They dragged their steps wearily, however, along the defiles, now swept by torrents or filled with mire, until the scouts in the advance gave joyful signal from the mountain brow. It commanded a grassy meadow, sprinkled with flowers, and watered by a running stream.

On the borders of the rivulet was the caravan of exiles, reposing in the sunshine from the fatigues of the recent storm. Some were sleeping on the grass, others were taking their morning repast; while the meadow was gay with embroidered robes and silks of various dyes spread out to dry upon the herbage. The weary Moslems, worn out with the horrors of the mountains, gazed with delight on the sweetness and freshness of the meadow; but Khaled eyed the caravan with an eager eye, and the lover only stretched his gaze to catch a glimpse of his betrothed among the females reclining on the margin of the stream.

Having cautiously reconnoitered the caravan without being perceived, Khaled disposed of his band in four squadrons, the first commanded by Derar, the second by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, the third by Abda'lrahman, and the fourth led by himself. He gave orders that the squadrons should make their appearance successively, one at a time, to deceive the enemy as to their force, and that there should be no pillaging until the victory was complete.

Having offered up a prayer, he gave the word to his division, "In the name of Allah and the prophet!" and led to the attack. The Christians were roused from their repose on beholding a squadron rushing down from the mountain. They were deceived at first by the Greek dresses, but were soon aware of the truth; though the small number of the enemy gave them but little dread. Thomas hastily marshalled five thousand men to receive the shock of the onset. with such weapons as had been left them. Another and another division came hurrying down from the mountain; and the fight was furious and well contested. Thomas and Khaled fought hand to hand; but the Christian champion was struck to the ground. Abda'lrahman cut off his head, elevated it on the spear of the standard of the cross which he had taken at Damascus, and called upon the Christians to behold the head of their leader.

Rafi Ibn Omeirah penetrated with his division into the midst of the encampment to capture the women. They stood courageously on the defensive, hurling stones at their assailants. Among them was a female of matchless beauty, dressed in splendid attire, with a diadem of jewels. It was the reputed daughter of the emperor, the wife of Thomas. Rafi attempted to seize her, but she hurled a stone that struck his horse in the head and killed him. The Arab drew his scimetar, and would have slain her, but she cried for mercy, so he took her prisoner, and gave her in charge to a trusty follower.

In the midst of the carnage and confusion, Jonas hastened

in search of his betrothed. If she had treated him with disdain as a renegade, she now regarded him with horror, as the traitor who had brought this destruction upon his unhappy countrymen. All his entreaties for her to forgive and be reconciled to him, were of no avail. She solemnly vowed to repair to Constantinople and end her days in a convent. Finding supplication fruitless, he seized her, and after a violent struggle, threw her on the ground and made her prisoner. She made no further resistance, but submitting to captivity seated herself quietly on the grass. The lover flattered himself that she relented; but, watching her opportunity, she suddenly drew forth a poniard, plunged it in her breast, and fell dead at his feet.

While this tragedy was performing the general battle, or rather carnage, continued. Khaled ranged the field in quest of Herbis, but, while fighting pell-mell among a throng of Christians, that commander came behind him and dealt a blow that severed his helmet, and would have cleft his skull but for the folds of his turban. The sword of Herbis fell from his hand with the violence of the blow, and before he could recover it, he was cut in pieces by the followers of Khaled. The struggle of the unhappy Christians was at an end: all were slain, or taken prisoners, except one, who was permitted to depart, and who bore the dismal tidings of the massacre to Constantinople.

The renegade Jonas was loud in his lamentations for the

loss of his betrothed, but his Moslem comrades consoled him with one of the doctrines of the faith he had newly embraced. "It was written in the book of fate," said they, "that you should never possess that woman; but be comforted, Allah has doubtless greater blessings in store for you;" and, in fact, Rafi Ibn Omeirah, out of compassion for his distress, presented him with the beautiful princess he had taken captive. Khaled consented to the gift, provided the emperor did not send to ransom her.

There was now no time to be lost. In this headlong pursuit they had penetrated above a hundred and fifty miles into the heart of the enemy's country, and might be cut off in their retreat. "To horse and away," therefore, was the word. The plunder was hastily packed upon the mules, the scanty number of surviving exiles were secured, and the marauding band set off on a forced march for Damascus. While on their way they were one day alarmed by a cloud of dust, through which their scouts descried the banner of the cross. They prepared for a desperate conflict. It proved, however, a peaceful mission. An ancient bishop, followed by a numerous train, sought from Khaled, in the emperor's name, the liberation of his daughter. The haughty Saracen released her without ransom. "Take her," said he, "but tell your master I intend to have him in exchange; never will I cease this war until I have wrested from him every foot of territory."

To indemnify the renegade for this second deprivation, a

large sum of gold was given him, wherewith to buy a wife from among the captives; but he now disclaimed for ever all earthly love, and, like a devout Mahometan, looked forward for consolation among the black-eyed Houris of paradise. He continued more faithful to his new faith and new companions than he had been to the religion of his fathers and the friends of his infancy; and after serving the Saracens in a variety of ways, earned an undoubted admission to the paradise of the prophet, being shot through the breast at the battle of Yermouk

Thus perished this apostate, says the Christian chronicler; but Alwakedi, the venerable Cadi of Bagdad, adds a supplement to the story, for the encouragement of all proselytes to the Islam faith. He states that Jonas, after his death, was seen in a vision by Rafi Ibn Omeirah, arrayed in rich robes and golden sandals, and walking in a flowery mead; and the beatified renegade assured him that, for his exemplary services, Allah had given him seventy of the black-eyed damsels of paradise, each of resplendent beauty, sufficient to throw the sun and moon in the shade. Rafi related his vision to Khaled, who heard it with implicit faith. "This it is," said that Moslem zealot, "to die a martyr to the faith. Happy the man to whose lot it falls!"*

* The story of Jonas and Eudocea has been made the subject of an English tragedy by Hughes, entitled The Siege of Damascus; but the lover's name is changed to Phocyas, the incidents are altered, and the catastrophe is made entirely different.

Khaled succeeded in leading his adventurous band safely back to Damascus, where they were joyfully received by their companions in arms, who had entertained great fears for their safety. He now divided the rich spoils taken in his expedition; four parts were given to the officers and soldiers, a fifth he reserved for the public treasury, and sent it off to the Caliph, with letters informing him of the capture of Damascus; of his disputes with Abu Obeidah as to the treatment of the city and its inhabitants, and lastly of his expedition in pursuit of the exiles, and his recovery of the wealth they were bearing away. These missives were sent in the confident expectation that his policy of the sword would far outshine, in the estimation of the Caliph, and of all true Moslems, the more peaceful policy of Abu Obeidah.

It was written in the book of fate, say the Arabian historians, that the pious Abu Beker should die without hearing of the brightest triumph of the Islam faith; the very day that Damascus surrendered, the Caliph breathed his last at Medina. Arabian authors differ as to the cause of his death. Abulfeda asserts that he was poisoned by the Jews, in his frugal repast of rice; but his daughter Ayesha, with more probability, ascribes his death to bathing on an unusually cold day, which threw him into a fever. While struggling with his malady, he directed his chosen friend Omar to perform the religious functions of his office in his stead.

Feeling his end approaching, he summoned his secretary, Othman Ibn Affân, and in presence of several of the principal Moslems, dictated as follows: "I, Abu Beker Ibn Abu Kahafa, being on the point of leaving this world for the next, and at that moment when infidels believe, when the wicked cease to doubt, and when liars speak the truth, do make this declaration of my will to the Moslems. I nominate, as my successor,"——Here he was overtaken with faintness so that he could not speak. Othman, who knew his intentions, added the name of Omar Ibn al Khattâb. When Abu Beker came to himself, and saw what his secretary had written, "God bless thee," said he, "for this foresight!" He then continued to dictate. "Listen to him, and obey him, for, as far as I know him, and have seen him, he is integrity itself. He is competent to every thing he undertakes. He will rule with justice; if not, God, who knows all secrets, will reward him according to his works. I mean all for the best, but I cannot see into the hidden thoughts of men. Farewell. Act uprightly, and the blessing of Allah be upon you."

He ordered this testament to be sealed with his seal, and copies of it to be sent to the principal authorities, civil and military. Then, having sent for Omar, he told him of his having nominated him as his successor.

Omar was a stern and simple-minded man, unambitious of posts and dignities. "Oh successor to the apostle of God!" said he, "spare me from this burthen. I have no need of the

Caliphat." 'But the Caliphat has need of you!" replied the dying Abu Beker.

He went on to claim his acceptance of the office as a proof of friendship to himself, and of devotion to the public good, for he considered him eminently calculated to maintain an undivided rule over the restless people so newly congregated into an empire. Having brought him to accept, he gave him much dying counsel, and after he had retired, prayed fervently for his success, and that the dominion of the faith might be strengthened and extended during his reign. Having thus provided for a quiet succession to his office, the good Caliph expired in the arms of his daughter Ayesha, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, having reigned two years, three months, and nine days. At the time of his death his father and mother were still living, the former ninety-seven years of age. When the ancient Moslem heard of the death of his son, he merely said, in Scriptural phrase: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Abu Beker had four wives; the last had been the widow of Jaafar, who fell in the battle of Muta. She bore him two sons after his sixtieth year. He does not appear, however, to have had the same fondness for the sex as the prophet, notwithstanding his experience in wedlock. "The women," he used to say, "are all an evil; but the greatest evil of all is, that they are necessary."

Abu Beker was universally lamented by his subjects, and

he deserved their lamentations, for he had been an excellent ruler, just, moderate, temperate, frugal, and disinterested. His reign was too short to enable him to carry out any extensive schemes; but it was signalized by the promptness and ability with which, through the aid of the sword, he quelled the wide-spreading insurrections on the death of the prophet, and preserved the scarcely launched empire of Islam from perfect shipwreck. He left behind him a name dear to all true Moslems, and an example which, Omar used to say, would be a difficult pattern for his successors to imitate.

CHAPTER XII.

Election of Omar, second Caliph.—Khaled superseded in command by Abu Obeidah.—Magnanimous conduct of those generals.—Expedition to the convent of Abyla.

THE nomination of Omar to the succession was supported by Ayesha, and acquiesced in by Ali, who saw that opposition would be ineffectual. The election took place on the day of the decease of Abu Beker. The character of the new Caliph has already, through his deeds, been made known in some measure to the reader; yet a sketch of him may not be unacceptable. He was now about fifty-three years of age; a tall dark man, with a grave demeanor and a bald head. He was so tall, says one of his biographers, that when he sat, he was higher than those who stood. His strength was uncommon, and he used the left as adroitly as the right hand. Though so bitter an enemy of Islamism at first as to seek the life of Mahomet, he became from the moment of his conversion one of its most sincere and strenuous champions. He had taken an active part in the weightiest and most decisive events of

the prophet's career. His name stands at the head of the weapon companions at Beder, Ohod, Khaïbar, Honein, and Tabuc, at the defence of Medina, and the capture of Mecca, and indeed he appears to have been the soul of most of the early military enterprises of the faith. His zeal was prompt and almost fiery in its operations. He expounded and enforced the doctrines of Islam like a soldier; when a question was too knotty for his logic, he was ready to sever it with the sword, and to strike off the head of him who persisted in false arguing and unbelief.

In the administration of affairs, his probity and justice were proverbial. In private life he was noted for abstinence and frugality, and a contempt for the false grandeur of the world. Water was his only beverage. His food a few dates, or a few bits of barley bread and salt; but in time of penance, even salt was retrenched as a luxury. His austere piety and self-denial, and the simplicity and almost poverty of his appearance, were regarded with reverence in those primitive days of Islam. He had shrewd maxims on which he squared his conduct, of which the following is a specimen. "Four things come not back: the spoken word; the sped arrow; the past life, and the neglected opportunity."

During his reign mosques were erected without number for the instruction and devotion of the faithful, and prisons for the punishment of delinquents. He likewise put in use a scourge with twisted thongs for the correction of minor of-

fences, among which he included satire and scandal, and so potently and extensively was it plied, that the word went round, "Omar's twisted scourge is more to be feared than his sword."

On assuming his office, he was saluted as Caliph of the Caliph of the apostle of God, in other words, successor to the successor of the prophet. Omar objected, that such a title must lengthen with every successor, until it became endless; upon which it was proposed and agreed that he should receive the title of Emir-al-Moumenin, that is to say, Commander of the Faithful. This title altered into Miramamolin, was subsequently borne by such Moslem sovereigns as held independent sway, acknowledging no superior, and is equivalent to that of emperor.

One of the first measures of the new Caliph was with regard to the army in Syria. His sober judgment was not to be dazzled by daring and brilliant exploits in arms, and he doubted the fitness of Khaled for the general command. He acknowledged his valor and military skill, but considered him rash, fiery and prodigal; prone to hazardous and extravagant adventure, and more fitted to be a partisan than a leader. He resolved, therefore, to take the principal command of the army out of such indiscreet hands, and restore it to Abu Obeidah, who, he said, had proved himself worthy of it by his piety, modesty, moderation, and good faith. He accordingly wrote on a skin of parchment, a letter to Abu Obeidah, informing

him of the death of Abu Beker, and his own elevation as Caliph, and appointing him commander-in-chief of the army of Syria.

The letter was delivered to Abu Obeidah at the time that Khaled was absent in pursuit of the caravan of exiles. The good Obeidah was surprised, but sorely perplexed by the contents. His own modesty made him unambitious of high command, and his opinion of the signal valor and brilliant services of Khaled made him loth to supersede him, and doubtful whether the Caliph would not feel disposed to continue him as commander-in-chief when he should hear of his recent success at Damascus. He resolved, therefore, to keep for the present, the contents of the Caliph's letter to himself; and accordingly on Khaled's return to Damascus continued to treat him as commander, and suffered him to write his second letter to Abu Beker, giving him an account of his recent pursuit and plundering of the exiles.

Omar had not been long installed in office, when he received the first letters of Khaled announcing the capture of Damascus. These tidings occasioned the most extravagant joy at Medina, and the valor of Khaled was extolled by the multitude to the very skies. In the midst of their rejoicings they learnt with astonishment, that the general command had been transferred to Abu Obeidah. The admirers of Khaled were loud in their expostulations. "What!" cried they, "dismiss Khaled when in the full career of victory? Remember the

reply of Abu Beker, when a like measure was urged upon him. 'I will not sheathe the sword of God, drawn for the promotion of the faith.'"

Omar revolved their remonstrances in his mind, but his resolution remained unchanged. "Abu Obeidah," said he "is tender and merciful; yet brave. He will be careful of his people, not lavishing their lives in rash adventures and plundering inroads; nor will he be the less formidable in battle for being moderate when victorious."

In the meantime came the second dispatches of Khaled, addressed to Abu Beker, announcing the success of his expedition in pursuit of the exiles; and requesting his decision of the matters in dispute between him and Abu Obeidah. The Caliph was perplexed by this letter, which showed that his election as Caliph was yet unknown to the army, and that Abu Obeidah had not assumed the command. He now wrote again to the latter reiterating his appointment; and deciding upon the matters in dispute. He gave it as his opinion, that Damascus had surrendered on capitulation, and had not been taken by the sword, and directed that the stipulations of the covenant should be fulfilled. He declared the pursuit of the exiles iniquitous and rash; and that it would have proved fatal, but for the mercy of God. The dismissal of the emperor's daughter free of ransom, he termed a prodigal action; as a large sum might have been obtained and given to the poor. He counselled Abu Obeidah, of whose mild and humane tem-

per he was well aware, not to be too modest and compliant, but at the same time, not to risk the lives of the faithful in the mere hope of plunder. This latter hint was a reproof to Khaled.

Lest this letter should likewise be suppressed through the modesty of Abu Obeidah, he dispatched it by an officer of distinction, Shaded Ibn Aass, whom he appointed his representative in Syria, with orders to have the letter read in presence of the Moslems, and to cause him to be proclaimed Caliph at Damascus.

Shaded made good his journey, and found Khaled in his tent, still acting as commander-in-chief, and the army ignorant of the death of Abu Beker. The tidings he brought struck every one with astonishment. The first sentiment expressed was grief at the death of the good Abu Beker, who was universally lamented as a father; the second was surprise at the deposition of Khaled from the command, in the very midst of such signal victories; and many of his officers and soldiers were loud in expressing their indignation.

If Khaled had been fierce and rude in his career of triumph, he proved himself magnanimous in this moment of adversity. "I know," said he, "that Omar does not love me; but since Abu Beker is dead, and has appointed him his successor, I submit to his commands." He accordingly caused Omar to be proclaimed Caliph at Damascus, and resigned his command to Abu Obeidah. The latter accepted it with char-

acteristic modesty; but evinced a fear that Khaled would retire in disgust, and his signal services be lost to the cause of Islam Khaled, however, soon let him know, that he was as ready to serve as to command, and only required an occasion to prove that his zeal for the faith was unabated. His personal submission extorted admiration even from his enemies, and gained him the fullest deference, respect, and confidence of Abu Obeidah.

About this time one of the Christian tributaries, a base-spirited wretch, eager to ingratiate himself with Abu Obeidah, came and informed him of a fair object of enterprise. "At no great distance from this, between Tripoli and Harran there is a convent called Daiz Abil Kodos, or the monastery of the Holy Father, from being inhabited by a Christian hermit, so eminent for wisdom, piety and mortification of the flesh, that he is looked up to as a saint; so that young and old, rich and poor, resort from all parts to seek his advice and blessing, and not a marriage takes place among the nobles of the country, but the bride and bridegroom repair to receive from him the nuptial benediction. At Easter there is an annual fair held at Abyla in front of the convent, to which are brought the richest manufactures of the surrounding country; silken stuffs, jewels of gold and silver, and other precious productions of art; and as the fair is a peaceful congregation of people, unarmed and unguarded, it will afford ample booty at little risk or trouble."

Abu Obeidah announced the intelligence to his troops "Who," said he, "will undertake this enterprise?" His eye glanced involuntarily upon Khaled it was just such a foray as he was wont to delight in; but Khaled remained silent. Abu Obeidah could not ask a service from one so lately in chief command; and while he hesitated, Abdallah Ibn Jaafar, step-son to Abu Beker, came forward. A banner was given him, and five hundred veteran horsemen, scarred in many a battle, sallied with him from the gates of Damascus, guided by the traitor Christian. They halted to rest before arriving at Abyla, and sent forward the Christian as a scout. As he approached the place he was astonished to see it crowded with an immense concourse of Greeks, Armenians, Copts and Jews, in their various garbs; beside these there was a grand procession of nobles and courtiers in rich attire, and priests in religious dresses, with a guard of five thousand horse; all, as he learned, escorting the daughter of the prefect of Tripoli, who was lately married, and had come with her husband to receive the blessing of the venerable hermit. The Christian scout hastened back to the Moslems, and warned them to retreat.

"I dare not," said Abdallah, promptly; "I fear the wrath of Allah, should I turn my back. I will fight these infidels. Those who help me, God will reward; those whose hearts fail them, are welcome to retire." Not a Moslem turned his back. "Forward!" said Abdallah to the Christian, and thou shalt behold what the companions of the prophet can perform."

The traitor hesitated, however, and was with difficulty persuaded to guide them on a service of such peril.

Abdallah led his band near to Abyla, where they lay close until morning. At the dawn of day, having performed the customary prayer he divided his host into five squadrons of a hundred each; they were to charge at once in five different places, with the shout of Allah Achbar! and to slay or capture without stopping to pillage until the victory should be complete. He then reconnoitred the place. The hermit was preaching in front of his convent to a multitude of auditors; the fair teemed with people in the variegated garbs of the Orient. One house was guarded by a great number of horsemen, and numbers of persons, richly clad, were going in and out, or standing about it. In this house evidently was the youthful bride.

Abdallah encouraged his followers to despise the number of these foes. "Remember," cried he, "the words of the prophet. 'Paradise is under the shadow of swords!' If we conquer, we shall have glorious booty; if we fall, paradise awaits us!"

The five squadrons charged as they had been ordered, with the well-known war-cry. The Christians were struck with dismay, thinking the whole Moslem army upon them. There was a direful confusion; the multitude flying in all directions; women and children shrieking and crying; booths and tents overturned, and precious merchandise scattered about the

streets. The troops, however, seeing the inferior number of the assailants, plucked up spirits and charged upon them. The merchants and inhabitants recovered from their panic and flew to arms, and the Moslem band, hemmed in among such a host of foes, seemed, say the Arabian writers, like a white spot on the hide of a black camel. A Moslem trooper, seeing the peril of his companions, broke his way out of the throng, and, throwing the reins on the neck of his steed, scoured back to Damascus for succor.

In this moment of emergency Abu Obeidah forgot all scruples of delicacy, and turned to the man he had superseded in office. "Fail us not," cried he, "in this moment of peril; but, for God's sake, hasten to deliver thy brethren from destruction."

"Had Omar given the command of the army to a child," replied the gracious Khaled, "I should have obeyed him: how much more thee, my predecessor in the faith of Islam!"

He now arrayed himself in a coat of mail, the spoil of the false prophet Moseïlma; he put on a helmet of proof, and over it a skull-cap, which he called the blessed cap, and attributed to it wonderful virtues, having received the prophet's benediction. Then springing on his horse, and putting himself at the head of a chosen band, he scoured off towards Abyla, with the bold Derar at his side.

In the meantime the troops, under Abdallah, had maintained throughout the day a desperate conflict; heaps of the

slain testified their prowess; but their ranks were sadly thinned, scarce one of the survivors but had received repeated wounds, and they were ready to sink under heat, fatigue, and thirst. Towards sunset a cloud of dust is seen: is it a reinforcement of their enemies? A troop of horsemen emerge. They bear the black eagle of Khaled. The air resounds with the shout of Allah Achbar. The Christians are assailed on either side; some fly and are pursued to the river by the unsparing sword of Khaled; others rally round the monastery. Derar engages hand to hand with the prefect of Tripoli; they grapple; they struggle; they fall to the earth; Derar is uppermost, and, drawing a poniard, plunges it into the heart of his adversary. He springs upon his feet; vaults into the saddle of the prefect's horse, and, with the shout of Allah Achbar, gallops in quest of new opponents.

The battle is over. The fair is given up to plunder. Horses, mules, and asses are laden with silken stuffs, rich embroidery, jewels of gold and silver, precious stones, spices, perfumes, and other wealthy plunder of the merchants; but the most precious part of the spoil is the beautiful bride, with forty damsels, who formed her bridal train.

The monastery was left desolate, with none but the holy anchorite to inhabit it. Khaled called upon the old man, but received no answer; he called again, but the only reply was to invoke the vengeance of heaven upon his head for the Christian blood he had spilt. The fierce Saracen paused as he was

driving off the spoil, and laying his hand upon the hilt of his scimetar, looked back grimly upon the hermit. "What we have done," said he, "is in obedience to the law of God, who commands us to slay all unbelievers; and had not the apostle of God commanded us to let such men as thee alone, thou shouldst have shared the fate of thy fellow-infidels!"

The old man saw his danger in time, and discreetly held his peace, and the sword of Islam remained within its scabbard.

The conquerors bore their booty and their captives back in triumph to Damascus. One-fifth of the spoil was set apart for the public treasury: the rest was distributed among the soldiery. Derar, as a trophy of his exploit, received the horse of the prefect of Tripoli, but he made it a present to his Amazonian sister Caulah. The saddle and trappings were studded with precious stones; these she picked out and distributed among her female companions.

Among the spoils was a cloth curiously wrought with a likeness of the blessed Saviour; which, from the exquisite workmanship or the sanctity of the portrait, was afterwards sold in Arabia Felix for ten times its weight in gold.

Abdallah, for his part of the spoil, asked for the daughter of the prefect, having been smitten with her charms. His demand was referred to the Caliph Omar and granted, and the captive beauty lived with him many years. Obeidah, in his letters to the Caliph, generously set forth the magnani-

mous conduct and distinguished prowess of Khaled on this occasion; and entreated Omar to write a letter to that general expressive of his sense of his recent services; as it might soothe the mortification he must experience from his late deposition. The Caliph, however, though he replied to every other part of the letter of Obeidah, took no notice, either by word or deed, of that relating to Khaled, from which it was evident that, in secret, he entertained no great regard for the unsparing sword of Islam.

CHAPTER XIII.

Moderate measures of Abu Obeidah.—Reproved by the Caliph for his slowness.

THE alertness and hardihood of the Saracens in their rapid campaigns, have been attributed to their simple and abstemious habits. They knew nothing of the luxuries of the pampered Greeks, and were prohibited the use of wine. Their drink was water, their food principally milk, rice, and the fruits of the earth, and their dress the coarse raiments of the desert. An army of such men was easily sustained; marched rapidly from place to place; and was fitted to cope with the vicissitudes of war. The interval of repose, however, in the luxurious city of Damascus, and the general abundance of the fertile regions of Syria began to have their effect upon the Moslem troops, and the good Abu Obeidah was especially scandalized at discovering that they were lapsing into the use of wine, so strongly forbidden by the prophet. He mentioned the prevalence of this grievous sin in his letter to the Caliph, who read it in the mosque in presence of his officers. "By

Allah," exclaimed the abstemious Omar; "these fellows are only fit for poverty and hard fare; what is to be done with these wine-bibbers?"

"Let him who drinks wine," replied Ali, promptly, "receive twenty bastinadoes on the soles of his feet."

"Good, it shall be so," rejoined the Caliph: and he wrote to that effect to the commander-in-chief. On receiving the letter, Abu Obeidah forthwith summoned the offenders, and had the punishment publicly inflicted for the edification of his troops; he took the occasion to descant on the enormity of the offence, and to exhort such as had sinned in private to come forward like good Moslems, make public confession, and submit to the bastinado in token of repentance; whereupon many, who had indulged in secret potations, moved by his paternal exhortation, avowed their crime and their repentance, and were set at ease in their consciences by a sound bastinadoing and the forgiveness of the good Abu Obeidah.

That worthy commander now left a garrison of five hundred horse at Damascus, and issued forth with his host to prosecute the subjugation of Syria. He had a rich field of enterprise before him. The country of Syria, from the amenity of its climate, tempered by the vicinity of the sea and the mountains, from the fertility of its soil, and the happy distribution of woods and streams, was peculiarly adapted for the vigorous support and prolific increase of animal life; it accordingly teemed with population, and was studded with an-

cient and embattled cities and fortresses. Two of the proudest and most splendid of these were Emessa (the modern Hems), the capital of the plains; and Baalbec, the famous city of the Sun, situated between the mountains of Lebanon.

These two cities, with others intermediate, were the objects of Abu Obeidah's enterprise, and he sent Khaled in advance, with Derar and Rafi Ibn Omeïrah, at the head of a third of the army, to scour the country about Emessa. In his own slower march, with the main body of the army, he approached the city of Jusheyah, but was met by the governor, who purchased a year's truce with the payment of four hundred pieces of gold and fifty silken robes; and the promise to surrender the city at the expiration of a year, if in that interval Baalbec and Emessa should have been taken.

When Abu Obeidah came before Emessa he found Khaled in active operation. The governor of the place had died on the day on which the Moslem force appeared, and the city was not fully provisioned for a siege. The inhabitants negotiated a truce for one year by the payment of ten thousand pieces of gold and two hundred suits of silk, with the engagement to surrender at the end of that term, provided he should have taken Aleppo, Alhâdir, and Kennesrin, and defeated the army of the emperor Khaled would have persevered in the siege, but Abu Obeidah thought it the wisest policy to agree to these golden terms, by which he provided himself with the sinews of war, and was enabled to proceed more surely in his career.

The moment the treaty was concluded, the people of Emessa threw open their gates; held a market or fair beneath the walls, and began to drive a lucrative trade; for the Moslem camp was full of booty, and these marauding warriors, flushed with sudden wealth, squandered plunder of all kinds, and never regarded the price of any thing that struck their fancy. In the meantime predatory bands foraged the country both far and near, and came driving in sheep and cattle, and horses and camels, laden with household booty of all kinds; besides multitudes of captives. The piteous lamentations of these people, torn from their peaceful homes and doomed to slavery, touched the heart of Abu Obeidah. He told them that all who would embrace the Islam faith should have their lives and property. On such as chose to remain in infidelity, he imposed a ransom of five pieces of gold a head, besides an annual tribute; caused their names and places of abode to be registered in a book, and then gave them back their property, their wives, and children, on condition that they should act as guides and interpreters to the Moslems in case of need.

The merciful policy of the good Abu Obeidah promised to promote the success of Islam, even more potently than the sword. The Syrian Greeks came in, in great numbers, to have their names enregistered in the book of tributaries; and other cities capitulated for a year's truce on the terms granted to Emessa. Khaled, however, who was no friend to truces and negotiations, murmured at these peaceful measures, and offered

to take these cities in less time than it required to treat with them; but Abu Obeidah was not to be swerved from the path of moderation; thus, in a little time the whole territories of Emessa, Alhâdir and Kennesrin were rendered sacred from maraud. The predatory warriors of the desert were somewhat impatient at being thus hemmed in by prohibited boundaries, and on one occasion had well nigh brought the truce to an abrupt termination. A party of Saracen troopers, in prowling along the confines of Kennesrin, came to where the Christians, to mark their boundary, had erected a statue of the emperor Heraclius, seated on his throne. The troopers, who had a Moslem hatred of images, regarded this with derision, and amused themselves with careering round and tilting at it, until one of them, either accidentally or in sport, struck out one of the eyes with his lance.

The Greeks were indignant at this outrage. Messengers were sent to Abu Obeidah, loudly complaining of it as an intentional breach of the truce, and a flagrant insult to the emperor. Abu Obeidah mildly assured them that it was his disposition most rigorously to observe the truce; that the injury to the statue must have been accidental, and that no indignity to the emperor could have been intended. His moderation only increased the arrogance of the ambassadors; their emperor had been insulted; it was for the Caliph to give redress according to the measure of the law: "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." "What!" cried some of the over-zealous

Moslems; "do the infidels mean to claim an eye from the Caliph?" In their rage they would have slain the messengers on the spot; but the quiet Abu Obeidah stayed their wrath. "They speak but figuratively," said he; then taking the messengers aside, he shrewdly compromised the matter, and satisfied their wounded loyalty, by agreeing that they should set up a statue of the Caliph, with glass eyes, and strike out one of them in retaliation.

While Abu Obeidah was pursuing this moderate course, and subduing the country by clemency rather than by force of arms, missives came from the Caliph, who was astonished at receiving no tidings of further conquests, reproaching, him with his slowness, and with preferring worldly gain to the pious exercise of the sword. The soldiers when they heard of the purport of this letter, took the reproaches to themselves, and wept with vexation. Abu Obeidah himself was stung to the quick and repented him of the judicious truces he had made. In the excitement of the moment, he held a council of war, and it was determined to lose not a day, although the truces had but about a month to run. He accordingly left Khaled with a strong force in the vicinity of Emessa to await the expiration of the truce, while he marched with the main host against the city of Baalbec.

CHAPTER XIV.

Siege and capture of Baalbec.

Baalbec, so called from Baal, the Syrian appellation of the Sun, or Apollo, to which deity it was dedicated, was one of the proudest cities of ancient Syria. It was the metropolis of the great and fertile valley of Bekaa, lying between the mountains of Lebanon, and Anti Lebanon. During the Grecian domination it was called Heliopolis, which likewise means the City of the Sun. It was famous for its magnificent temple of Baal, which, tradition affirms, was built by Solomon the Wise, to please one of his wives, a native of Sidon and a worshipper of the Sun. The immense blocks of stone of which it was constructed, were said to have been brought by the genii, over whom Solomon had control by virtue of his talismanic seal. Some of them remain to this day objects of admiration to the traveller, and perplexity to the modern engineer.*

On his march against Baalbec, Abu Obeidah intercepted a

* Among these huge blocks some measure fifty-eight, and one sixty-nine feet in length.

caravan of four hundred camels laden with silks and sugars, on the way to that city. With his usual clemency he allowed the captives to ransom themselves; some of whom carried to Baalbec the news of his approach, and of the capture of the caravan. Herbis, the governor, supposing the Saracens to be a mere marauding party, sallied forth with six thousand horse and a multitude of irregular foot, in hope to recover the spoils, but found to his cost that he had an army to contend with, and was driven back to the city with great loss, after receiving seven wounds.

Abu Obeidah set himself down before the city, and addressed a letter to the inhabitants, reminding them of the invincible arms of the faithful, and inviting them to profess Islamism, or pay tribute. This letter he gave in charge to a Syrian peasant, and with it a reward of twenty pieces of silver, "for Allah forbid," said the conscientious general, "that I should employ thee without pay. The laborer is worthy of his hire."

The messenger was drawn up by a cord to the battlements, and delivered the letter to the inhabitants, many of whom, on hearing the contents, were inclined to surrender. Herbis, the governor, however, who was still smarting with his wounds, tore the letter in pieces, and dismissed the messenger without deigning a reply.

Abu Obeidah now ordered his troops to the assault, but the garrison made brave defence, and did such execution with

their engines from the walls, that the Saracens were repulsed with considerable loss. The weather was cold; so Abu Obeidah, who was ever mindful of the welfare of his men, sent a trumpeter round the camp next morning, forbidding any man to take the field until he had made a comfortable meal. All were now busy cooking, when, in the midst of their preparations, the city gates were thrown open, and the Greeks came scouring upon them, making great slaughter. They were repulsed with some difficulty, but carried off prisoners and plunder.

Abu Obeidah now removed his camp out of reach of the engines, and where his cavalry would have more room. He threw out detachments also, to distract the attention of the enemy and oblige them to fight in several places. Saad Ibn Zeid, with five hundred horse and three hundred foot, was to show himself in the valley opposite the gate looking towards the mountains; while Derar, with three hundred horse and two hundred foot, was stationed in front of the gate on the side toward Damascus.

Herbis, the governor, seeing the Saracens move back their tents, supposed them to be intimidated by their late loss. "These Arabs," said he, "are half-naked vagabonds of the desert, who fight without object; we are locked up in steel, and fight for our wives and children, our property and our lives." He accordingly roused his troops to make another sally, and an obstinate battle ensued. One of the Moslem officers, Sohail Ibn Sabah, being disabled by a sabre cut in the right

arm, alighted from his horse, and clambered a neighboring hill which overlooked the field, the city and its vicinity. Here he sat watching the various fortunes of the field. The sally had been made through the gate before which Abu Obeidah was posted, who of course received the whole brunt of the attack. The battle was hot, and Sohail perceived from his hill that the Moslems in this quarter were hard pressed, and that the general was giving ground, and in imminent danger of being routed; while Derar and Saad remained inactive at their distant posts; no sally having been made from the gates before which they were stationed. Upon this Sohail gathered together some green branches, and set fire to them, so as to make a column of smoke; a customary signal by day among the Arabs, as fire was by night. Derar and Saad beheld the smoke and galloped with their troops in that direction. Their arrival changed the whole fortune of the field. Herbis, who had thought himself on the eve of victory, now found himself beset on each side and cut off from the city! Nothing but strict discipline and the impenetrable Grecian phalanx saved him. His men closed shield to shield, their lances in advance, and made a slow and defensive retreat, the Moslems wheeling around and charging incessantly upon them. Abu Obeidah, who knew nothing of the arrival of Derar and Saad, imagined the retreat of the Christians a mere feint, and called back his troops; Saad, however, who heard not the general's order, kept on in pursuit, until he drove the enemy to the top

of a hill, where they ensconced themselves in an old deserted monastery.

When Abu Obeidah learnt the secret of this most timely aid, and that it was in consequence of a supposed signal from him, he acknowledged that the smoke was an apt thought, and saved his camp from being sacked; but he prohibited any man from repeating such an act without orders from the general.

In the meantime Herbis, the governor, finding the small number that invested the convent, sallied forth with his troops, in hopes of cutting his way to the city. Never did men fight more valiantly, and they had already made great havoc, when the arrival of a fresh swarm of Moslems drove them back to their forlorn fortress, where they were so closely watched, that not a Grecian eye could peer from the old walls without being the aim of a Moslem arrow.

Abu Obeidah now invested the city more closely than ever, leaving Saad, with his forces, to keep the governor encaged in the monastery. The latter perceived it would be impossible to hold out longer in this shattered edifice, destitute of provisions. His proud spirit was completely broken, and, throwing off his silken robes, and clothing him in a worn woollen garb, as suited to his humble situation, he sought a conference with Saad to treat on terms of capitulation. The Moslem captain replied, that he could only treat for the party in the convent, whom he would receive as brothers, if they would acknowledge God and the prophet, or would let them free on

the pledge not to bear arms against the Moslems. He proffered to lead Herbis to the general, if he wished to treat for the city also; and added, that, should the negotiation fail, he and his Greeks might return into their convent, and let God and the sword decide.

Herbis was accordingly led through the besieging camp into the presence of Abu Obeidah, and gnawed his lip when he saw the inconsiderable number of the Moslem host. He offered, as a ransom for the city, one thousand ounces of gold, two thousand of silver, and one thousand silken robes; but Abu Obeidah demanded that he should double the amount, and add thereto one thousand sabres, and all the arms of the soldiers in the monastery; as well as engage in behalf of the city to pay an annual tribute; to engage to erect no more Christian churches, nor ever more act in hostility against the Moslem power.

These harsh terms being conceded, Herbis was permitted to enter the city alone, and submit them to the inhabitants, all his attendants being detained as hostages. The townsmen at first refused to capitulate, saying their city was the strongest in all Syria; but Herbis offered to pay down one-fourth of the ransom himself, and they at length complied. One point was conceded to the people of Baalbec to soothe their wounded pride. It was agreed that Rafi Ibn Abdallah, who was to remain with five hundred men, acting as lieutenant of Baalbec for Abu Obeidah, should encamp without the walls, and not

enter the city. These matters being arranged, Abu Obeidah marched with his host on other enterprises.

The Saracen troops, under Rafi Ibn Abdallah, soon ingratiated themselves with the people of Baalbec. They pillaged the surrounding country, and sold their booty for low prices to the townsfolk, who thus grew wealthy on the spoils of their own countrymen. Herbis, the governor, felt a desire to participate in these profits. He reminded his fellow-citizens how much he had paid for their ransom, and what good terms he had effected for them; and then proposed that he should have one-tenth of what they gained in traffic with the Moslems, to reimburse him. They consented, though with extreme reluctance. In a few days he found the gain so sweet that he thirsted for more; he therefore told them that his reimbursement would be tedious at this rate, and proposed to receive one-fourth. The people, enraged at his cupidity, rushed on him with furious outcries, and killed him on the spot. The noise of the tumult reached the camp of Rafi Ibn Abdallah, and a deputation of the inhabitants coming forth, entreated him to enter the city and govern it himself. He scrupled to depart from the terms of the treaty until he had written to Abu Obeidah; but on receiving permission from the general, he entered and took command. Thus did the famous Baalbec, the ancient Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, fall under the Saracen sway on the 20th of January, A. D. 636, being the fifteenth year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XV.

Siege of Emessa.—Stratagems of the Moslems.—Fanatic devotion of Ikremah.—Surrender of the city.

THE year's truce with the city of Emessa having now expired, Abu Obeidah appeared before that place, and summoned it in the following form:

"In the name of the most merciful God. Abu Obeidah Ibn Aljerah, general of the armies of the Commander of the Faithful, Omar al Khattâb, to the people of Emessa. Let not the loftiness of your walls, the strength of your bulwarks, nor the robustness of your bodies, lead you into error. Allah hath conquered stronger places through the means of his servants. Your city would be of no more consideration against us than a kettle of pottage set in the midst of our camp.

"I invite you to embrace our holy faith, and the law revealed to our prophet Mahomet; and we will send pious men to instruct you, and you shall participate in all our fortunes.

"If you refuse, you shall still be left in possession of all your property on the payment of annual tribute. If you

reject both conditions, come forth from behind your stone walls, and let Allah, the supreme judge, decide between us."

This summons was treated with scorn; and the garrison made a bold sally, and handled their besiegers so roughly, that they were glad when night put an end to the conflict. In the evening a crafty old Arab sought the tent of Abu Obeidah; he represented the strength of the place, the intrepidity of the soldiers, and the ample stock of provisions, which would enable it to stand a weary siege. He suggested a stratagem, however, by which it might be reduced: and Abu Obeidah adopted his counsel. Sending a messenger into the city, he offered to the inhabitants to strike his tents, and lead his troops to the attack of other places, provided they would furnish him provisions for five days' march. His offer was promptly accepted, and the provisions were furnished. Abu Obeidah now pretended that, as his march would be long, a greater supply would be necessary: he continued to buy, therefore, as long as the Christians had provisions to sell, and in this manner exhausted their magazines; and as the scouts from other cities beheld the people of Emessa throw open their gates and bring forth provisions, it became rumored throughout the country that the city had surrendered.

Abu Obeidah, according to promise, led his host against other places. The first was Arrestan, a fortified city, well watered, provisioned, and garrisoned. His summons being repeated, and rejected, he requested the governor of the place

to let him leave there twenty chests of cumbrous articles, which impeded him in his movements. The request was granted with great pleasure at getting clear so readily of such marauders. The twenty chests, secured with padlocks, were taken into the citadel, but every chest had a sliding bottom, and contained an armed man. Among the picked warriors thus concealed, were Derar, Abda'lrahman, and Abdallah Ibn Jaafar; while Khaled, with a number of troops, was placed in ambush to co-operate with those in the chests.

The Moslem host departed. The Christians went to church to return thanks for their deliverance, and the sounds of their hymns of triumph reached the ears of Derar and his comrades. Upon this they issued forth from their chests, seized the wife of the governor, and obtained from her the keys of the gates. Abdallah, with fourteen men, hastened to the church and closed the doors upon the congregation; while Derar, with four companions, threw open the gates with the cry of Allah Achbar; upon which Khaled and his forces rushed from their ambuscade, and the city was taken almost without bloodshed.

The city of Shaizar was next assailed, and capitulated on favorable terms; and now Abu Obeidah returned before Emessa, and once more summoned it to surrender. The governor remonstrated loudly, reminding the Moslem general of his treaty, by which he engaged to depart from Emessa, and carry the war against other places. "I engaged to de

part," replied Abu Obeidah, "but I did not engage not to return. I have carried the war against other places, and have subdued Arrestan and Shaizar."

The people of Emessa now perceived how they had been circumvented. Their magazines had been drained of provisions, and they had not wherewithal to maintain them against a siege. The governor, however, encouraged them to try the chance of a battle as before. They prepared for the fight by prayers in the churches; and the governor took the sacrament in the church of St. George: but he sought to enhearten himself by grosser means, for we are told he ate the whole of a roasted kid for his supper, and caroused on wine until the crowing of the cock. In the morning, early, he arrayed himself in rich apparel, and sallied forth at the head of five thousand horsemen, all men of strength and courage, and well armed. They charged the besiegers so bravely, and their archers so galled them from the walls, that the Moslem force gave way.

Khaled now threw himself in front of the battle, and enacted wondrous feats to rally his soldiers and restore the fight. In an encounter, hand to hand, with a Greek horseman, his scimetar broke, and he was weaponless, but closing with his adversary, he clasped him in his arms, crushed his ribs, and drawing him from his saddle, threw him dead to the earth. The imminent peril of the fight roused a frantic valor in the Moslems. In the heat of enthusiasm Ikremah, a youthful

cousin of Khaled, galloped about the field, fighting with reckless fury, and raving about the joys of paradise promised to all true believers who fell in the battles of the faith. "I see," cried he, "the black-eyed Houris of Paradise. One of them, if seen on earth, would make mankind die of love. They are smiling on us. One of them waves a handkerchief of green silk, and holds a cup of precious stones. She beckons me; come hither quickly, she cries, my well-beloved!" In this way he went, shouting Al Jennah! Al Jennah! Paradise! Paradise! charging into the thickest of the Christians, and making fearful havoc, until he reached the place where the governor was fighting, who sent a javelin through his heart, and dispatched him in quest of his vaunted Elysium.

Night alone parted the hosts, and the Moslems retired exhausted to their tents, glad to repose from so rude a fight. Even Khaled counselled Abu Obeidah, to have recourse to stratagem, and make a pretended fight the next morning; to draw the Greeks, confident through this day's success, into disorder; for while collected, their phalanx presented an impenetrable wall to the Moslem horsemen.

Accordingly, at the dawning of the day, the Moslems retreated; at first with a show of order; then with a feigned confusion, for it was an Arab stratagem of war to scatter and rally again in the twinkling of an eye. The Christians, thinking their flight unfeigned, broke up their steady phalanx,

some making headlong pursuit, while others dispersed to plunder the Moslem camp.

Suddenly the Moslems faced about, surrounded the confused mass of Christians, and fell upon it, as the Arabian historian says, "like eagles upon a carcass." Khaled and Dorar and other chiefs spirited them on with shouts of Allah Achbar, and a terrible rout and slaughter ensued. The number of Christian corpses on that field exceeded sixteen hundred. The governor was recognized among the slain by his enormous bulk, his bloated face, and his costly apparel, fragrant with perfumes.

The city of Emessa surrendered as a sequel to that fight, but the Moslems could neither stay to take possession, nor afford to leave a garrison. Tidings had reached them of the approach of an immense army, composed of the heavily armed Grecian soldiery and the light troops of the desert, that threatened completely to overwhelm them. Various and contradictory were the counsels in this moment of agitation and alarm. Some advised that they should hasten back to their native deserts, where they would be reinforced by their friends, and where the hostile army could not find sustenance; but Abu Obeidah objected that such a retreat would be attributed to cowardice. Others cast a wistful eye upon the stately dwellings, the delightful gardens, the fertile fields, and green pastures, which they had just won by the sword, and chose rather to stay and fight for this land of pleasure and abundance, than

return to famine and the desert. Khaled decided the question. It would not do to linger there, he said; Constantine, the emperor's son, being not far off, at Cæsarea, with forty thousand men; he advised, therefore, that they should march to Yermouk, on the borders of Palestine and Arabia, where they would be within reach of assistance from the Caliph, and might await, with confidence, the attack of the Imperial army. The advice of Khaled was adopted.

CHAPTER XVI.

Advance of a powerful Imperial army.—Skirmishes of Khaled.—Capture of Derar.—Interview of Khaled and Manuel.

THE rapid conquests of the Saracens, had alarmed the emperor Heraclius for the safety of his rich province of Syria Troops had been levied both in Europe and Asia, and transported by sea and land to various parts of the invaded country. The main body, consisting of eighty thousand men, advanced to seek the Moslem host, under the command of a distinguished general, called Mahan, by the Arabian writers, and Manuel by the Greeks. On its way, the Imperial army was joined by Jabalah Ibn al Aynham, chief or king of the Christian tribe of Gassan. This Jabalah had professed the Mahometan faith, but had apostatized in consequence of the following circumstance. He had accompanied the Caliph Omar on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was performing the religious ceremony of the Towah, or sacred walk seven times round the Caaba, when an Arab of the tribe of Fezarah accidentally

trod on the skirt of his Ihram or pilgrim scarf, so as to draw it from his shoulders. Turning fiercely upon the Arab, "Woe be unto thee," cried he, "for uncovering my back in the sacred house of God." The pilgrim protested it was an accident, but Jabalah buffeted him in the face, bruising him sorely and beating out four of his teeth. The pilgrim complained to Omar, but Jabalah justified himself, stating the indignity he had suffered. "Had it not been for my reverence for the Caaba, and for the prohibition to shed blood within the sacred city, I would have slain the offender on the spot." "Thou hast confessed thy fault," said Omar, "and unless forgiven by thy adversary, must submit to the law of retaliation, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'" "I am a king," replied Jabalah, proudly, "and he is but a peasant." "Ye are both Moslems," rejoined Omar, "and in the sight of Allah, who is no respecter of persons, ye are equal." The utmost that Jabalah could obtain from the rigid justice of Omar was, that the execution of the sentence might be postponed until the next day. In the night he made his escape and fled to Constantinople, where he abjured Islamism, resumed the Christian faith, and went over to the service of the emperor Heraclius. He had now brought sixty thousand Arabs to the aid of Manuel. Such was the powerful host, the approach of which had compelled the Moslems to abandon Emessa on the very moment of surrender. They had marched to Yermouk, a place noted for its pleasant groves, and the sweet salubrity of its air, and

lay encamped on the banks of a little stream of the same name, heretofore obscure, but now destined to become famous by a battle decisive of the fate of Syria.

Manuel advanced slowly and deliberately with his heavily armed Grecian soldiery; but he sent Jabalah in the advance, to scour the country with his light Arab troops, as best fitted to cope with the skirmishing warriors of the desert; thus, as he said, "using diamond to cut diamond." The course of these combined armies was marked with waste, rapine, and outrage, and they inflicted all kinds of injuries and indignities on those Christian places which had made treaties with or surrendered to the Moslems.

While Manuel with his main army was yet at a distance, he sent proposals of peace to Abu Obeidah, according to the commands of the emperor. His proposals were rejected; but Obeidah sent several messengers to Jabalah, reproaching him with his apostasy, and his warfare against his countrymen, and endeavoring to persuade him to remain neutral in the impending battle. Jabalah replied, however, that his faith was committed to the emperor, and he was resolved to fight in his cause

Upon this Khaled came forward, and offered to take this apostate in his own hands. "He is far in the advance of the main army," said he, "let me have a small body of picked men chosen by myself, and I will fall upon him and his infidel Arabs before Manuel can come up to their assistance."

His proposal was condemned by many as rash and extravagant. "By no means," cried Khaled, with zealous zeal, "this infidel force is the army of the devil, and can do nothing against the army of Allah, who will assist us with his angels."

So pious an argument was unanswerable. Khaled was permitted to choose his men, all well-seasoned warriors whose valor he had proved. With them he fell upon Jabalah, who was totally unprepared for so hair-brained an assault, threw his host into complete confusion, and obliged him, after much slaughter, to retreat upon the main body. The triumph of Khaled, however, was damped by the loss of several valiant officers, among whom were Yezed, Rafi, and Derar, who were borne off captives by the retreating Christians.

In the meantime a special messenger, named Abdallah Ibn Kort, arrived at Medina, bringing letters to the Caliph from Abu Obeïdah, describing the perilous situation of the Moslem army, and entreating reinforcements. The Caliph ascended the pulpit of Mahomet, and preached up the glory of fighting the good fight of faith for God and the prophet. He then gave Abdallah an epistle for Abu Obeidah, filled with edifying texts from the Koran, and ending with an assurance that he would pray for him, and would, moreover, send him a speedy reinforcement. This done, he pronounced a blessing on Abdallah, and bade him depart with all speed.

Abdallah was well advanced on his return, when he called to mind that he had omitted to visit the tomb of the prophet.

Shocked at his forgetfulness, he retraced his steps, and sought the dwelling of Ayesha, within which the prophet lay interred. He found the beautiful widow reclining beside the tomb, and listening to Ali and Abbas, who were reading the Koran, while Hassan and Hosein, the two sons of Ali and grandsons of the prophet, were sitting on their knees.

Having paid due honors to the prophet's tomb, the consid erate messenger expressed his fears that this pious visit might prevent his reaching the army before the expected battle; whereupon the holy party lifted up their hands to heaven, and Ali put up a prayer for his speedy journey. Thus inspirited, he set out anew, and travelled with such unusual and incredible speed, that the army looked upon it as miraculous, and attributed it to the blessing of Omar and the prayer of Ali.

The promised reinforcement was soon on foot. It consisted of eight thousand men under the command of Seid Ibn Amir; to whom the Caliph gave a red silk banner, and a word of advice at parting; cautioning him to govern himself as well as his soldiers, and not to let his appetites get the better of his self-command.

Seid, with Moslem frankness, counselled him, in return, to fear God and not man; to love all Moslems equally with his own kindred; to cherish those at a distance equally with those at hand; finally to command nothing but what was right and to forbid nothing but what was wrong. The Caliph listened attentively, his forehead resting on his staff and his eyes cast

upon the ground. When Seid had finished, he raised his head and the tears ran down his cheek. "Alas!" said he, "who can do all this without the aid of God!"

Seid Ibn Amir led his force by the shortest route across the deserts, and hurrying forward with more rapidity than heed, lost his way. While he halted one night, in the vicinity of some springs, to acertain his route, he was apprised by his scouts, that the prefect of Ammon, with five thousand men, was near at hand. He fell upon him instantly, and cut the infantry to pieces. The prefect fled with his cavalry, but encountered a foraging party from the Moslem camp, the leader of which, Zobeir, thrust a lance through his body, and between the two parties not a man of his troop escaped. The Moslems then placed the heads of the Christians on their lances, and arrived with their ghastly trophies at the camp; to the great encouragement of Abu Obeidah and his host.

The imperial army had now drawn near, and Manuel, the general, attempted again to enter into negotiations. Khaled offered to go and confer with him; but his real object was to attempt the release of his friends and brethren in arms, Abu Sofian, Derar, Rafi, and the two other officers captured in the late skirmish with the apostate Jabalah.

When Khaled reached the outpost of the Christian army, he was required to leave his escort of one hundred chosen warriors, and proceed alone to the presence of the general; but he refused. He equally refused a demand that he and his

men should dismount and deliver up their scimetars. After some parley, he was permitted to enter into the presence of the general in his own way

Manuel was seated in state on a kind of throne, surrounded by his officers, all splendidly arrayed, while Khaled entered with his hundred war-worn veterans, clad in the simplest guise. Chairs were set out for him and his principal companions, but they pushed them aside and seated themselves cross-legged on the ground, after the Arabic manner. When Manuel demanded the reason, Khaled replied by quoting a verse from the twentieth chapter of the Koran. "Of earth ye are created, from earth ye came, and unto earth ye must return." "God made the earth," added he, "and what God has made for men to sit upon, is more precious than your silken tapestries."

The conference was begun by Manuel, who expostulated on the injustice of the Moslems in making an unprovoked inroad into the territories of their neighbors, molesting them in their religious worship, robbing them of their wives and property, and seizing on their persons as slaves. Khaled retorted, that it was all owing to their own obstinacy, in refusing to acknowledge that there was but one God, without relation or associate, and that Mahomet was his prophet. Their discussion grew violent, and Khaled, in his heat, told Manuel that he should one day see him dragged into the presence of Omar with a halter round his neck, there to have his head struck off as an

example to all infidels and for the edification of true believers.

Manuel replied in wrath, that Khaled was protected by his character of ambassador; but that he would punish his insolence by causing the five Moslem captives, his friends, to be instantly beheaded. Khaled defied him to execute his threat, swearing by Allah, by his prophet, and by the holy Caaba, that if a hair of their heads were injured, he would slay Manuel with his own hand on the spot, and that each of his Moslems present, should slay his man. So saying, he rose and drew his scimetar, as did likewise his companions.

The imperial general was struck with admiration at his intrepidity. He replied calmly, that what he had said was a mere threat, which his humanity and his respect for the mission of Khaled would not permit him to fulfil. The Saracens were pacified and sheathed their swords, and the conference went on calmly.

In the end, Manuel gave up the five prisoners to Khaled as a token of his esteem; and in return Khaled presented him with a beautiful scarlet pavilion, which he had brought with him, and pitched in the Christian camp, and for which Manuel had expressed a desire. Thus ended this conference, and both parties retired from it with soldier-like regard for each other.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Battle of Yermouk.

The great battle was now at hand that was to determine the fate of Syria, for the emperor had staked the fortunes of this favorite province on a single, but gigantic blow. Abu Obeidah, conscious of the momentous nature of the conflict, and diffident of his abilities in the field, gave a proof of his modesty and magnanimity, by restoring to Khaled the command of the whole army. For himself, he took his station with the women in the rear, that he might rally the Moslems should any of them be inclined to fly the field. Here he erected his standard, a yellow flag, given him by Abu Beker, being the same which Mahomet had displayed in the battle of Khaïbar.

Before the action commenced Khaled rode among his troops, making a short but emphatic speech. "Paradise," cried he, "is before you; the devil and hell behind. Fight bravely, and you will secure the one; fly, and you will fall into the other."

The armies closed, but the numbers of the Christians and the superiority of Greek and Roman discipline bore down the

right wing of the Moslems. Those, however, who turned their backs and attempted to fly, were assailed with reproaches and blows by the women, so that they found it easier to face the enemy than such a storm. Even Abu Sofian himself received a blow over the face with a tent-pole from one of those viragos as he retreated before the enemy.

Thrice were the Moslems beaten back by the steady bearing of the Grecian phalanx, and thrice were they checked and driven back to battle by the women. Night at length brought a cessation of the bloody conflict; when Abu Obeidah went round among the wounded, ministering to them with his own hands, while the women bound up their wounds with tender care.

The battle was renewed on the following morning, and again the Moslems were sorely pressed. The Christian archers made fearful havoc, and such was their dexterity, that, among the great number of Moslems who suffered from their arrows on that day, seven hundred lost one or both eyes. Hence it was commemorated as "the Day of the Blinding;" and those who had received such wounds gloried in them, in after years, as so many trophies of their having struggled for the faith in that day of hard fighting. There were several single combats of note; among others, Serjabil was engaged hand to hand with a stout Christian; but Serjabil, having signalized his piety by excessive watching and fasting, was so reduced in flesh and strength, that he was no match for his

adversary, and would infallibly have been overpowered, had not Derar come behind the Christian, and stabbed him to the heart. Both warriors claimed the spoil, but it was adjudged to him who slew the enemy. In the course of this arduous day, the Moslems more than once wavered, but were rallied back by the valor of the women. Caulah, the heroic sister of Derar, mingling in the fight, was wounded and struck down; but Offeïrah, her female friend, smote off the head of her opponent, and rescued her. The battle lasted as long as there was light enough to distinguish friend from foe; but the night was welcome to the Moslems, who needed all their enthusiasm and reliance on the promises of the prophet to sustain them, so hard was the struggle and so overwhelming the numbers of the enemy. On this night, the good Abu Obeidah repeated at once the prayers belonging to two separate hours, that his weary soldiers might enjoy uninterrupted sleep.

For several successive days this desperate battle, on which hung the fate of Syria, was renewed with various fortunes. In the end the fanatic valor of the Moslems prevailed; the Christian host was completely routed and fled in all directions. Many were overtaken and slain in the difficult passes of the mountains; others perished in a deep part of the river to which they were decoyed by one of their own people, in revenge for an injury. Manuel, the imperial general, fell by the hand of a Moslem named Noman Ibn Alkamah.

Abu Obeidah went over the battle-field in person, seeing

that the wounded Moslems were well taken care of, and the slain decently interred. He was perplexed for a time on finding some heads without bodies, to know whether they were Moslems or infidels, but finally prayed over them at a venture and had them buried like the rest.

In dividing the spoils, Abu Obeidah, after setting aside one-fifth for the Caliph and the public treasury, allotted to each foot soldier one portion and to each horseman three; two for himself and one for his steed; but for each horse of the pure Arabian breed, he allowed a double portion. This last allotment met with opposition, but was subsequently confirmed by the Caliph, on account of the superior value of true Arabian horses.

Such was the great battle fought on the banks of the Yermouk, near the city of that name, in the month of November, A. D. 636, and in the 15th year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Siege and capture of Jerusalem.

The Moslem invaders reposed for a month at Damascus from the toil of conquest, during which time Abu Obeidah sent to the Caliph to know whether he should undertake the siege of Cæsarea, or Jerusalem. Ali was with Omar at the time, and advised the instant siege of the latter; for such, he said, had been the intention of the prophet. The enterprise against Jerusalem was as a holy war to the Moslems, for they reverenced it as an ancient seat of prophecy and revelation, connected with the histories of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, and sanctified by containing the tombs of several of the ancient prophets. The Caliph adopted the advice of Ali, and ordered Abu Obeidah to lead his army into Palestine, and lay siege to Jerusalem.

On receiving these orders, Abu Obeidah sent forward Yezed Abu Sofian, with five thousand men, to commence the siege, and for five successive days detached after him consider-

able reinforcements. The people of Jerusalem saw the approach of these portentous invaders, who were spreading such consternation throughout the East, but they made no sally to oppose them, nor sent out any one to parley, but planted engines on their walls, and prepared for vigorous defence. Yezed approached the city and summoned it by sound of trumpet, propounding the customary terms, profession of the faith or tribute: both were rejected with disdain. The Moslems would have made instant assault, but Yezed had no such instructions: he encamped, therefore, and waited until orders arrived from Abu Obeidah to attack the city, when he made the necessary preparations.

At cock-crow in the morning the Moslem host was marshalled, the leaders repeated the matin prayer each at the head of his battalion, and all, as if by one consent, with a loud voice gave the verse from the Koran:* "Enter ye, oh people! into the holy land which Allah hath destined for you."

For ten days they made repeated but unavailing attacks; on the eleventh day Abu Obeidah brought the whole army to their aid. He immediately sent a written summons requiring the inhabitants to believe in the unity of God, the divine mission of Mahomet, the resurrection and final judgment: or else to acknowledge allegiance, and pay tribute to the Caliph:

* These words are from the fifth chapter of the Koran, where Mahomet puts them into the mouth of Moses, as addressed to the children of Israel.

"otherwise," concluded the letter, "I will bring men against you, who love death better than you love wine or swine's flesh; nor will I leave you, God willing, until I have destroyed your fighting men, and made slaves of your children."

The summons was addressed to the magistrates and principal inhabitants of Ælia, for so Jerusalem was named after the emperor Ælius Adrian, when he rebuilt that city.

Sophronius, the Christian patriarch, or bishop of Jerusalem, replied that this was the holy city, and the holy land, and that whoever entered either, for a hostile purpose, was an offender in the eyes of God. He felt some confidence in setting the invaders at defiance, for the walls and towers of the city had been diligently strengthened, and the garrison had been reinforced by fugitives from Yermouk, and from various parts of Syria. The city, too, was strong in its situation, being surrounded by deep ravines and a broken country; and above all there was a pious incentive to courage and perseverance in defending the sepulchre of Christ.

Four wintry months elapsed; every day there were sharp skirmishings; the besiegers were assailed by sallying parties, annoyed by the engines on the walls, and harassed by the inclement weather; still they carried on the siege with undiminished spirit. At length the Patriarch Sempronius held a parley from the walls with Abu Obeidah. "Do you not know," said he, "that this city is holy; and that whoever offers violence to it, draws upon his head the vengeance of heaven?"

"We know it," replied Abu Obeidah, "to be the house of the prophets, where their bodies lie interred; we know it to be the place whence our prophet Mahomet made his nocturnal ascent to heaven; and we know that we are more worthy of possessing it than you are, nor will we raise the siege until Allah has delivered it into our hands, as he has done many other places."

Seeing there was no further hope, the patriarch consented to give up the city, on condition that the Caliph would come in person to take possession and sign the articles of surrender.

When this unusual stipulation was made known to the Caliph, he held a council with his friends. Othman despised the people of Jerusalem, and was for refusing their terms, but Ali represented the sanctity and importance of the place in the eyes of the Christians, which might prompt them to reinforce it, and to make a desperate defence if treated with indignity. Besides, he added, the presence of the Caliph would cheer and inspirit the army in their long absence, and after the hardships of a wintry campaign.

The words of Ali had their weight with the Caliph: though certain Arabian writers pretend that he was chiefly moved by a tradition handed down in Jerusalem from days of yore, which said, that a man of his name, religion, and personal appearance, should conquer the holy city. Whatever may have been his inducements, the Caliph resolved to receive, in person, the

surrender of Jerusalem. He accordingly appointed Ali to officiate in his place during his absence from Medina; then, having prayed at the mosque, and paid a pious visit to the tomb of the prophet, he set out on his journey.

The progress of this formidable potentate, who already held the destinies of empires in his grasp, and had the plunder of the Orient at his command, is characteristic of the primitive days of Mahometanism, and reveals, in some measure, the secret of its success. He travelled on a red or sorrel camel, across which was slung an alforja, or wallet, with a huge sack or pocket at each end, something like the modern saddle-bags. One pocket contained dates and dried fruits, the other a provision called sawik, which was nothing more than barley, rice, or wheat, parched or sodden. Before him hung a leathern bottle, or sack, for water, and behind him a wooden platter. His companions, without distinction of rank, ate with him out of the same dish, using their fingers according to Oriental usage. He slept at night on a mat spread out under a tree, or under a common Bedouin tent of hair-cloth, and never resumed his march until he had offered up the morning prayer.

As he journeyed through Arabia in this simple way, he listened to the complaints of the people, redressed their grievances, and administered justice with sound judgment and a rigid hand. Information was brought to him of an Arab who was married to two sisters, a practice not unusual among idolaters, but the man was now a Mahometan. Omar cited the

culprit and his two wives into his presence, and taxed him roundly with his offence; but he declared his ignorance that it was contrary to the law of the prophet.

"Thou liest!" said Omar, "thou shalt part with one of them instantly, or lose thy head."

"Evil was the day that I embraced such a religion," muttered the culprit. "Of what advantage has it been to me?"

"Come nearer to me," said Omar: and on his approaching, the Caliph bestowed two wholesome blows on his head with his walking-staff.

"Enemy of God and of thyself," cried he, "let these blows reform thy manners, and teach thee to speak with more reverence of a religion ordained by Allah, and acknowledged by the best of his creatures."

He then ordered the offender to choose between his wives, and finding him at a loss which to prefer, the matter was determined by lot, and he was dismissed by the Caliph with this parting admonition: "Whoever professes Islam, and afterwards renounces it, is punishable with death; therefore take heed to your faith. And as to your wife's sister, whom you have put away, if ever I hear that you have meddled with her, you shall be stoned."

At another place he beheld a number of men exposed to the burning heat of the sun by their Moslem conquerors, as a punishment for failing to pay their tribute. Finding, on inquiry, that they were entirely destitute of means, he ordered

them to be released; and turning reproachfully to their oppressors, "Compel no men," said he, "to more than they can bear; for I heard the apostle of God say, he who afflicts his fellow-man in this world, will be punished with the fire of Jehennam."

While yet within a day's journey of Jerusalem, Abu Obeidah came to meet him and conduct him to the camp. The Caliph proceeded with due deliberation, never forgetting his duties as a priest and teacher of Islam. In the morning he said the usual prayers, and preached a sermon, in which he spoke of the security of those whom God should lead in the right way; but added, that there was no help for such as God should lead into error.

A gray-headed Christian priest, who sat before him, could not resist the opportunity to criticise the language of the Caliph preacher. "God leads no man into error," said he, aloud.

Omar deigned no direct reply, but, turning to those around, "Strike off that old man's head," said he, "if he repeats his words."

The old man was discreet, and held his peace. There was no arguing against the sword of Islam.

On his way to the camp Omar beheld a number of Arabs, who had thrown by the simple garb of their country, and arrayed themselves in the silken spoils of Syria. He saw the danger of this luxury and effeminacy, and ordered that they should be dragged with their faces in the dirt, and their silken garments torn from their backs.

When he came in sight of Jerusalem he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Allah Achbar! God is mighty! God grant us an easy conquest!" Then commanding his tent to be pitched, he dismounted from his camel and sat down within it on the ground. The Christians thronged to see the sovereign of this new and irresistible people, who were overrunning and subduing the earth. The Moslems, fearful of an attempt at assassination, would have kept them at a distance, but Omar rebuked their fears. "Nothing will befall us but what God hath decreed. Let the faithful trust in him."

The arrival of the Caliph was followed by immediate capitulation. When the deputies from Jerusalem were admitted to a parley, they were astonished to find this dreaded potentate a bald-headed man, simply clad, and seated on the ground in a tent of hair-cloth.

The articles of surrender were drawn up in writing by Omar, and served afterwards as a model for the Moslem leaders in other conquests. The Christians were to build no new churches in the surrendered territory. The church doors were to be set open to travellers, and free ingress permitted to Mahometans by day and night. The bells should only toll, and not ring, and no crosses should be erected on the churches, nor shown publicly in the streets. The Christians should not teach the Koran to their children; nor speak openly of their religion; nor attempt to make proselytes; nor hinder their kinsfolk from embracing Islam. They should not assume the

Moslem dress, either caps, slippers, or turbans, nor part their hair like Moslems, but should always be distinguished by girdles. They should not use the Arabian language in inscriptions on their signets, nor salute after the Moslem manner, nor be called by Moslem surnames. They should rise on the entrance of a Moslem, and remain standing until he should be seated. They should entertain every Moslem traveller three days gratis. They should sell no wine, bear no arms, and use no saddle in riding; neither should they have any domestic who had been in Moslem service.

Such were the degrading conditions imposed upon the proud city of Jerusalem, once the glory and terror of the East, by the leader of a host of wandering Arabs. They were the conditions generally imposed by the Moslems in their fanatical career of conquest. Utter scorn and abhorrence of their religious adversaries formed one of the main pillars of their faith.

The Christians having agreed to surrender on these terms, the Caliph gave them, under his own hand, an assurance of protection in their lives and fortunes, the use of their churches, and the exercise of their religion.

Omar entered the once splendid city of Solomon on foot, in his simple Arab garb, with his walking-staff in his hand, and accompanied by the venerable Sophronius, with whom he talked familiarly, inquiring about the antiquities and public edifices. The worthy patriarch treated the conqueror with all outward deference, but, if we may trust the words of a Chris-

tian historian, he loathed the dirty Arab in his heart, and was particularly disgusted with his garb of coarse woollen, patched with sheepskin. His disgust was almost irrepressible when they entered the church of the Resurrection, and Sophronius beheld the Caliph in his filthy attire, seated in the midst of the sacred edifice. "This, of a truth," exclaimed he, "is the abomination of desolation predicted by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

It is added that, to pacify the cleanly scruples of the patriarch, Omar consented to put on clean raiment which he offered him, until his own garments were washed.

An instance of the strict good faith of Omar is related as occurring on this visit to the Christian temples. While he was standing with the patriarch in the church of the Resurrection, one of the stated hours for Moslem worship arrived, and he demanded where he might pray. "Where you now are," replied the patriarch. Omar, however, refused, and went forth. The patriarch conducted him to the church of Constantine, and spread a mat for him to pray there; but again he refused. On going forth, he knelt, and prayed on the flight of steps leading down from the east gate of the church. This done, he turned to the patriarch, and gave him a generous reason for his conduct. "Had I prayed in either of the churches," said he, "the Moslems would have taken possession of it, and consecrated it as a mosque."

So scrupulous was he in observing his capitulations respect-

ing the churches, that he gave the patriarch a writing, forbid ding the Moslems to pray upon the steps where he had prayed except one person at a time. The zeal of the faithful, however, outstripped their respect for his commands, and one-half of the steps and porch was afterwards included in a mospue built over the spot which he had accidentally sanctified.

The Caliph next sought the place where the temple of Solomon had stood, where he founded a mosque; which, in after times, being enlarged and enriched by succeeding Caliphs, became one of the noblest edifices of Islam worship, and second only to the magnificent mosque of Cordova.

The surrender of Jerusalem took place in the seventeenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XIX.

Progress of the Moslem arms in Syria.—Siege of Aleppo.— Obstinate defence by Youkenna.—Exploit of Damas.—Capture of the castle.—Conversion of Youkenna.

THE Caliph Omar remained ten days in Jerusalem, regulating the great scheme of Islam conquest. To complete the subjugation of Syria, he divided it into two parts. Southern Syria, consisting of Palestine and the maritime towns, he gave in charge to Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, with a considerable portion of the army to enable him to master it; while Abu Obeidah, with a larger force, had orders promptly to reduce all Northern Syria, comprising the country lying between Hauran and Aleppo. At the same time, Amru Ibn al Aass, with a body of Moslem troops, was ordered to invade Egypt, which venerable and once mighty empire was then in a state of melancholy decline. Such were the great plans of Islam conquest in these regions; while at the same time, Saad Ibn Abi Wakkâs, another of Omar's generals, was pursuing a career of victories in the Persian territories.

The return of Omar to Medina was hailed with joy by the

inhabitants, for they had regarded with great anxiety and apprehension his visit to Jerusalem. They knew the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the country, and the sacred character of the city; containing the tombs of the prophets, and being the place, according to Moslem belief, where all mankind were to be assembled in the day of the resurrection. They had feared, therefore, that he would be tempted to fix his residence, for the rest of his days, in that consecrated city. Great was their joy, therefore, when they saw their Caliph re-enter their gates in his primitive simplicity, clad in his coarse Arab garb, and seated on his camel with his wallets of dried fruits and sodden corn; his leathern bottle and his wooden platter.

Abu Obeidah departed from Jerusalem shortly after the Caliph, and marched with his army to the north, receiving in the course of his progress through Syria, the submission of the cities of Kennesrin and Alhâdir, the inhabitants of which ransomed themselves and their possessions, for five thousand ounces of gold, the like quantity of silver, two thousand suits of silken raiment, and as much figs and aloes as would load five hundred mules; he then proceeded towards the city of Aleppo, which the Caliph had ordered him to besiege. The inhabitants of this place were much given to commerce, and had amassed great wealth; they trembled, therefore, at the approach of these plundering sons of the desert, who had laid so many cities under contribution.

The city of Aleppo was walled and fortified; but it depended chiefly for defence upon its citadel, which stood without the walls and apart from the city, on an artificial hill or mound, shaped like a truncated cone or sugar-loaf, and faced with stone. The citadel was of great size, and commanded all the adjacent country; it was encompassed by a deep moat, which could be filled from springs of water, and was considered the strongest castle in all Syria. The governor, who had been appointed to this place by the emperor Heraclius, and who had held all the territory between Aleppo and the Euphrates, had lately died, leaving two sons, Youkenna and Johannas, who resided in the castle and succeeded to his command. They were completely opposite in character and conduct. Youkenna, the elder of the two, was a warrior and managed the government, while Johannas passed his life in almost monkish retirement, devoting himself to study, to religious exercises, and to acts of charity. On the approach of the Moslems Johannas sympathized with the fears of the wealthy merchants, and advised his brother to compound peaceably with the enemy for a ransom in money. "You talk like a monk," replied the fierce Youkenna; "you know nothing that is due to the honor of a soldier. Have we not strong walls, a brave garrison, and ample wealth to sustain us, and shall we meanly buy a peace without striking a blow? Shut yourself up with your books and beads; study and pray and leave the defence of the place to me."

The next day he summoned his troops, distributed money among them, and having thus roused their spirit, "The Arabs," said he, "have divided their forces; some are in Palestine, some have gone to Egypt, it can be but a mere detachment that is coming against us; I am for meeting them on the way, and giving them battle before they come near to Aleppo." His troops answered his harangue with shouts, so he put himself at the head of twelve thousand men, and sallied forth to encounter the Moslems on their march.

Scarcely had this reckless warrior departed with his troops, when the timid and trading part of the community gathered together, and took advantage of his absence to send thirty of the most important and opulent of the inhabitants to Abu Obeidah, with an offer of a ransom for the city. These worthies, when they entered the Moslem camp, were astonished at the order and tranquillity that reigned throughout, under the wise regulations of the commander-in-chief. They were received by Abu Obeidah with dignified composure, and informed him that they had come without the knowledge of Youkenna, their warlike governor, who had sallied out on a foray, and whose tyranny they found insupportable. After much discussion, Abu Obeidah offered indemnity to the city of Aleppo, on condition that they should pay a certain sum of money, furnish provisions to his army, make discovery of every thing within their knowledge prejudicial to his interests, and prevent Youkenna from returning to the castle. They agreed to

all the terms except that relating to the castle, which it was impossible for them to execute.

Abu Obeidah dispensed with that point, but exacted from them all an oath to fulfil punctually the other conditions; assuring them of his protection and kindness, should they observe it; but adding that, should they break it, they need expect no quarter. He then offered them an escort, which they declined preferring to return quietly by the way they had come.

In the meantime Youkenna, on the day after his sallying forth, fell in with the advance guard of the Moslem army, consisting of one thousand men under Caab Ibn Damarrah. He came upon them by surprise while watering their horses, and resting themselves on the grass in negligent security. A desperate fight was the consequence; the Moslems at first were successful, but were overpowered by numbers. One hundred and seventy were slain, most of the rest wounded, and their frequent cries of "Ya Mahommed! Ya Mahommed!" (Oh Mahomet! Oh Mahomet!) showed the extremity of their despair. Night alone saved them from total massacre; but Youkenna resolved to pursue the work of extermination with the morning light. In the course of the night, however, one of his scouts brought him word of the peaceful negotiation carried on by the citizens of Aleppo during his absence. Boiling with rage, he gave up all further thought about Caab and his men, and hastening back to Aleppo, drew up his

forces, and threatened to put every thing to fire and sword unless the inhabitants renounced the treaty, joined him against the Moslems and gave up the devisers of the late traitorous schemes. On their hesitating to comply with his demands, he charged on them with his troops, and put three hundred to the sword. The cries and lamentations of the multitude reached the pious Johannas in his retirement in the castle He hastened to the scene of carnage, and sought by prayers and supplications, and pious remonstrances, to stay the fury of his brother. "What!" cried the fierce Youkenna, "shall I spare traitors who are leagued with the enemy, and selling us for gold?"

"Alas!" replied Johannas, "they have only sought their own safety; they are not fighting men."

"Base wretch!" cried Youkenna in a frenzy, "'tis thou hast been the contriver of this infamous treason."

His naked sword was in his hand; his actions were even more frantic than his words, and in an instant the head of his meek and pious brother rolled on the pavement.

The people of Aleppo were in danger of suffering more from the madness of the army than they had apprehended from the sword of the invader, when a part of the Moslem army appeared in sight led on by Khaled. A bloody battle ensued before the walls of the town, three thousand of Youkenna's troops were slain, and he was obliged to take refuge with a considerable number within the castle, where he placed

engines on the walls, and prepared to defend himself to the last extremity.

A council was held in the Moslem camp. Abu Obeidah was disposed to besiege the citadel, and starve out the garrison, but Khaled, with his accustomed promptness, was for instant assault, before the emperor could send reinforcements and supplies. As usual his bold counsel prevailed: the castle was stormed, and he headed the assault. The conflict was one of the fiercest in the wars of Syria. The besieged hurled huge stones from the battlements; many of the assailants were slain, many maimed, and Khaled was compelled to desist from the attack.

In the dead of that very night, when the fires of the camp were extinguished, and the Moslems were sleeping after their hard-fought battle, Youkenna sallied forth with his troops, fell on the enemy sword in hand, killed sixty, and bore off fifty prisoners: Khaled, however, was hard on his traces, and killed above a hundred of his men before they could shelter themselves within the castle. On the next morning Youkenna paraded his fifty prisoners on the walls of the citadel, ordered them to be beheaded, and threw their heads among the besiegers.

Learning from his spies that a detachment of Moslems were foraging the country, Youkenna sent out, secretly, a troop of horse in the night, who fell upon the foragers, killed nearly seven score of them, slew or hamstrung their camels, mules,

and horses, and then hid themselves in the recesses of the mountains, awaiting the night to get back to the castle.

Some fugitives carried tidings of this skirmish to the camp, and Khaled and Derar, with a troop of horse, were soon at the scene of combat. They found the ground strewed with the dead bodies of men and animals, learnt from some peasants whither the enemy had retreated, and were informed of a narrow defile by which they must return to the castle. Khaled and Derar stationed their troops in ambush in this defile. Late in the night they perceived the enemy advancing. They suffered them to get completely entangled in the defile, when, closing suddenly upon them on every side, they slew a number on the spot, and took three hundred prisoners. These were brought in triumph to the Moslem camp, where they would have redeemed themselves with ample ransom, but their heads were all stricken off in front of the castle, by way of retaliation.

For five months did the siege of this fortress continue; all the attacks of the Moslems were repulsed, all their stratagems discovered and circumvented; for Youkenna had spies in the very camp of the enemy, who gave him intelligence by word, or signal, of every plan and movement. Abu Obeidah despaired of reducing this impregnable castle, which impeded him in his career of conquest, and wrote to the Caliph, proposing to abandon the siege and proceed against Antioch. The Caliph, in reply, ordered him by no means to desist, as

that would give courage to the enemy, but to press the siege hard, and trust the event to God. As an additional reliance, he sent him a reinforcement of horse and foot, with twenty camels to facilitate the march of the infantry. Notwithstanding all this aid, the siege was continued for seven-and-forty days, with no greater prospect of success.

While in this state of vexatious impediment and delay, Abu Obeidah was one day accosted by one of the newly arrived soldiers, who told him that, if he would give him thirty men, all strong and valiant, he would pledge his head to put him in possession of the castle. The man who made this singular application was named Damâs; he was of herculean strength and gigantic size, a brave soldier, and of great natural sagacity, although unimproved by education, as he was born a slave. Khaled backed his application, having heard of great exploits performed by him in Arabia. Abu Obeidah, in his perplexities, was willing to adopt any expedient to get possession of this obstinate castle, and the Arabs were always prone to strange and extravagant stratagems in their warfare. He accordingly placed thirty of his bravest men under command of Damâs, charging them to obey him implicitly, notwithstanding his base condition; at the same time, in compliance with his request, he removed with his army to the distance of a league as though about to abandon the siege.

It was now night, and Damâs concealed his thirty men near to the castle, charging them not to stir, nor utter a sound.

He then went out alone and brought in six Christian prisoners, one after another. He questioned them in Arabic, but they were ignorant of the language, and replied in their own tongue. "The curse of Allah on these Christian dogs and their barbarous jargon, which no man can understand," cried the rude Arab, and in his rage he smote off their heads.

He went forth again, and saw a man sliding down the wall, whom he seized the moment he touched the ground. He was a Christian Arab, and was endeavoring to escape from the tyranny of Youkenna, and from him Damâs obtained the information he desired. He instantly dispatched two men to Abu Obeidah, requesting him to send him some horse about sunrise. He then took a goat-skin from his wallet, with which he covered his back and shoulders, and a dry crust of bread in his hand, and crept on all-fours close to the wall of the castle. His men crept silently after him. When he heard a noise he gnawed his crust with a sound like that of a dog gnawing a bone, and his followers remained motionless. In this way he reached a part of the castle wall which was easiest of access. Then seating himself on the ground, he made one of his men seat himself on his shoulders, and so on until seven were thus mounted on each other. Then he who was uppermost stood upright, and so did the others in succession, until Damâs rose from the ground upon his feet, and sustained the whole by his wondrous strength, each rendering such aid as he could by bearing against the wall. The uppermost man was now ena-

bled to scramble upon the battlement, where he found a Christian sentinel drunk and asleep. He seized and threw him down to the Moslems below the wall, who instantly dispatched him. He then unfolded his turban and drew up the man below him, and they two the next, and so on until Damâs was also on the wall.

Damâs now enjoined silence on them all and left them. He found two other sentinels sleeping, whom he dispatched with his dagger, and then made his way to an aperture for the discharge of arrows, looking through which he beheld Youkenna in a spacious chamber, richly clad, seated on tapestry of scarlet silk, flowered with gold, drinking and making merry with a large company; for it would seem as if, on the apparent departure of the besieging army, the whole castle had been given up to feasting and carousing.

Damâs considered the company too numerous to be attacked; returning to his men, therefore, he explored cautiously with them the interior of the castle. Coming suddenly upon the guards at the main entrance, who had no apprehension of danger from within, they killed them, threw open the gate, let down the draw-bridge, and were joined by the residue of their party. The castle was by this time alarmed: the garrison, half drunk and half asleep, came rushing from all quarters in wild confusion. The Moslems defended themselves stoutly on the draw-bridge and in the narrow pass of the barbican until the dawn of day when a shout of Allah

Achbar was heard, and Khaled, with a troop of horse, came thundering through the gate.

The Christians threw down their arms and cried for mercy. Khaled offered them their choice, death or the faith of Islam. Youkenna was the first to raise his finger and pronounce the formula; his example was followed by several of his leading men, whereupon their wives and children and property were secured to them. The castle having been taken by storm, was completely plundered, and the spoils were divided among the army, excepting the usual fifth part reserved for the Caliph Damâs and his brave companions, who had been almost cut to pieces in the fight, were praised to the skies, nor would Abu Obeidah stir with his host until those of them who survived were out of danger from their wounds.

CHAPTER XX.

Perfidy of Youkenna to his former friends.—Attempts the castle of Aazaz by treachery.—Capture of the castle

It is a circumstance worthy of remark in the history both of Mahomet and his successors, that the most inveterate enemies of the Islam faith, when once converted to it, even though their conversion were by the edge of the sword, that great Moslem instrument of persuasion, became its faithful defenders. Such was the case with Youkenna, who, from the time he embraced Islam with the Arab scimetar at his throat, became as determined a champion of its doctrines as he had before been an opponent. Like all new converts, he was anxious to give striking proofs of his zeal: he had slain a brother in supporting his old faith, he now proposed to betray a cousin in promoting the interests of the new. This cousin, whose name was Theodorus, was governor of an important town and fortress, named Aazaz, situated at no great distance from Aleppo, and which it was necessary for the Moslems to secure before they left that neighborhood. The castle was of great strength, and

In the meantime Tarik al Gassani, the Christian Arab, who had been sent by Theodorus to summon the prefect of Arrawendân to his aid, had executed his errand, but on the way back fell into the hands of Malec, who was lying in ambuscade with his thousand men. The sight of a naked scimetar drew from Tarik information that the plot of Youkenna had been discovered; that he had been sent after aid, and that Lucas, the prefect of Arrawendân, must be actually on his way with five hundred cavalry.

Profiting by this information, Malec placed his thousand men so advantageously, as completely to surprise and capture Lucas and his reinforcement, as they were marching in the night. He then devised a stratagem still to outwit the governor of Aazaz. First he disguised his five hundred men in dresses taken from their Christian prisoners, and gave them the Christian standard of the prefect of Arrawendân. Then summoning Tarik the messenger before him, and again displaying the scimetar, he exhorted him most earnestly to turn Mahometan. There was no resisting his arguments, and Tarik made a full and hearty profession of the faith. Malec then ordered him to prove his zeal for the good cause by proceeding to Aazaz and informing Theodorus, that the prefect of Arrawendân was at hand with a reinforcement of five hundred men. The double-faced courier departed on his errand, accompanied by a trusty Moslem, who had secret orders to smite off his head, if he should be found to waver; but

there were still other plots at work in this tissue of stratagems.

As Tarik and his companion approached Aazaz, they heard great shouting and the sound of trumpets, and this was the cause of the change. Theodorus, the governor, had committed Youkenna and his men into the custody of his son Leon Now it so happened, that the youth having frequently visited his father's kinsmen at the castle of Aleppo, had become violently enamored of the daughter of Youkenna, but had met strong opposition to his love. The present breach between his father and Youkenna, threatened to place an inseparable barrier between him and the gratification of his passion. Maddened by his desires, the youth now offered to Youkenna, if he would give him his daughter to wife, to embrace Mahometanism, and to set him and his companions at liberty. The offer was accepted. At the dead of the night, when the prisoners were armed and liberated, they fell upon the sleeping garrison; a tumultuous fight ensued, in the course of which Theodorus was slain, by the hand, it is said, of his unnatural son.

It was in the height of this conflict, that Tarik and his companion arrived at the place, and learning the situation of affairs, hastened back to Malec Alashtar with the news. The latter hurried on with his troops and came in time to complete the capture of the place. He bestowed great praises on Youkenna, but the latter taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "Thank Allah and this youth." He then related the whole

story. The pious Malec lifted up his eyes and hands in wonder. "When Allah wills a thing," exclaimed he, "he prepares the means."

Leaving Seid Ibn Amir in command of the place, with Youkenna's band of a hundred men, as a garrison, Malec Alashtar returned to the main army with great booty and many prisoners. Youkenna, however, refused to accompany him. He was mortified at the questionable result of his undertaking against Aazaz, the place having been taken by other means than his own, and vowed not to show himself in the Moslem camp until he had retrieved his credit by some signal blow. Just at this time, there arrived at Aazaz, a foraging party of a thousand Moslems, that had been ravaging the neighboring country; among them were two hundred renegades, who had apostatized with Youkenna, and whose families and effects were in the castle of Aleppo. They were the very men for his purpose, and with these he marched off to execute one of his characteristic stratagems at Antioch.

CHAPTER XXI.

Intrigues of Youkenna at Antioch.—Siege of that city by the Moslems.—Flight of the emperor to Constantinople.—Surrender of Antioch.

The City of Antioch was at that time the capital of Syria and the seat of the Roman government in the East. It was of great extent, surrounded by stone walls and numerous towers, and stood in the midst of a fertile country, watered by wells and fountains and abundant streams. Here Heraclius held his court, and here the Greeks, sunk in luxury and effeminacy, had lost all the military discipline and heroism that had made them conquerors in Asia.

Towards this capital Youkenna proceeded with his band of two hundred men; but in the second watch of the night he left them, after giving them orders to keep on in the high way of the caravans, and on arriving at Antioch, to give themselves out as fugitives from Aleppo. In the meantime, he with two of his relatives, struck into a by-road, and soon fell into the hands of one of the emperor's outposts. On announcing him-

self Youkenna, late governor of Aleppo, he was sent under a guard of horse to Antioch.

The emperor Heraclius, broken in spirit by his late reverses and his continual apprehensions, wept at the sight of Youkenna, and meekly upbraided him with his apostasy and treason, but the latter, with perfect self-possession and effrontery, declared that whatever he had done was for the purpose of preserving his life for the emperor's service; and cited the obstinate defence he had made at Aleppo, and his present voluntary arrival at Antioch, as proofs of his fidelity. The emperor was easily deceived by a man he had been accustomed to regard as one of his bravest and most devoted officers; and indeed the subtle apostate had the address to incline most of the courtiers in his favor. To console him for what was considered his recent misfortunes, he was put in command of the two hundred pretended fugitives of his former garrison, as soon as they arrived at Antioch; he had thus a band of kindred renegades, ready to aid him in any desperate treachery. Furthermore, to show his entire confidence in him, the emperor sent him with upwards of two thousand men, to escort his youngest daughter from a neighboring place to the court at Antioch. He performed his mission with correctness; as he and his troop were escorting the princess about midnight, the neighing of their horses put them on the alert, and sending out scouts they received intelligence of a party of Moslems asleep, with their horses grazing near them. They proved to

be a body of a thousand Christian Arabs, under Haim, son of the apostate Jabalah Ibn al Ayam, who had made captives of Derar Ibn al Azwar and a foraging party of two hundred Moslems. They all proceeded together to Antioch, where the emperor received his daughter with great joy, and made Youkenna one of his chief counsellors.

Derar and his men were brought into the presence of the emperor, and commanded to prostrate themselves before him, but they held themselves erect and took no heed of the command. It was repeated more peremptorily. "We bow to no created being," replied Derar, "the prophet bids us to yield adoration to God alone."

The emperor, struck with this reply, propounded several questions touching Mahomet and his doctrines, but Derar, whose province did not lie in words, beckoned to Kais Ibn Amir, an old gray-headed Moslem, to answer them. A long and edifying conference ensued, in which, in reply to the searching questions of the emperor, the venerable Kais went into a history of the prophet, and of the various modes in which inspiration came upon him. Sometimes like the sound of a bell; sometimes in the likeness of an angel in human shape; sometimes in a dream; sometimes like the brightness of the dawning day; and that when it was upon him great drops of sweat rolled from his forehead, and a tremor seized upon his limbs. He furthermore descanted with eloquence upon the miracles of Mahomet, of his nocturnal journey to

heaven, and his conversation with the Most High. The emperor listened with seeming respect to all these matters, but they roused the indignation of a bishop who was present, and who pronounced Mahomet an impostor. Derar took fire in an instant; if he could not argue, he could make use of a soldier's vocabulary, and he roundly gave the bishop the lie, and assailed him with all kinds of epithets. Instantly a number of Christian swords flashed from their scabbards, blows were aimed at him from every side; and according to Moslem accounts, he escaped death only by miracle; though others attribute it to the hurry and confusion of his assailants, and to the interference of Youkenna. The emperor was now for having him executed on the spot; but here the good offices of Youkenna again saved him, and his execution was deferred.

In the meantime Abu Obeidah, with his main army, was making his victorious approaches, and subjecting all Syria to his arms. The emperor, in his miserable imbecility and blind infatuation, put the treacherous Youkenna in full command of the city and army. He would again have executed Derar and his fellow-prisoners, but Youkenna suggested that they had better be spared to be exchanged for any Christians that might be taken by the enemy. They were then, by advice of the bishops, taken to one of the churches, and exhorted to embrace the Christian faith, but they obstinately refused. The Arabian writers, as usual, give them sententious replies to the

questions put to them. "What hinders ye," demanded the patriarch, "from turning Christians?" "The truth of our religion," replied they. Heraclius had heard of the mean attire of the Caliph Omar, and asked them why, having gained so much wealth by his conquests, he did not go richly clad like other princes? They replied, that he cared not for this world, but for the world to come, and sought favor in the eyes of God alone. "In what kind of a palace does he reside?" asked the emperor. "In a house built of mud." "Who are his attendants?" "Beggars and the poor." "What tapestry does he sit upon?" "Justice and equity." "What is his throne?" "Abstinence and true knowledge." "What is his treasure?" "Trust in God." "And who are his guard?" "The bravest of the Unitarians."

Of all the prisoners one only could be induced to swerve from his faith; and he was a youth fascinated by the beauty and the unveiled charms of the Greek women. He was baptized with triumph; the bishops strove who most should honor him, and the emperor gave him a horse, a beautiful damsel to wife, and enrolled him in the army of Christian Arabs, commanded by the renegade Jabalah; but he was upbraided in bitter terms by his father, who was one of the prisoners, and ready to die in the faith of Islam.

The emperor now reviewed his army, which was drawn up outside of the walls, and at the head of every battalion was a wooden oratory with a crucifix; while a precious crucifix out

of the main church, exhibited only on extraordinary occasions, was borne as a sacred standard, before the treacherous Youkenna. One of the main dependencies of Heraclius for the safety of Antioch, was in the Iron Bridge, so called from its great strength. It was a bridge of stone across the river Orontes, guarded by two towers and garrisoned by a great force, having not less than three hundred officers. The fate of this most important pass shows the degeneracy of Greek discipline and the licentiousness of the soldiery, to which in a great measure has been attributed the rapid successes of the Moslems. An officer of the court was charged to visit this fortress each day, and see that every thing was in order. On one of his visits, he found those who had charge of the towers, drinking and revelling, whereupon he ordered them to be punished with fifty stripes each. They treasured the disgrace in their hearts; the Moslem army approached to lay siege to that formidable fortress, and when the emperor expected to hear of a long and valiant resistance, he was astonished by the tidings that the Iron Bridge had been surrendered without a blow.

Heraclius now lost heart altogether. Instead of calling a council of his generals, he assembled the bishops and wealthiest citizens in the cathedral, and wept over the affairs of Syria. It was a time for dastard counsel; the apostate Jabalah proposed the assassination of the Caliph Omar, as a means of throwing the affairs of the Saracens into confusion. The em-

peror was weak enough to consent, and Vathek Ibn Mosapher, a bold young Arab of the tribe of Jabalah, was dispatched to Medina to effect the treacherous deed. The Arabian historians give a miraculous close to this undertaking. Arriving at Medina, Vathek concealed himself in a tree, without the walls, at a place where the Caliph was accustomed to walk after the hour of prayers. After a time Omar approached the place, and lay down to sleep near the foot of the tree. The assassin drew his dagger, and was descending, when he beheld a lion walking round the Caliph, licking his feet and guarding him as he slept. When he woke the lion went away, upon which Vathek, convinced that Omar was under the protection of heaven, hastened down from the tree, kissed his hand in token of allegiance, revealed his treacherous errand, and avowed his conversion to the Islam faith.

The surrender of the Iron Bridge had laid open Antioch to the approach of Abu Obeidah, and he advanced in battle array to where the Christian army was drawn up beneath its walls. Nestorius, one of the Christian commanders, sallied forth from among the troops and defied the Moslems to single combat. Damâs, the herculean warrior, who had taken the castle of Aleppo, spurred forward to meet him, but his horse stumbled and fell with him, and he was seized as the prisoner of Nestorius, and conveyed to his tent, where he was bound hand and foot. Dehac, another Moslem, took his place, and a brave fight ensued between him and Nestorius. The parties, however,

were so well matched, that, after fighting for a long time until both were exhausted, they parted by mutual consent. While this fight was going on the soldiers, horse and foot, of either army, thronged to see it, and in the tumult the tent of Nestorius was thrown down. There were but three servants left in charge of it. Fearful of the anger of their master, they hastened to set it up again, and loosened the bands of Damâs that he might assist them; but the moment he was free, he arose in his giant strength, seized two of the attendants, one in each hand, dashed their heads against the head of the third, and soon laid them all lifeless on the ground. Then opening a chest, he arrayed himself in a dress belonging to Nestorius, armed himself with a sabre, sprang on a horse that stood ready saddled, and cut his way through the Christian Arabs of Jabalah to the Moslem host.

While these things were happening without the walls, treason was at work in the city. Youkenna, who commanded there, set free Derar and his fellow-prisoners, furnished them with weapons, and joined to them his own band of renegadoes. The tidings of this treachery, and the apprehension of revolt among his own troops, struck despair to the heart of Heraclius. He had been terrified by a dream, in which he had found himself thrust from his throne, and his crown falling from his head; the fulfilment appeared to be at hand. Without waiting to withstand the evil, he assembled a few domestics, made a secret retreat to the sea-shore, and set sail for Constantinople.

The generals of Heraclius, more brave than their emperor, fought a pitched battle beneath the walls; but the treachery of Youkenna, and the valor of Derar and his men, who fell on them unawares, rendered their gallant struggle unavailing; the people of Antioch seeing the battle lost, capitulated for the safety of their city at the cost of three hundred thousand golden ducats, and Abu Obeidah entered the ancient capital of Syria in triumph. This event took place on the 21st of August, in the year of redemption 638.

CHAPTER XXII.

Expedition into the mountains of Syria.—Story of a miraculous cap.

The discreet Abu Obeidah feared to expose his troops to the enervating delights of Antioch, and to the allurements of the Greek women, and, after three days of repose and refreshment, marched forth from that luxurious city. He wrote a letter to the Caliph, relating his important conquest, and the flight of the emperor Heraclius; and added, that he discovered a grievous propensity among his troops to intermarry with the beautiful Grecian females, which he had forbidden them to do, as contrary to the injunctions of the Koran.

The epistle was delivered to Omar just as he was departing on a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by the widows of the prophet. When he had read the letter he offered prayers and thanksgiving to Allah, but wept over Abu Obeidah's rigor to his soldiers. Seating himself upon the ground, he immediately wrote a reply to his general, expressing his satisfaction at his success, but exhorting him to more indulgence to his soldiers. Those who had fought the good fight ought to be per

mitted to rest themselves, and to enjoy the good things they had gained. Such as had no wives at home, might marry in Syria, and those who had a desire for female slaves, might purchase as many as they chose.

While the main army reposed after the taking of Antioch the indefatigable Khaled, at the head of a detachment, scoured the country as far as to the Euphrates; took Membege, the ancient Hierapolis, by force, and Berah and Bales, and other places, by capitulation, receiving a hundred thousand pieces of gold by way of ransom, besides laying the inhabitants under annual tribute.

Abu Obeidah, in an assemblage of his officers, now proposed an expedition to subdue the mountains of Syria; but no one stepped forward to volunteer. The mountains were rugged and sterile, and covered with ice and snow for the greater part of the year, and the troops already began to feel the effects of the softening climate and delights of Syria. At length a candidate presented himself, named Meisara Ibn Mesroud; a numerous body of picked men was placed under his command, and a black flag was given him, bearing the inscription, "There is no God but God. Mahomet is the messenger of God." Damâs accompanied him at the head of one thousand black Ethiopian slaves. The detachment suffered greatly in the mountains, for they were men of sultry climates, unaccustomed to ice and snow, and they passed suddenly from a soft Syrian summer to the severity of frozen winter, and

from the midst of abundance to regions of solitude and sterility. The inhabitants, too, of the scanty villages, fled at their approach At length they captured a prisoner, who informed them that an imperial army of many thousand men was lying in wait for them in a valley about three leagues distant, and that all the passes behind them were guarded. A scout, dispatched in search of intelligence, confirmed this news: whereupon they intrenched themselves in a commanding position, and dispatched a fleet courier to Abu Obeidah, to inform him of their perilous situation

The courier made such speed, that when he reached the presence of Obeidah, he fainted through exhaustion. Khaled, who had just returned from his successful expedition to the Euphrates, instantly hastened to the relief of Meisara with three thousand men, and was presently followed by Ayad Ibn Ganam, with two thousand more.

Khaled found Meisara and his men making desperate stand against an overwhelming force. At the sight of this powerful reinforcement, with the black eagle of Khaled in the advance, the Greeks gave over the attack and returned to their camp, but secretly retreated in the night, leaving their tents standing, and bearing off captive Abdallah Ibn Hodafa, a near relative of the prophet, and a beloved friend of the Caliph Omar, whom they straightway sent to the emperor at Constantinople.

The Moslems forbore to pursue the enemy through these difficult mountains, and, after plundering the deserted tents,

returned to the main army. When the Caliph Omar received tidings from Abu Obeidah of the capture of Abdallah Ibn Hodafa, he was grieved at heart, and dispatched instantly an epistle to the emperor Heraclius at Constantinople.

"Bismillah! In the name of the all-merciful God!

"Praise be to Allah, the Lord of this world, and of that which is to come, who has neither companion, wife, nor son; and blessed be Mahomet his apostle. Omar Ibn al Khattâb, servant of God, to Heraclius, emperor of the Greeks. As soon as thou shalt receive this epistle, fail not to send to me the Moslem captive, whose name is Abdallah Ibn Hodafa. If thou doest this, I shall have hope that Allah will conduct thee in the right path. If thou dost refuse, I will not fail to send thee such men as traffic and merchandise have not turned from the fear of God. Health and happiness to all those who tread in the right way!"

In the meantime the emperor had treated his prisoner with great distinction, and as Abdallah was a cousin-german to the prophet, the son of one of his uncles, he was an object of great curiosity at Constantinople. The emperor proffered him liberty if he would only make a single sign of adoration to the crucifix, and magnificent rewards if he would embrace the Christian faith; but both proposals were rejected. Heraclius, say the Arab writers, then changed his treatment of him; shut him up for three days, with nothing to eat and drink but swine's flesh and wine, but on the fourth day found both un-

touched. The faith of Abdallah was put to no further proof, as by this time the emperor received the stern letter from the Caliph. The letter had its effect. The prisoner was dismissed, with costly robes and rich presents, and Heraclius sent to Omar a diamond of great size and beauty: but no jeweller at Medina could estimate its value. The abstemious Omar refused to appropriate it to his own use, though urged to do so by the Moslems. He placed it in the public treasury, of which, from his office, he was the guardian and manager. It was afterwards sold for a great sum.

A singular story is related by a Moslem writer, but not supported by any rumor or surmise among Christian historians. It is said that the emperor Heraclius wavered in his faith, if he did not absolutely become a secret convert of Mahometanism, and this is stated as the cause. He was afflicted with a violent pain in the head, for which he could find no remedy, until the Caliph Omar sent him a cap of mysterious virtue. So long as he wore this cap he was at ease, but the moment he laid it aside the pain returned. Heraclius caused the cap to be ripped open, and found within the lining a scrap of paper, on which was written, in Arabic character, Bismillah! Arrahmani Arrahimi! In the name of the all-merciful God. This cap is said to have been preserved among the Christians until the year 833, when it was given up by the governor of a besieged town to the Caliph Almotassem, on condition of his raising the siege. It was found still to retain its medicinal

virtues, which the pious Arabians ascribed to the efficacy of the devout inscription. An unbelieving Christian will set it down among the charms and incantations which have full effect on imaginative persons inclined to credulity, but upon none others; such persons abounded among the Arabs.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Expedition of Amru Ibn al Aass against Prince Constantine in Syria.—Their conference.—Capture of Tripoli and Tyre.—Flight of Constantine.—Death of Khaled.

The course of our history now turns to record the victories of Amru Ibn al Aass, to whom, after the capture of Jerusalem, the Caliph had assigned the invasion and subjugation of Egypt. Amru, however, did not proceed immediately to that country, but remained for some time with his division of the army, in Palestine, where some places still held out for the emperor. The natural and religious sobriety of the Arabs was still sorely endangered among the temptations of Syria. Several of the Moslem officers being seized while on the march, with chills and griping pains in consequence of eating unripe grapes, were counselled by a crafty old Christian Arab, to drink freely of wine which he produced, and which he pronounced a sovereign remedy. They followed his prescriptions so lustily, that they all came reeling into the camp to the great scandal of Amru. The punishment for drunkenness

recommended by Ali and adopted by the Caliph, was administered to the delinquents; who each received a sound bastinado on the soles of the feet. This sobered them completely, but so enraged them with the old man who had recommended the potations, that they would have put him to death, had it not been represented to them that he was a stranger and under Moslem protection.

Amru now advanced upon the city of Cæsarea, where Constantine, son of the emperor, was posted with a large army. The Moslems were beset by spies, sent by the Christian commander to obtain intelligence. These were commonly Christian Arabs, whom it was almost impossible to distinguish from those of the faith of Islam. One of these, however, after sitting one day by the camp fires, as he rose trod on the end of his own robe and stumbled; in his vexation, he uttered an oath "by Christ!" He was immediately detected by his blasphemy to be a Christian and a spy, and was cut to pieces by the bystanders. Amru rebuked them for their precipitancy, as he might have gained information from their victim; and ordered that in future all spies should be brought to him.

The fears of Constantine increased with the approach of the army, and he now dispatched a Christian priest to Amru soliciting him to send some principal officer to confer amicably with him. An Ethiopian negro named Belal Ibn Rebah, offered to undertake the embassy. He was a man of powerful frame and sonorous voice, and had been employed by Mahomet

as a Muezzin or crier, to summon the people to prayers. Proud of having officiated under the prophet, he retired from office at his death, and had raised his voice but once since that event, and that was on the taking possession of Jerusalem, the city of the prophets, when at the Caliph Omar's command, he summoned the true believers to prayers with a force of lungs, that astonished the Jewish inhabitants.

Amru would have declined the officious offer of the vociferous Ethiopian, representing to him that such a mission required a smooth-spoken Arab, rather than one of his country; but, on Belal conjuring him in the name of Allah and the prophet, to let him go, he reluctantly consented. When the priest saw who was to accompany him back to Constantine, he objected stoutly to such an ambassador, and glancing contemptuously at the negro features of the Ethiopian, observed that Constantine had not sent for a slave but for an officer. The negro ambassador, however, persisted in his diplomatic errand, but was refused admission and returned mortified and indignant.

Amru now determined to undertake the conference in person. Repairing to the Christian camp, he was conducted to Constantine, whom he found seated in state, and who ordered a chair to be placed for him; but he put it aside, and seated himself cross-legged on the ground after the Arab fashion, with his scimetar on his thigh and his lance across his knees. The curious conference that ensued is minutely narrated by

that pious Imam and Cadi, the Moslem historian Alwakedi, in his chronicle of the conquest of Syria.

Constantine remonstrated against the invasion, telling Amru that the Romans and Greeks and Arabs were brethren, as being all the children of Noah, although, it was true, the Arabs were misbegotten, as being the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, a slave and a concubine, yet being thus brethren, it was sinful for them to war against each other.

Amru replied that what Constantine had said was true, and that the Arabs gloried in acknowledging Ishmael as their progenitor, and envied not the Greeks their forefather Esau, who had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He added that their difference related to their religion, upon which ground even brothers were justified in warfare.

Amru proceeded to state that Noah, after the deluge divided the earth into three parts, between his sons Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and that Syria was in the portion assigned to Shem, which continued down through his descendants Kathan and Tesm, and Jodais to Amalek, the father of the Amalekite Arabs; but that the Arabs had been pushed from their fertile inheritance of Syria into the stony and thorny deserts of Arabia.

"We come now," continued Amru, "to claim our ancient inheritance, and resume the ancient partition Take you the stones and the thorns and the barren deserts we have occu-

pied, and give us back the pleasant land of Syria, with its groves, its pastures, its fair cities and running streams"

To this Constantine replied, that the partition was already made; that time and possession had confirmed it; and that the groves had been planted, and the cities built by the present inhabitants. Each, therefore, ought to be contented with the lot that had fallen to him.

"There are two conditions," rejoined Amru, "on which the land may remain with its present inhabitants. Let them profess the religion of Islam, or pay tribute to the Caliph, as is due from all unbelievers."

"Not so," said Constantine, "but let each continue to possess the land he has inhabited, and enjoy the produce of his own toil, and profess the faith which he believes, in his own conscience, to be true."

Upon this Amru sternly rose. "One only alternative," said he, "remains. Since you obstinately refuse the conditions I propose, even as your ancestor Esau refused obedience to his mother, let God and the sword decide between us."

As he was about to depart, he added: "We will acknowledge no kindred with you, while ye continue unbelievers. Ye are the children of Esau, we of Ishmael, through whom alone the seal and gift of prophecy descended from father to son, from our great forefather Adam, until it reached the prophet Mahomet. Now Ishmael was the best of the sons of his father, and made the tribe of Kenanah, the best tribe of Ara-

bia; and the family of Koreish is the best of the tribe of Kenanah; and the children of Haschem are the best of the family of Koreish; and Abdallah Motâlleb, grandsire of Mahomet, was the best of the sons of Haschem; and Abdallah, the youngest and best of the thirteen sons of Abu Motâlleb, was the father of Mahomet, (on whom be peace!) who was the best and only issue of his sire; and to him the angel Gabriel descended from Allah, and inspired him with the gift of prophecy."

Thus terminated this noted conference, and Amru returned to his host. The armies now remained in sight of each other, prepared for battle, but without coming to action. One day an officer richly arrayed came forth from the Christian camp, defying the Moslems to single combat. Several were eager to accept the challenge in hopes of gaining such glittering spoil; but Amru rebuked their sordid motives. "Let no man fight for gain," said he, "but for the truth. He who loses his life fighting for the love of God, will have paradise as a reward; but he who loses it fighting for any other object, will lose his life and all that he fights for."

A stripling now advanced, an Arab from Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, who had sought these wars not, as he said, for the delights of Syria, or the fading enjoyments of this world, but to devote himself to the service of God and his apostle. His mother and sister had in vain opposed his leaving his peaceful home, to seek a life of danger. "If I fall in the service of

Allah," said he, "I shall be a martyr; and the prophet has said, that the spirits of the martyrs shall dwell in the crops of the green birds that eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of paradise." Finding their remonstrances of no avail, his mother and sister had followed him to the wars, and they now endeavored to dissuade him from fighting with an adversary so much his superior in strength and years; but the youthful enthusiast was not to be moved. "Farewell, mother and sister!" cried he, "we shall meet again by that river of joy provided in paradise, for the apostle and his followers."

The youth rushed to the combat, but obtained almost instantly the crown of martyrdom he sought. Another, and another succeeded him, but shared the same fate. Serjabil Ibn Hasanah stepped forth. As on a former occasion, in purifying the spirit, he had reduced the flesh; and a course of watching and fasting had rendered him but little competent to face his powerful adversary. After a short combat the Christian bore him to the earth, and setting his foot upon his breast, was about to take his life, when his own hand was suddenly severed from his body. The prostrate Serjabil looked up with surprise at his deliverer; for he was in Grecian attire, and had come from the Grecian host. He announced himself as the unhappy Tulcia Ibn Chowailed, formerly a pretended prophet and an associate of Moseilma. After the death of that impostor, he had repented of his false prophecies, and

become a Moslem in heart, and had sought an opportunity of signalizing his devotion to the Islam cause.

"Oh brother!" cried Serjabil, "the mercy of Allah is infinite, and repentance wipes away all crimes."

Serjabil would now have taken him to the Moslem host, but Tuleïa hung back; and at length confessed that he would long since have joined the standard of Islam, but that he was afraid of Khaled, that terror and scourge of false prophets, who had killed his friend Moseïlma, and who might put him to death out of resentment for past misdeeds. Serjabil quieted his fears, by assuring him that Khaled was not in the Moslem camp; he then conducted him to Amru, who received him with great favor, and afterwards gave him a letter to the Caliph setting forth the signal service he had performed, and his sincere devotion to the cause of Islam. He was subsequently employed in the wars of the Moslems against the Persians.

The weather was cold and tempestuous, and the Christians disheartened by repeated reverses, began daily to desert their colors. The prince Constantine dreaded, with his diminished and discouraged troops, to encounter an enemy flushed with success, and continually augmenting in force. Accordingly, he took advantage of a tempestuous night, and abandoning his camp, to be plundered by the Moslems, retreated with his army to Cæsarea, and shut himself up within its walls. Hither he was soon followed by Amru, who laid close siege to the place, but the walls were strong, the garrison was numerous,

and Constantine hoped to be able to hold out until the arriva of reinforcements. The tidings of further disasters and disgraces to the imperial cause, however, destroyed this hope; and these were brought about by the stratagems and treacheries of that arch deceiver Youkenna. After the surrender of Antioch, that wily traitor still kept up his pretended devotion to the Christian cause, and retreated with his band of renegadoes to the town of Tripoli, a sea-port in Syria, situated on the Mediterranean. Here he was cordially admitted, as his treachery was still unknown. Watching his opportunity, he rose with his devoted band, seized on the town and citadel without noise or tumult, and kept the standard of the cross still flying, while he sent secret intelligence of his exploit to Abu Obeidah. Just at this time, a fleet of fifty ships from Cyprus and Crete put in there, laden with arms and provisions for Constantine's army. Before notice could be given of the posture of affairs, Youkenna gained possession of the ships, and embarked on board of them with his renegadoes and other troops, delivering the city of Tripoli into the hands of the force sent by Abu Obeidah to receive it.

Bent on new treacheries, Youkenna now sailed with the fleet to Tyre, displaying the Christian flag, and informing the governor that he was come with a reinforcement for the army of the emperor. He was kindly received, and landed with nine hundred of his troops, intending to rise on the garrison in the night. One of his own men, however, betrayed the plot, and

Youkenna and his followers were seized and imprisoned in the citadel.

In the meantime Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, who had marched with two thousand men against Cæsarea, but had left Amru to subdue it, came with his troops into the neighborhood of Tyre, in hopes to find it in possession of Youkenna. The governor of the city despising so slender a force, sallied forth with the greater part of his garrison, and the inhabitants mounted on the walls to see the battle.

It was the fortune of Youkenna, which he derived from his consummate skill in intrigue, that his failure and captivity on this occasion, as on a former one in the castle of Aazaz, served only as a foundation for his success. He contrived to gain over a Christian officer named Basil, to whose keeping he and the other prisoners were intrusted, and who was already disposed to embrace the Islam faith; and he sent information of his plan by a disguised messenger to Yezed, and to those of his own followers who remained on board of the fleet. All this was the work of a few hours, while the opposing forces were preparing for action.

The battle was hardly begun when Youkenna and his nine hundred men, set free by the apostate Basil, and conducted to the arsenal, armed themselves and separated in different parties. Some scoured the streets, shouting La ilaha Allah! and Allah Achbar! Others stationed themselves at the passages by which alone the guard could descend from the walls

Others ran to the port, where they were joined by their comrades from the fleet, and others threw wide the gates to a detachment of the army of Yezed. All this was suddenly effected, and with such co-operation from various points, that the place was presently in the hands of the Moslems. Most of the inhabitants embraced the Islam faith; the rest were pillaged and made slaves.

It was the tidings of the loss of Tripoli and Tyre, and of the capture of the fleet, with its munitions of war, that struck dismay into the heart of the prince Constantine, and made him quake within the walls of Cæsarea. He felt as if Amru and his besieging army were already within the walls, and, taking disgraceful counsel from his fears, and example from his father's flight from Antioch, he removed furtively from Cæsarea with his family and vast treasure, gained promptly a convenient port, and set all sail for Constantinople.

The people of Cæsarea finding one morning that the son of their sovereign had fled in the night, capitulated with Amru, offering to deliver up the city, with all the wealth belonging to the family of the late emperor, and two hundred thousand pieces of silver, as ransom for their own property. Their terms were promptly accepted, Amru being anxious to depart on the invasion of Egypt.

The surrender of Cæsarea was followed by the other places in the province which had still held out, and thus, after a war of six years, the Moslem conquest of Syria was completed, in

the 5th year of the Caliph Omar, the 29th of the reign of the emperor Heraclius, the 17th of the Hegira, and the 639th year of our redemption.

The conquest was followed by a pestilence, one of the customary attendants upon war. Great numbers of the people of Syria perished, and with them twenty-five thousand of their Arabian conquerors. Among the latter was Abu Obeidah, the commander-in-chief, then fifty-eight years of age; also Yezed Ibn Abu Sofian, Serjabil, and other distinguished generals, so that the 18th year of the Hegira became designated as "The year of the mortality."

In closing this account of the conquest of Syria, we must note the fate of one of the most efficient of its conquerors, the invincible Khaled. He had never been a favorite of Omar, who considered him rash and headlong; arrogant in the exercise of command; unsparing in the use of the sword, and rapacious in grasping the spoils of victory. His brilliant achievements in Irak and Syria, and the magnanimity with which he yielded the command to Abu Obeidah, and zealously fought under his standard, had never sufficed to efface the prejudice of Omar.

After the capture of Emessa, which was mainly effected by the bravery of Khaled, he received congratulations on all hands as the victor. Eschaus, an Arabian poet, sang his exploits in lofty verse, making him the hero of the whole Syrian conquest. Khaled, who was as ready to squander as

to grasp, rewarded the adulation of the poet with thirty thousand pieces of silver. All this, when reported to Omar, excited his quick disgust; he was indignant at Khaled for arrogating to himself, as he supposed, all the glory of the war; and he attributed the lavish reward of the poet to gratified vanity. "Even if the money came from his own purse," said he, "it was shameful squandering; and God, says the Koran, loves not a squanderer."

He now gave faith to a charge made against Khaled of embezzling the spoils set apart for the public treasury, and forthwith sent orders for him to be degraded from his command in presence of the assembled army; it is even said his arms were tied behind his back with his turban.

A rigid examination proved the charge of embezzlement to be unfounded, but Khaled was subjected to a heavy fine. The sentence causing great dissatisfaction in the army, the Caliph wrote to the commanders: "I have punished Khaled not on account of fraud or falsehood, but for his vanity and prodigality; paying poets for ascribing to him alone all the successes of the holy war. Good and evil come from God not from Khaled!"

These indignities broke the heart of the veteran, who was already infirm from the wounds and hardships of his arduous campaigns, and he gradually sank into the grave, regretting in his last moments that he had not died in the field of battle. He left a name idolized by the soldiery, and beloved by his

kindred; at his sepulture, all the women of his race cut off their hair in token of lamentation. When it was ascertained, at his death, that instead of having enriched himself by the wars, his whole property consisted of his war-horse, his arms, and a single slave, Omar became sensible of the injustice he had done to his faithful general, and shed tears over his grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Invasion of Egypt by Amru.—Capture of Memphis.—Siege and surrender of Alexandria.—Burning of the Alexandrian library.

A PROOF of the religious infatuation, or the blind confidence in destiny, which hurried the Moslem commanders of those days into the most extravagant enterprises, is furnished in the invasion of the once proud empire of the Pharaohs, the mighty, the mysterious Egypt, with an army of merely five thousand men. The Caliph, himself, though he had suggested this expedition, seems to have been conscious of its rashness; or rather to have been chilled by the doubts of his prime counsellor Othman; for, while Amru was on the march, he dispatched missives after him to the following effect: "If this epistle reach thee before thou hast crossed the boundary of Egypt, come instantly back; but if it find thee within the Egyptian territory, march on with the blessing of Allah, and be assured I will send thee all necessary aid."

The bearer of the letter overtook Amru while yet within

the bounds of Syria; that wary general either had secret information, or made a shrewd surmise, as to the purport of his errand, and continued his march across the border without admitting him to an audience. Having encamped at the Egyptian village of Arish, he received the courier with all due respect, and read the letter aloud in the presence of his officers. When he had finished, he demanded of those about him whether they were in Syria or Egypt. "In Egypt," was the reply. "Then," said Amru, "we will proceed, with the blessing of Allah, and fulfil the commands of the Caliph."

The first place to which he laid siege was Farwak, or Pelusium, situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, on the Isthmus which separates that sea from the Arabian Gulf, and connects Egypt with Syria and Arabia. It was therefore considered the key to Egypt. A month's siege put Amru in possession of the place; he then examined the surrounding country with more forethought than was generally manifested by the Moslem conquerors, and projected a canal across the Isthmus, to connect the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. His plan, however, was condemned by the Caliph, as calculated to throw open Arabia to a maritime invasion of the Christians.

Amru now proceeded to Misrah, the Memphis of the ancients, and residence of the early Egyptian kings. This city was at that time the strongest fortress in Egypt, except Alexandria, and still retained much of its ancient magnificence

It stood on the western bank of the Nile, above the Delta, and a little east of the Pyramids. The citadel was of great strength, and well garrisoned, and had recently been surrounded with a deep ditch, into which nails and spikes had been thrown, to impede assailants.

The Arab armies, rarely provided with the engines necessary for the attack of fortified places, generally beleagured them; cut off all supplies; attacked all foraging parties that sallied forth, and thus destroyed the garrison in detail, or starved it to a surrender. This was the reason of the long duration of their sieges. This of Misrah, or Memphis, lasted seven months: in the course of which the little army of Amru was much reduced by frequent skirmishings. At the end of this time he received a reinforcement of four thousand men, sent to him at his urgent entreaties by the Caliph. Still his force would have been insufficient for the capture of the place, had he not been aided by the treachery of its governor Mokawkas.

This man, an original Egyptian, or Copt, by birth, and of noble rank, was a profound hypocrite. Like most of the Copts, he was of the Jacobite sect, who denied the double nature of Christ. He had dissembled his sectarian creed, however, and deceived the emperor Heraclius by a show of loyalty; so as to be made prefect of his native province, and governor of the city. Most of the inhabitants of Memphis were Copts and Jacobite Christians; and held their Greek fellow-citizens, who

were of the regular Catholic church of Constantinople, in great antipathy.

Mokawkas, in the course of his administration, had collected, by taxes and tribute, an immense amount of treasure, which he had deposited in the citadel. He saw that the power of the emperor was coming to an end in this quarter, and thought the present a good opportunity to provide for his own fortune. Carrying on a secret correspondence with the Moslem general, he agreed to betray the place into his hands, on condition of receiving the treasure as a reward for his treason. He accordingly, at an appointed time, removed the greater part of the garrison from the citadel to an island in the Nile. The fortress was immediately assailed by Amru, at the head of his fresh troops, and was easily carried by assault, the Copts rendering no assistance. The Greek soldiery, on the Moslem standard being hoisted on the citadel, saw through the treachery, and, giving up all as lost, escaped in their ships to the main land; upon which the prefect surrendered the place by capitulation. An annual tribute of two ducats a head was levied on all the inhabitants of the district, with the exception of old men, women, and boys under the age of sixteen years. It was further conditioned, that the Moslem army should be furnished with provisions, for which they would pay, and that the inhabitants of the country should, forthwith, build bridges over all the streams on the way to Alexandria. It was also agreed that every Mussulman travelling through the

country should be entitled to three days' hospitality, free of charge.

The traitor Mokawkas was put in possession of his ill-gotten wealth. He begged of Amru to be taxed with the Copts, and always to be enrolled among them; declaring his abhorrence of the Greeks and their doctrines; urging Amru to persecute them with unremitting violence. He extended his sectarian bigotry even into the grave, stipulating that, at his death, he should be buried in the Christian Jacobite church of St. John, at Alexandria.

Amru, who was politic as well as brave, seeing the irreconcilable hatred of the Coptic or Jacobite Christians to the Greeks, showed some favor to that sect, in order to make use of them in his conquest of the country. He even prevailed upon their patriarch Benjamin to emerge from his desert and hold a conference with him; and subsequently declared that "he had never conversed with a Christian priest of more innocent manners or venerable aspect." This piece of diplomacy had its effect, for we are told that all the Copts above and below Memphis swore allegiance to the Caliph.

Amru now pressed on for the city of Alexandria, distant about one hundred and twenty-five miles. According to stipulation, the people of the country repaired the roads and erected bridges to facilitate his march; the Greeks, however, driven from various quarters by the progress of their invaders, had collected at different posts on the island of the Delta, and the

channels of the Nile, and disputed with desperate but fruitless obstinacy, the onward course of the conquerors. The severest check was given at Keram al Shoraik, by the late garrison of Memphis, who had fortified themselves there after retreating from the island of the Nile. For three days did they maintain a gallant conflict with the Moslems, and then retired in good order to Alexandria. With all the facilities furnished to them on their march, it cost the Moslems two-and-twenty days to fight their way to that great city.

Alexandria now lay before them, the metropolis of wealthy Egypt, the emporium of the East, a place strongly fortified, stored with all the munitions of war, open by sea to all kinds of supplies and reinforcements, and garrisoned by Greeks, aggregated from various quarters, who here were to make the last stand for their Egyptian empire. It would seem that nothing short of an enthusiasm bordering on madness, could have led Amru and his host on an enterprise against this powerful city.

The Moslem leader, on planting his standard before the place, summoned it to surrender on the usual terms, which being promptly refused, he prepared for a vigorous siege. The garrison did not wait to be attacked, but made repeated sallies, and fought with desperate valor. Those who gave greatest annoyance to the Moslems, were their old enemies, the Greek troops from Memphis. Amru, seeing that the greatest defence was from a main tower, or citadel, made a gallant assault upon

it, and carried it sword in hand. The Greek troops, however rallied to that point from all parts of the city; the Moslems, after a furious struggle, gave way, and Amru, his faithful slave Werdan, and one of his generals, named Moslema Ibn al Mokalled, fighting to the last, were surrounded, overpowered, and taken prisoners.

The Greeks, unaware of the importance of their captives, led them before the governor. He demanded of them, haughtily, what was their object in thus overrunning the world and disturbing the quiet of peaceable neighbors. Amru made the usual reply, that they came to spread the faith of Islam; and that it was their intention, before they laid by the sword, to make the Egyptians either converts or tributaries. The boldness of his answer, and the loftiness of his demeanor, awakened the suspicions of the governor, who, supposing him to be a warrior of note among the Arabs, ordered one of his guards to strike off his head. Upon this Werdan, the slave, understanding the Greek language, seized his master by the collar, and, giving him a buffet on the cheek, called him an impudent dog, and ordered him to hold his peace, and let his superiors speak. Moslema, perceiving the meaning of the slave, now interposed, and made a plausible speech to the governor; telling him that Amru had thoughts of raising the siege, having received a letter to that effect from the Caliph, who intended to send ambassadors to treat for peace, and assuring the governor that, if permitted to depart, they would make a favorable report to Amru.

The governor, who, if Arabian chronicles may be believed on this point, must have been a man of easy faith, ordered the prisoners to be set at liberty; but the shouts of the besieging army on the safe return of their general soon showed him how completely he had been duped.

But scanty details of the siege of Alexandria have reached the Christian reader, yet it was one of the longest, most obstinately contested and sanguinary, in the whole course of the Moslem wars. It endured fourteen months with various success; the Moslem army was repeatedly reinforced, and lost twenty-three thousand men; at length their irresistible ardor and perseverance prevailed; the capital of Egypt was conquered, and the Greek inhabitants were dispersed in all directions. Some retreated in considerable bodies into the interior of the country, and fortified themselves in strongholds; others took refuge in the ships, and put to sea.

Amru, on taking possession of the city, found it nearly abandoned; he prohibited his troops from plundering; and leaving a small garrison to guard the place, hastened with his main army in pursuit of the fugitive Greeks. In the meantime the ships which had taken off a part of the garrison were still lingering on the coast, and tidings reached them that the Moslem general had departed, and had left the captured city nearly defenceless. They immediately made sail back forAlexandria, and entered the port in the night. The Greek soldiers surprised the sentinels, got possession

of the city, and put most of the Moslems they found there to the sword.

Amru was in full pursuit of the Greek fugitives, when he heard of the recapture of the city. Mortified at his own negligence in leaving so rich a conquest with so slight a guard, he returned in all haste, resolved to retake it by storm. The Greeks, however, had fortified themselves strongly in the castle, and made stout resistance. Amru was obliged, therefore, to besiege it a second time, but the siege was short. The castle was carried by assault; many of the Greeks were cut to pieces, the rest escaped once more to their ships, and now gave up the capital as lost. All this occurred in the nineteenth year of the Hegira, and the year 640 of the Christian era.

On this second capture of the city by force of arms, and without capitulation, the troops were clamorous to be permitted to plunder. Amru again checked their rapacity, and commanded that all persons and property in the place, should remain inviolate, until the will of the Caliph could be known. So perfect was his command over his troops, that not the most trivial article was taken. His letter to the Caliph shows what must have been the population and splendor of Alexandria, and the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants, at the time of the Moslem conquest. It states the city to have contained four thousand palaces; five thousand baths; four hundred theatres and places of amusement; twelve thousand gardeners which supply it with vegetables, and forty thousand tributary

Jews. It was impossible, he said, to do justice to its riches and magnificence. He had hitherto held it sacred from plunder, but his troops having won it by force of arms, considered themselves entitled to the spoils of victory.

The Caliph Omar in reply, expressed a high sense of his important services, but reproved him for even mentioning the desire of the soldiery to plunder so rich a city, one of the greatest emporiums of the East. He charged him, therefore, most rigidly to watch over the rapacious propensities of his men; to prevent all pillage, violence and waste; to collect and make out an account of all moneys, jewels, household furniture, and every thing else that was valuable, to be appropriated towards defraying the expenses of this war of the faith. He ordered the tribute also, collected in the conquered country, to be treasured up at Alexandria, for the supplies of the Moslem troops.

The surrender of all Egypt followed the capture of its capital. A tribute of two ducats was laid on every male of mature age. beside a tax on all lands in proportion to their value, and the revenue which resulted to the Caliph is estimated at twelve millions of ducats.

We have shown that Amru was a poet in his youth; and throughout all his campaigns he manifested an intelligent and inquiring spirit, if not more highly informed, at least more liberal and extended in its views than was usual among the early Moslem conquerors. He delighted, in his hours of leisure, to

converse with learned men, and acquire through their means such knowledge as had been denied to him by the deficiency of his education. Such a companion he found at Alexandria in a native of the place, a Christian of the sect of the Jacobites, eminent for his philological researches, his commentaries on Moses and Aristotle, and his laborious treatises of various kinds, surnamed Philoponus from his love of study, but commonly known by the name of John the Grammarian. An intimacy soon arose between the Arab conqueror and the Christian philologist; an intimacy honorable to Amru, but destined to be lamentable in its result to the cause of letters. In an evil hour, John the Grammarian, being encouraged by the favor shown him by the Arab general, revealed to him a treasure hitherto unnoticed, or rather unvalued by the Moslem conquerors. This was a vast collection of books or manuscripts, since renowned in history as the ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY. Perceiving that in taking an account of every thing valuable in the city, and sealing up all its treasures, Amru had taken no notice of the books, John solicited that they might be given to him. Unfortunately, the learned zeal of the Grammarian gave a consequence to the books in the eyes of Amru, and made him scrupulous of giving them away without permission of the Caliph. He forthwith wrote to Omar, stating the merits of John, and requesting to know whether the books might be given to him. The reply of Omar was laconic, but fatal. "The contents of those

books," said he, "are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If they are, the Koran is sufficient without them; if they are not, they are pernicious. Let them, therefore, be destroyed."

Amru, it is said, obeyed the order punctually. The books and manuscripts were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city; but so numerous were they that it took six months to consume them. This act of barbarism, recorded by Abulpharagius, is considered somewhat doubtful by Gibbon, in consequence of its not being mentioned by two of the most ancient chroniclers, Elmacin in his Saracenic history, and Eutychius in his annals, the latter of whom was patriarch of Alexandria, and has detailed the conquest of that city. It is inconsistent, too, with the character of Amru, as a poet and a man of superior intelligence; and it has recently been reported, we know not on what authority, that many of the literary treasures thus said to have been destroyed, do actually exist in Constantinople. Their destruction, however, is generally credited and deeply deplored by historians. Amru, as a man of genius and intelligence, may have grieved at the order of the Caliph; while, as a loyal subject and faithful soldier, he felt bound to obey it.*

* The Alexandrian Library was formed by Ptolemy Soter, and placed in a building called the Bruchion. It was augmented in successive reigns to 400,000 volumes, and an additional 300,000 volumes were placed in a temple called the Serapeon. The Bruchion, with the books it contained

The fall of Alexandria decided the fate of Egypt and likewise that of the emperor Heraclius. He was already afflicted with a dropsy, and took the loss of his Syrian, and now that of his Egyptian dominions, so much to heart, that he underwent a paroxysm, which ended in his death, about seven weeks after the loss of his Egyptian capital. He was succeeded by his son Constantine.

While Amru was successfully extending his conquests, a great dearth and famine fell upon all Arabia, insomuch that the Caliph Omar had to call upon him for supplies from the fertile plains of Egypt; whereupon Amru dispatched such a train of camels laden with grain, that it is said, when the first of the line had reached the city of Medina, the last had not yet left the land of Egypt. But this mode of conveyance proving too tardy, at the command of the Caliph, he dug a canal of communication from the Nile to the Red Sea, a distance of eighty miles; by which provisions might be conveyed to the Arabian shores. This canal had been commenced by Trajan, the Roman emperor.

The able and indefatigable Amru went on in this manner,

was burnt in the war of Cæsar, but the Serapeon was preserved. Cleopatra, it is said, added to it the library of Pergamus, given to her by Marc Antony, consisting of 200,000 volumes. It sustained repeated injuries during various subsequent revolutions, but was always restored to its ancient splendor, and numerous additions made to it. Such was its state at the capture of Alexandria by the Moslems.

executing the commands and fulfilling the wishes of the Caliph; and governed the country he had conquered, with such sagacity and justice, that he rendered himself one of the most worthily renowned among the Moslem generals.

CHAPTER XXV.

Enterprises of the Moslems in Persia.—Defence of the kingdom by Queen Arzemia.—Battle of the Bridge.

For the sake of perspicuity, we have recorded the Moslem conquests in Syria and Egypt in a continued narrative, without pausing to notice events which were occurring at the same time in other quarters; we now recede several years, to take up the course of affairs in Persia, from the time that Khaled, in the thirteenth year of the Hegira, in obedience to the orders of Abu Beker, left his victorious army on the banks of the Euphrates, to take the general command in Syria. The victories of Khaled had doubtless been owing in part to the distracted state of the Persian empire. In the course of an inconsiderable number of years, the proud sceptre of the Khosrus had passed from hand to hand; Khosru II, surnamed Parviz, having been repeatedly defeated by Heraclius, was deposed in 628, by a party of his nobles, headed by his own son Siroes (or Shiruyah), and was put to death by the latter in

a vault under the palace, among the treasures he had amassed, To secure possession of the throne, Siroes followed up the parricide by the massacre of seventeen of his brothers. It was not ambition alone that instigated these crimes. He was enamored of a sultana in the harem of his father; the matchless Shireen. While yet reeking with his father's blood, he declared his passion to her. She recoiled from him with horror, and when he would have used force, gave herself instant death to escape from his embraces. The disappointment of his passion; the upbraidings of his sisters for the murders of their father and their brothers; and the stings of his own conscience, threw Siroes into a moody melancholy, and either caused, or added acuteness to a malady, of which he died in the course of eight months.

His infant son Ardisheer, was placed on the throne about the end of 628, but was presently slain, and the throne usurped by Sheriyar, a Persian noble, who was himself killed after a very short reign. Turan-Docht, a daughter of Khosru Parviz, was now crowned and reigned eighteen months, when she was set aside by her cousin Shah Shenandeh, who was himself deposed by the nobles, and Arzemi-Docht* or Arzemia, as the name is commonly given, another daughter of Khosru Parviz, was placed on the throne in the year 632 of the Christian era

* Docht or Dokht, diminutive of dukhter, signifies the unmarried or maiden state.

The Persian seat of government, which had been often changed, was at this time held in the magnificent city of Madain or Madayn, on the Tigris, where was the ancient Ctesiphon.

Arzemia was distinguished alike for masculine talents and feminine beauty; she had been carefully instructed under her father Khosru, and had acquired sad experience, during the series of conspiracies and assassinations which had beset the throne for the last four years. Rejecting from her council the very traitors who had placed the crown upon her head, she undertook to wield the sceptre without the aid of a vizir, thereby giving mortal offence to the most powerful nobles of her realm. She was soon called upon to exert her masculine spirit by the continued aggressions of the Moslems.

The reader will recollect that the Moslem army on the Euphrates, at the departure of Khaled, was left under the command of Mosenna Ibn Haris (or Muthenna Ibn Hârith, as the name is sometimes rendered). On the accession of Omar to the Caliphat, he appointed Mosenna emir or governor of Sewad, the country recently conquered by Khaled, lying about the lower part of the Euphrates and the Tigris, forming a portion of the Persian province of Irak-Arabi. This was in compliance with the wishes and intentions of Abu Beker; though Omar does not appear to have had great confidence in the military talents of Mosenna, the career of conquest having languished in his hands since the departure of Khaled. He

accordingly sent Abu Obeidah Sakfi, one of the most important disciples of the prophet, at the head of a thousand chosen men, to reinforce the army under Mosenna, and to take the lead in military enterprises.* He was accompanied by Sabit Ibn Kais, one of the veterans of the battle of Beder.

The Persian Queen, hearing of the advance of the Moslem army thus reinforced, sent an able general, Rustam Ibn Ferukh-Zad (or Feruchsad), with thirty thousand more, to repel them. Rustam halted on the confines of Irak, and sent forward strong detachments under a general named Dschaban, and a Persian prince named Narsi (or Narsis). These were so roughly handled by the Moslems, that Rustam found it necessary to hasten with his main force to their assistance. He arrived too late; they had been severally defeated and put to flight, and the whole country of Sewad was in the hands of the Moslems.

Queen Arzemia, still more aroused to the danger of her kingdom, sent Rustam a reinforcement led by Behman Dschadu, surnamed the Veiled, from the shaggy eyebrows which overshadowed his visage. He brought with him three thousand men and thirty elephants. These animals, of little real utility in warfare, were formidable in the eyes of those unaccustomed to them, and were intended to strike terror into the

* This Abu Obeidah has sometimes been confounded with the general of the same name, who commanded in Syria; the latter, however, was Abu Obeidah *Ibn Aljerah* (the son of Aljerah).

Arabian troops. One of them was the white elephant Mah moud, famous for having been ridden by Abraha, the Ethiopian king, in foregone times, when he invaded Mecca and assailed the Caaba. It was considered a harbinger of victory, all the enterprises in which it had been employed having proved successful.

With Behman, the heavy-browed, came also the standard of Kaoh, the sacred standard. It was originally the leathern apron of the blacksmith Kaoh, which he reared as a banner when he roused the people, and delivered Persia from the tyranny of Sohak. It had been enlarged from time to time, with costly silk, embroidered with gold, until it was twenty-two feet long and fifteen broad; and was decorated with gems of inestimable value. With this standard the fate of the kingdom was believed, by superstitious Persians, to be connected.

The Moslem forces, even with the reinforcement brought by Abu Obeidah Sakfi, did not exceed nine thousand in number; the Persians, encamped near the ruins of Babylon, were vastly superior. It was the counsel of Mosenna and the veteran Sabit, that they should fall back into the deserts, and remain encamped there until reinforcements could be obtained from the Caliph. Abu Obeidah, however, was for a totally different course. He undervalued the prowess of the Persians; he had heard Mosenna censured for want of enterprise and Khaled extolled to the skies for his daring achievements in this quarter. He was determined to emulate them, to cross

the Euphrates and attack the Persians in their encampment. In vain Mosenna and Sabit remonstrated. He caused a bridge of boats to be thrown across the Euphrates, and led the way to the opposite bank. His troops did not follow with their usual alacrity, for they felt the rashness of the enterprise. While they were yet crossing the bridge, they were severely galled by a body of archers, detached in the advance by Rustam; and were met at the head of the bridge by that warrior, with his vanguard of cavalry.

The conflict was severe. The banner of Islam passed from hand to hand of seven brave champions, as one after another fell in its defence. The Persians were beaten back, but now arrived the main body of the army with the thirty elephants. Abu Obeidah breasted fearlessly the storm of war which he had so rashly provoked. He called to his men not to fear the elephants, but to strike at their trunks. He himself severed, with a blow of his scimetar, the trunk of the famous white elephant, but in so doing his foot slipped, he fell to the earth, and was trampled to death by the enraged animal.

The Moslems, disheartened by his loss, and overwhelmed by numbers, endeavored to regain the bridge. The enemy had thrown combustibles into the boats on which it was constructed, and had set them on fire. Some of the troops were driven into the water and perished there; the main body retreated along the river, protected in the rear by Mosenna, who now displayed the skill of an able general, and kept the

enemy at bay until a slight bridge could be hastily thrown across another part of the river. He was the last to cross the bridge, and caused it to be broken behind him.

Four thousand Moslems were either slain or drowned in this rash affair: two thousand fled to Medina, and about three thousand remained with Mosenna; who encamped and intrenched them, and sent a fleet courier to the Caliph, entreating instant aid. Nothing saved this remnant of the army from utter destruction but a dissension which took place between the Persian commanders; who, instead of following up their victory, returned to Madayn, the Persian capital.

This was the severest and almost the only severe check that Moslem audacity had for a long time experienced. It took place in the 13th year of the Hegira, and the year 634 of the Christian era; and was long and ruefully remembered by the Arabs as the battle of "El Jisir," or The Battle of the Bridge.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mosenna Ibn Haris ravages the country along the Euphrates.--Death of Arzemia.—Yezdegird III. raised to the throne.—Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs given the general command.—Death of Mosenna.—Embassy to Yezdegird.—Its reception.

HAVING received moderate reinforcements, Mosenna again took the field in Arab style, hovering about the confines of Babylonia, and sending detachments in different directions to plunder and lay waste the country bordering on the Euphrates. It was an instance of the vicissitude of human affairs, and the instability of earthly grandeur, that this proud region, which once held the world in awe, should be thus marauded and insulted by a handful of predatory Arabs.

To check their ravages, Queen Arzemia sent out a general named Mahran, with twelve thousand chosen cavalry. Mosenna, hearing of their approach, called in his plundering parties and prepared for battle. The two hosts met near Hirah, on the borders of the desert. Mosenna, who in the battle of

the bridge had been the last man to retire, was now the foremost man to charge. In the fury of the fight he made his way, almost alone, into the heart of the Persian army, and with difficulty fought his way out again and back to his own men. The Persians, as we have noted, were chosen troops, and fought with unusual spirit. The Moslems, in some parts of the field, began to give way. Mosenna galloped up and threw himself before them; he expostulated, he threatened, he tore his beard in the agony of his feelings; he succeeded in leading them back to the fight; which endured from noon until sunset; and still continued doubtful. At the close of the day Mosenna encountered Mahran hand to hand, in the midst of his guards, and received a powerful blow, which might have proved fatal, but for his armor. In return he smote the Persian commander with his scimetar just where the neck joins to the shoulder, and laid him dead. The Persians, seeing their leader fall, took to flight, nor stopped until they reached Madayn.

The Moslems next made a plundering expedition to Bagdad, at that time a mere village, but noted for a great fair, the resort of merchants from various parts of the East. An Arab detachment pounced upon it at the time of the fair, and carried off many captives and immense booty.

The tidings of the defeat of Mahran, and the plundering of the fair, spread consternation in the Persian capital. The nobles and priests, who had hitherto stood in awe of the spirit

of the queen, now raised a tumult. "These are the fruits," said they, "of having a woman to reign over us."

The fate of the beautiful Arzemia was hastened by private revenge. Faruch-Zad, one of the most powerful of her nobles, and governor of Khorassan, incited by love and ambition, had aspired to her hand. At first, it is said, she appeared to favor his addresses, fearing to provoke his enmity, but afterwards slighted them; whereupon he entered the palace by night, and attempted to get possession of her person. His attempt failed, and, by her command, he received instant death at the hands of her guards, accompanied by some indignities.

His son, Rustam, who had been left by him in the government of Khorassan, hastened, at the head of an armed force, to avenge his death. He arrived in the height of the public discontent; entered the city without opposition, stormed the palace, captured the young and beautiful queen, subjected her to degrading outrages, and put her to death in the most cruel manner. She was the sixth of the usurping sovereigns, and had not yet reigned a year.

A remaining son of Khosru Parviz was now brought forward and placed on the slippery throne, but was poisoned within forty days, some say by his courtiers, others by a slave.

The priests and nobles now elevated a youth about fifteen years of age to this perilous dignity. He was a grandson of Khosru Parviz, and had been secluded, during the late period of anarchy and assassination, in the city of Istakar, the an-

cient Persepolis. He is known by the name of Yezdegird III, though some historians call him Hermisdas IV, from his family, instead of his personal appellation. He was of a good natural disposition, but weak and irresolute, and apt, from his youth and inexperience, to become a passive instrument in the hands of the faction which had placed him on the throne.

One of the first measures of the new reign was to assemble a powerful army and place it under the command of Rustam, the same general who had so signally revenged the death of his father. It was determined, by a signal blow, to sweep the Arabian marauders from the land.

Omar, on his part, hearing of the changes and warlike preparations in the Persian capital, made a hasty levy of troops, and would have marched in person to carry the war into the heart of Persia. It was with great difficulty he was dissuaded from this plan by his discreet counsellors, Othman and Ali, and induced to send in his place Saad Ibn Abu Wakkàs. This was a zealous soldier of the faith who used to boast that he was the first who had shed the blood of the unbelieving. and, moreover, that the prophet, in the first holy war, had intrusted to him the care of his household during his absence; saying, "To you, oh Saad, who are to me as my father and my mother, I confide my family." To have been a favored and confidential companion of the prophet, was fast growing to be a title of great distinction among the faithful.

Saad was invested with the general command of the forces in Persia; and Mosenna, though his recent good conduct and signal success entitled him to the highest consideration, was ordered to serve under him.

Saad set out from Medina with an army of but six or seven thousand men; among these, however, were one thousand well-tried soldiers who had followed the prophet in his campaigns, and one hundred of the veterans of Beder. They were led on also by some of the most famous champions of the faith. The army was joined on its march by recruits from all quarters, so that by the time it joined the troops under Mosenna, it amounted to upwards of thirty thousand men.

Mosenna died three days after the arrival of his successor in the camp; the cause and nature of his death are not mentioned. He left behind him a good name, and a wife remarkable for her beauty. The widow was easily brought to listen to the addresses of Saad, who thus succeeded to Mosenna in his matrimonial as well as his military capacity.

The Persian force, under Rustam, lay encamped at Kadesia (or Khâdesîyah), on the frontier of Sawâd or Irak-Arabi, and was vastly superior in numbers to the Moslems. Saad sent expresses to the Caliph entreating reinforcements. He was promised them, but exhorted in the meantime to doubt nothing; never to regard the number of the foe, but to think always that he was fighting under the eye of the Caliph. He was instructed, however, before commencing hostilities, to

send a delegation to Yezdegird inviting him to embrace the faith.

Saad accordingly sent several of his most discreet and veteran officers on this mission. They repaired to the magnificent city of Madayn, and were ushered through the sumptuous halls and saloons of the palace of the Khosrus, crowded with guards and attendants all richly arrayed, into the presence of the youthful monarch, whom they found seated in state on a throne, supported by silver columns, and surrounded by the dazzling splendor of an Oriental Court.

The appearance of the Moslem envoys, attired in simple Arab style, in the striped garments of Yemen, amidst the gorgeous throng of nobles arrayed in jewels and embroidery, was but little calculated to inspire deference in a young and inconsiderate prince, brought up in pomp and luxury, and accustomed to consider dignity inseparable from splendor. He had no doubt, also, been schooled for the interview by his crafty counsellors.

The audience opened by a haughty demand on his part, through his interpreter, as to the object of their embassy. Upon this, one of their number, Na'man Ibn Muskry, set forth the divine mission of the prophet and his dying command to enforce his religion by the sword, leaving no peaceable alternative to unbelievers, but conversion or tribute. He concluded by inviting the king to embrace the faith; if not, to consent

to become a tributary; if he should refuse both, to prepare for battle.

Yezdegird restrained his indignation, and answered in words which had probably been prepared for him. "You Arabs," said he, "have hitherto been known to us by report, as wanderers of the desert; your food dates, and sometimes lizards and serpents; your drink brackish water; your garments coarse hair cloth. Some of you, who by chance have wandered into our realms, have found sweet water, savory food, and soft raiment. They have carried back word of the same to their brethren in the desert, and now you come in swarms to rob us of our goods and our very land. Ye are like the starving fox, to whom the husbandman afforded shelter in his vineyard, and who in return, brought a troop of his brethren to devour his grapes. Receive from my generosity whatever your wants require; load your camels with corn and dates, and depart in peace to your native land; but if you tarry in Persia, beware the fate of the fox who was slain by the husbandman."

The most aged of the Arab envoys, the Sheikh Mukair Ibn Zarrarah, replied with great gravity and decorum, and an unaltered countenance. "Oh king! all thou hast said of the Arabs is most true. The green lizard of the desert was their sometime food; the brackish water of wells their drink; their garments were of hair cloth, and they buried their infant daughters to restrain the increase of their tribes. All

this was in the days of ignorance. They knew not good from evil. They were guilty, and they suffered. But Allah in his mercy sent his apostle Mahomet, and his sacred Koran among them. He rendered them wise and valiant. He commanded them to war with infidels until all should be converted to the true faith. On his behest we come. All we demand of thee is to acknowledge that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is his apostle, and to pay from thy income the customary contribution of the Zacat, paid by all true believers, in charity to the poor, and for the support of the family of the prophet. Do this, and not a Moslem shall enter the Persian dominions, without thy leave; but if thou refuse it, and refuse to pay the tribute exacted from all unbelievers, prepare for the subjugation of the sword."

The forbearance of Yezdegird was at an end. "Were it not unworthy of a great Padischah," said he, "to put ambassadors to death, the sword should be the only tongue with which I would reply to your insolence. Away! ye robbers of the lands of others! take with ye a portion of the Persian soil ye crave." So saying, he caused sacks of earth to be bound upon their shoulders; to be delivered by them to their chiefs as symbols of the graves they would be sure to find at Kadesia.

When beyond the limits of the city, the envoys transferred the sacks of earth to the backs of their camels, and returned with them to Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs; shrewdly interpreting

into a good omen what had been intended by the Persian monarch as a scornful taunt. "Earth," said they, "is the emblem of empire. As surely, oh Saad, as we deliver thee these sacks of earth, so surely will Allah deliver the empire of Persia into the hands of true believers."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Battle of Kadesia.

The hostile armies came in presence of each other on the plains of Kadesia (or Kâdesiyah), adjacent to a canal derived from the Euphrates. The huge mass of the Persian army would have been sufficient to bear down the inferior number of the Moslems, had it possessed the Grecian or Roman discipline; but it was a tumultuous multitude, unwieldy from its military pomp, and encumbered by its splendid trappings. The Arabs, on the contrary, were veteran skirmishers of the desert; light and hardy horsemen; dexterous with the bow and lance, and skilled to wheel and retreat, and to return again to the attack. Many individual acts of prowess took place between champions of either army, who dared each other to single combat in front of the hosts when drawn out in battle array. The costly armor of the Persians, wrought with gold, and their belts or girdles studded with gems, made them rich prizes to their Moslem victors; while the Persians, if victorious,

gained nothing from the rudely clad warriors of the desert, but honor and hard blows.

Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs was in an unfortunate plight for a leader of an army on such a momentous occasion. He was grievously afflicted with boils in his reins, so that he sat on his horse with extreme difficulty. Still he animated his troops by his presence, and gave the *tekbir* or battle-cry—Allah Achbar!

The Persian force came on with great shouts; their elephants in the van. The horses of the Moslem cavalry recoiled at sight of the latter, and became unmanageable. A great number of the horsemen dismounted; attacked the unwieldy animals with their swords, and drove them back upon their own host. Still the day went hard with the Moslems; their force being so inferior, and their general unable to take the lead and mingle in the battle. The arrival of a reinforcement from Syria, put them in new heart, and they fought on until the approach of night, when both parties desisted, and drew off to their encampments. Thus ended the first day's fight, which the Persians called the battle of Armâth; but the Moslems, The Day of Succor, from the timely arrival of reinforcements.

On the following morning the armies drew out again in battle array, but no general conflict took place. Saad was unable to mount his horse and lead his troops into action, and the Persians, aware of the reinforcements received by the

Moslems, were not disposed to provoke a battle. The day passed in light skirmishes and single combats between the prime warriors of either host, who defied each other to trials of skill and prowess. These combats, of course, were desperate, and commonly cost the life of one, if not both of the combatants.

Saad overlooked the field from the shelter of a tent, where he sat at a repast with his beautiful bride beside him. Her heart swelled with grief at seeing so many gallant Moslems laid low; a thought of the valiant husband she had lost passed across her mind, and the unwary ejaculation escaped her, "Alas! Mosenna Ibn Haris, where art thou?" Saad was stung to the quick by what he conceived a reproach on his courage or activity, and, in the heat of the moment, struck her on the face with his dagger. "To-morrow," muttered he to himself, "I will mount my horse."

In the night he secretly sent out a detachment in the direction of Damascus, to remain concealed until the two armies should be engaged on the following day, and then to come with banners displayed, and a great sound of drum and trumpet, as though they were a reinforcement hurrying to the field of action.

The morning dawned, but still, to his great mortification, Saad was unable to sit upon his horse, and had to intrust the conduct of the battle to one of his generals. It was a day of bloody and obstinate conflict; and from the tremendous shock

of the encountering hosts, was celebrated among the Arabs as "The day of the Concussion."

The arrival of the pretended reinforcement inspirited the Moslems, who were ignorant of the stratagem, and dismayed the enemy. Rustam urged on his elephants to break down the Arab host, but they had become familiar with those animals, and attacked them so vigorously that, as before, they turned upon their own employers, and trampled them down in their unwieldy flight from the field.

The battle continued throughout the day with varying fortune; nor did it cease at nightfall, for Rustam rode about among his troops urging them to fight until morning. That night was called by some the night of delirium; for in the dark and deadly struggle the combatants struck at random, and often caught each other by the beard: by others it was called the night of howling and lamentation, from the cries of the wounded.

The battle ceased not even at the dawning, but continued until the heat of the day. A whirlwind of dust hid the armies from each other for a time, and produced confusion on the field, but it aided the Moslems, as it blew in the faces of the enemy. During a pause in the conflict, Rustam, panting with heat and fatigue, and half blinded with dust, took shelter from the sun under a tent which had been pitched near the water, and was surrounded by camels laden with treasure, and with the luxurious furniture of the camp. A gust of wind whirled the

tent into the water. He then threw himself upon the earth in the shade of one of the camels. A band of Arab soldiers came upon him by surprise. One of them, Hellâl Ibn Alkamch by name, in his eagerness for plunder, cut the cords which bound the burthen on the camel. A package of silver fell upon Rustam and broke his spine. In his agony he fell, or threw himself into the water, but was drawn out by the leg, his head stricken off, and elevated on the lance of Hellâl. The Persians recognized the bloody features, and fled amain, abandoning to the victors their camp, with all its rich furniture and baggage, and scores of beasts of burden, laden with treasure and with costly gear. The amount of booty was incalculable.

The sacred standard, too, was among the spoils. To the soldier who had captured it, thirty thousand pieces of gold are said to have been paid at Saad's command; and the jewels, with which it was studded, were put with the other booty, to be shared according to rule. Hellâl, too, who brought the head of Rustam to Saad, was allowed as a reward, to strip the body of his victim. Never did Arab soldier make richer spoil. The garments of Rustam were richly embroidered, and he wore two gorgeous belts, ornamented with jewels, one worth a thousand pieces of gold, the other seventy thousand dirhems of silver.

Thirty thousand Persians are said to have fallen in this battle, and upwards of seven thousand Moslems. The loss most

deplored by the Persians, was that of their sacred banner, with which they connected the fate of the realm.

This battle took place in the fifteenth year of the Hegira, and the six hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Christian era, and is said to be as famous among the Arabs as that of Arbela among the Greeks.

Complaints having circulated among the troops that Saad had not mingled in the fight, he summoned several of the old men to his tent, and, stripping himself, showed the boils by which he was so grievously afflicted; after which there were no further expressions of dissatisfaction. It is to be hoped he found some means, equally explicit, of excusing himself to his beautiful bride for the outrage he had committed upon her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Founding of Bassora.—Capture of the Persian capital.—Flight of Yezdegird to Holwân.

After the signal victory of Kadesia, Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs, by command of the Caliph, remained for some months in the neighborhood, completing the subjugation of the conquered country, collecting tax and tribute, and building mosques in every direction for the propagation of the faith. About the same time Omar caused the city of Basra, or Bassora, to be founded in the lower part of Irak Arabi, on that great river formed by the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. This city was intended to protect the region conquered by the Moslems about the mouth of the Euphrates; to cut off the trade of India from Persia, and to keep a check upon Ahwâz (a part of Susiana or Khusestan), the prince or satrap of which, Hormusân by name, had taken an active part in the late battle of Kadesia. The city of Bassora was founded in the fourteenth year of the Hegira, by Orweh Ibn Otbeh. It soon gathered within its walls great numbers of inhabitants from the

surrounding country; rose rapidly in importance, and has ever since been distinguished as a mart for the Indian commerce.

Having brought all the country in the neighborhood of Kadesia into complete subjection, Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs, by command of the Caliph, proceeded in the conquest of Persia. The late victories, and the capture of the national banner, had struck despair into the hearts of the Persians. They considered the downfall of their religion and empire at hand, and for a time made scarcely any resistance to the invaders. Cities and strong-holds surrendered almost without a blow. Babel is incidentally enumerated among the captured places; but the once all-powerful Babylon was now shrunk into such insignificance, that its capture seemed not worthy of a boast. Saad crossed the Tigris and advanced upon Madayn, the Persian capital. His army, on departing from Kadesia, had not exceeded twenty thousand men, having lost many by battle. and more by disease. Multitudes, however, from the subjugated cities, and from other parts, joined his standard while on the march, so that, as he approached Madayn, his forces amounted to sixty thousand men.

There was abundance of troops in Madayn, the wrecks of vanquished armies and routed garrisons, but there was no one capable or willing to take the general command. All seemed paralyzed by their fears. The king summoned his counsellors about him, but their only advice was to fly. "Khorasan and

Kerman are still yours," said they, "let us depart while we may do so in safety; why should we remain here to be made captives?"

Yezdegird hesitated to take this craven advice; but more from weakness and indecision of character than from any manly repugnance. He wavered and lingered, until what might have been an orderly retreat became a shameful flight. When the invaders were within one day's march of his capital, he ordered his valuables to be packed upon beasts of burthen, and set off, with a worthless retinue of palace minions, attendants, and slaves, male and female, for Holwân, at the foot of the Medean hills. His example was followed throughout the city. There was hurry and tumult in every part. Fortunate was he who had a camel, or a horse, or an ass, to load with his most valuable effects; such as were not so provided, took what they could on their shoulders; but, in such a hasty and panic-stricken flight, where personal safety was the chief concern, little could be preserved; the greater part of their riches remained behind. Thus the wealthy Madayn, the once famous Ctesiphon, which had formerly repulsed a Roman army, though furnished with battering rams and other warlike engines, was abandoned without a blow at the approach of these nomad warriors.

As Saad entered the deserted city, he gazed with wonder and admiration at its stately edifices, surrounded by vineyards and gardens, all left to his mercy by the flying owners. In

pious exultation he repeated aloud a passage of the Koran, alluding to the abandonment by Pharaoh and his troops of their habitations, when they went in pursuit of the children of Israel "How many gardens and fountains, and fields of corn and fair dwellings, and other sources of delight did they leave behind them! Thus we dispossessed them thereof, and gave the same for an inheritance to another people. Neither heaven nor earth wept for them. They were unpitied."*

The deserted city was sacked and pillaged. One may imagine the sacking of such a place by the ignorant hordes of the desert. The rude Arabs beheld themselves surrounded by treasures beyond their conception; works of art, the value of which they could not appreciate, and articles of luxury which moved their ridicule rather than their admiration. In roving through the streets they came to the famous palace of the Khosrus, begun by Kobâd Ibn Firuz, and finished by his son Nushirwan, constructed of polished marble, and called the white palace, from its resplendent appearance. As they gazed at it in wonderment, they called to mind the prediction of Mahomet, when he heard that the haughty monarch of Persia had torn his letter: "Even so shall Allah rend his empire in pieces." "Behold the white palace of Khosru," cried the Moslems to one another! "This is the fulfilment of the prophecy of the apostle of God!"

* Koran, chapter xxiv.

Saad entered the lofty portal of the palace with feelings of devotion. His first act was to make his salaam and prostrations, and pronounce the confession of faith in its deserted halls. He then took note of its contents, and protected it from the ravage of the soldiery, by making it his headquarters. It was furnished throughout with oriental luxury. It had wardrobes filled with gorgeous apparel. In the armory were weapons of all kinds, magnificently wrought: a coat of mail and sword, for state occasions, bedecked with jewels of incalculable value; a silver horseman on a golden horse, and a golden rider on a silver camel, all likewise studded with jewels.

In the vaults were treasures of gold and silver and precious stones; with money, the vast amount of which, though stated by Arabian historians, we hesitate to mention.

In some of the apartments were gold and silver vessels filled with oriental perfumes. In the magazines were stored exquisite spices, odoriferous gums, and medicinal drugs. Among the latter were quantities of camphor, which the Arabs mistook for salt, and mixed with their food.

In one of the chambers was a silken carpet of great size, which the king used in winter. Art and expense had been lavished upon it. It was made to represent a garden. The leaves of the plants were emeralds; the flowers were embroidered in their natural colors, with pearls and jewels and precious stones · the fountains were wrought with diamonds and

sapphires, to represent the sparkling of their waters The value of the whole was beyond calculation.

The hall of audience surpassed every other part in magnificence. The vaulted roof, says D'Herbolot, resembled a firmament decked with golden spheres, each with a corresponding movement, so as to represent the planets and the signs of the Zodiac. The throne was of prodigious grandeur, supported on silver columns. Above it was the crown of Khosru Nashirwan, suspended by a golden chain to bear the immense weight of its jewels, but contrived to appear as if on the head of the monarch when seated.

A mule is said to have been overtaken, on which a trusty officer of the palace was bearing away some of the jewels of the crown, the tiara or diadem of Yezdegird, with his belt and scimetar and bracelets.

Saad appointed Omar Ibn Muskry to take charge of all the spoils for regular distribution, and criers were sent about to make proclamation that the soldiers should render in their booty to that officer. Such was the enormous amount that, after a fifth had been set apart for the Caliph, the remainder, divided among sixty thousand men, gave each of them twelve hundred dirhems of silver.

It took nine hundred heavily laden camels to convey to Medina the Caliph's fifth of the spoil, among which the carpet, the clothing, and regalia of the king were included. The people of Medina, though of late years accustomed to the rich

booty of the armies, were astonished at such an amount o treasure. Omar ordered that a mosque should be built of part of the proceeds. A consultation was held over the royal carpet, whether it should be stored away in the public treasury to be used by the Caliph on state occasions, or whether it should be included in the booty to be shared.

Omar hesitated to decide with his usual promptness, and referred the matter to Ali. "Oh prince of true believers!" exclaimed the latter; "how can one of thy clear perception doubt in this matter. In the world nothing is thine but what thou expendest in well-doing. What thou wearest will be worn out; what thou eatest will be consumed; but that which thou expendest in well-doing, is sent before thee to the other world."

Omar determined that the carpet should be shared among his chiefs. He divided it literally, with rigid equity, cutting it up without regard to the skill and beauty of the design, or its value as an entire piece of workmanship. Such was the richness of the materials, that the portion allotted to Ali alone, sold for eight thousand dirhems of silver.

This signal capture of the capital of Persia took place in the month Safar, in the sixteenth year of the Hegira, and the year 637 of the Christian era; the same year with the capture of Jerusalem. The fame of such immense spoil, such treasures of art in the hands of ignorant Arab soldiery, summoned the crafty and the avaricious from all quarters. All the world, it

is said, flocked from the West, from Yemen, and from Egypt to purchase the costly stuffs captured from the Persians. It was like the vultures, winging their way from all parts of the heavens, to gorge on the relics of a hunting camp.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Capture of Jâlulâ.—Flight of Yezdegird to Rei.—Founding of Cufa.—Saad receives a severe rebuke from the Caliph for his magnificence.

Saad Ibn Abu Wakkas would fain have pursued Yezdegird to Holwân, among the hills of ancient Media, where he had taken refuge; but he was restrained by the Caliph Omar, who kept a cautious check from Medina upon his conquering generals; fearful that in the flush and excitement of victory, they might hurry forward beyond the reach of succor. By the command of Omar, therefore, he remained with his main army in Madayn, and sent his brother Hashem with twelve thousand men in pursuit of the fugitive monarch. Hashem found a large force of Persians, relics of defeated armies, assembled in Jâlulâ, not far from Holwân, where they were disposed to make a stand. He laid siege to the place, but it was of great strength and maintained a brave and obstinate defence for six months, during which there were eighty assaults. At length, the garrison being reduced by famine and incessant fighting and the commander slain, it surrendered.

Yezdegird on hearing of the capture of Jâlulâ abandoned the city of Holwân, leaving troops there under a general named Habesh, to check the pursuit of the enemy. The place of refuge which he now sought was the city of Rei, or Rai, the Rhages of Arrian; the Rhaga and Rhageia of the Greek geographers; a city of remote antiquity, contemporary, it is said, with Nineveh and Ecbatana, and mentioned in the book of Tobit; who, we are told, travelled from Nineveh to Rages, a city of Medea. It was a favorite residence of the Parthian kings in days of yore. In his flight through the mountains, the monarch was borne on a chair or litter between mules; travelling a station each day and sleeping in the litter. Habesh, whom he had left behind, was soon defeated, and followed him in his flight.

Saad again wrote to the Caliph, urging that he might be permitted to follow the Persian king to his place of refuge among the mountains, before he should have time to assemble another army; but he again met with a cautious check. "You have this year," said the Caliph, "taken Sawad and Irak; for Holwân is at the extremity of Irak. That is enough for the present. The welfare of true believers, is of more value than booty." So ended the sixteenth year of the Hegira.

The climate of Madayn proving unhealthy to his troops, and Saad wishing to establish a fortified camp in the midst of his victories, was ordered by the Caliph to seek some favorable site on the western side of the Euphrates, where there was

good air, a well watered plain and plenty of grass for the camels; things highly appreciated by the Arabs.

Saad chose for the purpose the village of Cufa, which, according to Moslem tradition, was the spot where Noah embarked in the Ark. The Arabs further pretend that the serpent after tempting Eve was banished to this place. Hence, they say, the guile and treachery for which the men of Cufa are proverbial. This city became so celebrated that the Euphrates was at one time generally denominated Nahar Cufa, or the river of Cufa. The most ancient characters of the Arabic alphabet are termed Cufic to the present day.

In building Cufa, much of the stone, marble and timber for the principal edifices were furnished from the ruins of Madayn; there being such a scarcity of those materials in Babylonia and its vicinity, that the houses were generally constructed of bricks baked in the sun and cemented with bitumen. It used to be said, therefore, that the army on its remove took with it all the houses of Sawad. Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs, who appears to have imbibed a taste for Persian splendor, erected a sumptuous Kiosk or summer residence, and decorated it with a grand portal taken from the palace of the Khosrus at Madayn. When Omar heard of this he was sorely displeased, his great apprehension being that his generals would lose the good old Arab simplicity of manners in the luxurious countries they were conquering. He forthwith dispatched a trusty envoy, Mahomet Ibn Muslemah, empowered

to give Saad a salutary rebuke. On arriving at Cufa, Mahomet caused a great quantity of wood to be heaped against the door of the Kiosk, and set fire to it. When Saad came forth in amazement at this outrage, Mahomet put into his hands, the following letter from the Caliph:

"I am told thou hast built a lofty palace, like to that of the Khosrus, and decorated it with a door taken from the latter; with a view to have guards and chamberlains stationed about it to keep off those who may come in quest of justice or assistance, as was the practice of the Khosrus before thee. In so doing thou hast departed from the ways of the prophet (on whom be benedictions), and hast fallen into the ways of the Persian monarchs. Know that the Khosrus have passed from their palace to the tomb; while the prophet, from his lowly habitation on earth, has been elevated to the highest heaven I have sent Mahomet Ibn Muslemah to burn thy palace. In this world two houses are sufficient for thee; one to dwell in, the other to contain the treasure of the Moslems."

Saad was too wary to make any opposition to the orders of the stern-minded Omar; so he looked on without a murmur as his stately Kiosk was consumed by the flames. He even offered Mahomet presents, which the latter declined, and returned to Medina. Saad removed to a different part of the city, and built a more modest mansion for himself, and another for the treasury.

In the same year with the founding of Cufa, the Caliph

Omar married Omm Kolsam, the daughter of Ali and Fatima, and granddaughter of the prophet. This drew him in still closer bonds of friendship and confidence with Ali; who with Othman shared his councils, and aided him in managing from Medina the rapidly accumulating affairs of the Moslem empire.

It must be always noted, that however stern and strict may appear the laws and ordinances of Omar, he was rigidly impartial in enforcing them; and one of his own sons, having been found intoxicated, received the twenty bastinadoes on the soles of the feet, which he had decreed for offences of the kind.

CHAPTER XXX.

War with Hormuzân, the Satrap of Ahwâz.—His conquest and conversion.

The founding of the city of Bassora had given great annoyance and uneasiness to Hormuzân, the satrap or viceroy of Ahwâz, or Susiana. His province lay between Babylonia and Farsistan, and he saw that this rising city of the Arabs was intended as a check upon him. His province was one of the richest and most important of Persia, producing cotton, rice, sugar, and wheat. It was studded with cities, which the historian Tabari compared to a cluster of stars. In the centre stood the metropolis Susa; one of the royal resorts of the Persian kings, celebrated in scriptural history, and said to possess the tomb of the prophet Daniel. It was once adorned with palaces and courts, and parks of prodigious extent, though now all is a waste, "echoing only to the roar of the lion, or yell of the hyæna."

Here Hormuzân, the satrap, emulated the state and luxury of a king. He was of a haughty spirit, priding himself upon

every arrow they discharge, you will lose a man. Avoid this useless sacrifice. Let me depart in honor; give me safe conduct to the Caliph, and let him dispose of me as he pleases."

It was agreed. Hormuzân was treated with respect as he issued from his fortress, and was sent under an escort to Medina. He maintained the air of one not conducted as a prisoner, but attended by a guard of honor. As he approached the city he halted, arrayed himself in sumptuous apparel, with his jewelled belt and regal crown, and in this guise entered the gates. The inhabitants gazed in astonishment at such unwonted luxury of attire.

Omar was not at his dwelling; he had gone to the mosque. Hormuzân was conducted thither. On approaching the sacred edifice, the Caliph's cloak was seen hanging against the wall, while he himself, arrayed in patched garments, lay asleep with his staff under his head. The officers of the escort seated themselves at a respectful distance until he should awake. "This," whispered they to Hormuzân, "is the prince of true believers."

"This the Arab king!" said the astonished satrap; "and is this his usual attire?" "It is." "And does he sleep thus without guards?" "He does; he comes and goes alone; and lies down and sleeps where he pleases." "And can he administer justice, and conduct affairs without officers and messengers and attendants?" "Even so," was the reply. "This,"

exclaimed Hormuzân, at length, "is the condition of a prophet, but not of a king." "He is not a prophet," was the reply, "but he acts like one."

As the Caliph awoke he recognized the officers of the escort. "What tidings do you bring?" demanded he.—"But who is this so extravagantly arrayed?" rubbing his eyes as they fell upon the embroidered robes and jewelled crown of the satrap. "This is Hormuzân, the king of Ahwâz." "Take the infidel out of this place," cried he, turning away his head. "Strip him of his riches, and put on him the riches of Islam."

Hormuzân was accordingly taken forth, and in a little time was brought again before the Caliph, clad in a simple garb of the striped cloth of Yemen.

The Moslem writers relate various quibbles by which Hormuzân sought to avert the death with which he was threatened, for having slain Barâ Ibn Mâlek. He craved water to allay his thirst. A vessel of water was brought. Affecting to apprehend immediate execution: "Shall I be spared until I have drunk this?" Being answered by the Caliph in the affirmative, he dashed the vessel to the ground. "Now," said he, "you cannot put me to death, for I can never drink the water."

The straightforward Omar, however, was not to be caught by a quibble. "Your cunning will do you no good," said he. "Nothing will save you but to embrace Islamism." The

haughty Hormuzân was subdued. He made the profession of faith in due style, and was at once enrolled among true believers.

He resided thenceforth in Medina; received rich presents from the Caliph, and subsequently gave him much serviceable information and advice in his prosecution of the war with Persia. The conquest of Ahwâz was completed in the nineteenth year of the Hegira.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Saad suspended from the command.—A Persian army assembled at Nehâvend.—Council at the mosque of Medina.—Battle of Nehâvend.

OMAR, as we have seen, kept a jealous and vigilant eye upon his distant generals; being constantly haunted by the fear that they would become corrupted in the rich and luxurious countries they were invading, and lose that Arab simplicity which he considered inestimable in itself, and all-essential to the success of the cause of Islam. Notwithstanding the severe reproof he had given to Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs in burning down his palace at Cufa, complaints still reached him that the general affected the pomp of a Caliph, that he was unjust and oppressive; unfair in the division of spoils, and slow in conducting military concerns. These charges proved, for the most part, unfounded, but they caused Saad to be suspended from his command until they could be investigated.

When the news reached Yezdegird at Rei that the Moslem general who had conquered at Kadesia, slain Rustam, captured Madayn, and driven himself to the mountains, was deposed

from the command he conceived fresh hopes, and wrote letters to all the provinces yet unconquered, calling on the inhabitants to take up arms and make a grand effort for the salvation of the empire. Nehâvend was appointed as the place where the troops were to assemble. It was a place of great antiquity, founded, says tradition, by Noah, and called after him, and was about fifteen leagues from Hamadân, the ancient Ecbatana. Here troops gathered together to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand.

Omar assembled his counsellors at the mosque of Medina, and gave them intelligence, just received, of this great armament. "This," said he, "is probably the last great effort of the Persians. If we defeat them now they will never be able to unite again." He expressed a disposition, therefore, to take the command in person. Strong objections were advanced. "Assemble troops from various parts," said Othman; "but remain, yourself, either at Medina, Cufa, or Holwân, to send reinforcements if required, or to form a rallying point for the Moslems, if defeated." Others gave different counsel. At length the matter was referred to Abbas Ibn Abd al Motâlleb, who was considered one of the sagest heads for counsel in the tribe of Koreish. He gave it as his opinion that the Caliph should remain in Medina, and give the command of the campaign to Nu'mân Ibn Mukry, who was already in Ahwâz, where he had been ever since Saad had sent him thither from Irak. It is singular to see the fate of the once mighty and

magnificent empires of the Orient, Syria, Chaldea, Babylonia, and the dominions of the Medes and Persians, thus debated and decided in the mosque of Medina, by a handful of gray-headed Arabs, who but a few years previously had been homeless fugitives.

Orders were now sent to Nu'mân to march to Nehâvend and reinforcements joined him from Medina, Bassora, and Cufa. His force, when thus collected, was but moderate, but it was made up of men hardened and sharpened by incessant warfare, rendered daring and confident by repeated victory, and led by able officers. He was afterwards joined by ten thousand men from Sawad, Holwân, and other places, many of whom were tributaries.

The Persian army now collected at Nehâvend was commanded by Firuzân; he was old and infirm, but full of intelligence and spirit, and the only remaining general considered capable of taking charge of such a force, the best generals having fallen in battle. The veteran, knowing the impetuosity of the Arab attack, and their superiority in the open field, had taken a strong position, fortified his camp, and surrounded it with a deep moat filled with water. Here he determined to tire out the patience of the Moslems, and await an opportunity to strike a decisive blow.

Nu'mân displayed his forces before the Persian camp, and repeatedly offered battle, but the cautious veteran was not to be drawn out of his intrenchments. Two months elapsed with-

out any action, and the Moslem troops, as Firuzân had foreseen, began to grow discontented, and to murmur at their general.

A stratagem was now resorted to by Nu'mân to draw out the enemy. Breaking up his camp, he made a hasty retreat leaving behind him many articles of little value. The stratagem succeeded. The Persians sallied, though cautiously, in pursuit. Nu'mân continued his feigned retreat for another day, still followed by the enemy. Having drawn them to a sufficient distance from their fortified camp, he took up a position at nightfall. "To-morrow," said he to his troops, "before the day reddens, be ready for battle. I have been with the prophet in many conflicts, and he always commenced battle after the Friday prayer."

The following day, when the troops were drawn out in order of battle, he made this prayer in their presence. "Oh Allah! sustain this day the cause of Islamism; give us victory over the infidels, and grant me the glory of martyrdom." Then turning to his officers, he expressed a presentiment that he should fall in the battle, and named the person who, in such case, should take the command.

He now appointed the signal for battle. "Three times," said he, "I will cry the tekbîr, and each time will shake my standard. At the third time let every one fall on as I shall do." He gave the signal, Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! Allah Achbar! At the third shaking of the standard, the

tekbîr was responded by the army, and the air was rent by the universal shout of Allah Achbar!

The shock of the two armies was terrific; they were soon enveloped in a cloud of dust, in which the sound of scimetars and battle-axes told the deadly work that was going on; while the shouts of Allah Achbar continued, mingled with furious cries and execrations of the Persians, and dismal groans of the wounded. In an hour the Persians were completely routed. "Oh Lord!" exclaimed Nu'mân in pious ecstasy, "my prayer for victory has been heard; may that for martyrdom be likewise favored!"

He advanced his standard in pursuit of the enemy, but at the same moment a Parthian arrow from the flying foe gave him the death he coveted. His body, with the face covered, was conveyed to his brother, and his standard given to Hadîfah, whom he had named to succeed him in the command.

The Persians were pursued with great slaughter. Firuzân fled towards Hamadân, but was overtaken at midnight as he was ascending a steep hill, embarrassed among a crowd of mules and camels laden with the luxurious superfluities of a Persian camp. Here he and several thousand of his soldiers and camp-followers were cut to pieces. The booty was immense. Forty of the mules were found to be laden with honey; which made the Arabs say with a sneer, that Firuzân's army was clogged with its own honey, until overtaken by the true believers. The whole number of Persians slain in this

battle, which sealed the fate of the empire, is said to have amounted to one hundred thousand. It took place in the twenty-first year of the Hegira, and the year 641 of the Christian era, and was commemorated among Moslems, as "The Victory of Victories."

On a day subsequent to the battle, a man mounted on an ass, rode into the camp of Hadifeh. He was one who had served in the temples of the fire-worshippers, and was in great consternation, fearing to be sacrificed by the fanatic Moslems. "Spare my life," said he to Hadifeh, "and the life of another person whom I shall designate, and I will deliver into your hands a treasure put under my charge by Yezdegird when he fled to Rei." His terms being promised, he produced a sealed box. On breaking the seal, Hadifeh found it filled with rubies and precious stones of various colors, and jewels of great price. He was astonished at the sight of what appeared to him incalculable riches. "These jewels," said he, "have not been gained in battle, nor by the sword; we have, therefore, no right to any share in them." With the concurrence of his officers, therefore, he sent the box to the Caliph to be retained by himself or divided among the true believers as he should think proper. The officer who conducted the fifth part of the spoils to Medina, delivered the box, and related its history to Omar. The Caliph, little skilled in matters of luxury, and holding them in supreme contempt, gazed with an ignorant or scornful eye at the imperial jewels, and refused to receive

them. "You know not what these things are," said he. "Neither do I; but they justly belong to those who slew the infidels, and to no one else." He ordered the officer, therefore, to depart forthwith and carry the box back to Hadîfeh, The jewels were sold by the latter to the merchants who followed the camp, and when the proceeds were divided among the troops, each horseman received for his share four thousand pieces of gold.

Far other was the conduct of the Caliph when he received the letter giving an account of the victory at Nehâvend. His first inquiry was after his old companion in the faith, Nu'mân, "May God grant you and him mercy!" was the reply. "He has become a martyr!"

Omar, it is said, wept. He next inquired who also were martyrs. Several were named with whom he was acquainted; but many who were unknown to him. "If I know them not," said he, piously quoting a text of the Koran, "God does!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Capture of Hamadân; of Rei.—Subjugation of Tabaristan; of Azerbijân —Campaign among the Caucassian mountains.

THE Persian troops who had survived the signal defeat of Firuzân, assembled their broken forces near the city of Hamadân; but were soon routed again by a detachment sent against them by Hadîfeh, who had fixed his headquarters at Nehâvend. They then took refuge in Hamadân, and ensconced themselves in its strong fortress or citadel.

Hamadân was the second city in Persia for grandeur, and was built upon the site of Ecbatana, in old times the principal city of the Medes. There were more Jews among its inhabitants than were to be found in any other city of Persia, and it boasted of possessing the tombs of Esther and Mordecai. It was situated on a steep eminence, down the sides of which it descended into a fruitful plain, watered by streams gushing down from the lofty Orontes, now Mount Elwand. The place was commanded by Habesh, the same general who had been driven from Holwân after the flight of Yezdegird.

Habesh sought an interview with Hadîfeh, at his encampment at Nehâvend, and made a treaty of peace with him; but it was a fraudulent one, and intended merely to gain time. Returning to Hamadân, he turned the whole city into a fortress, and assembled a strong garrison, being reinforced from the neighboring province of Azerbîjân.

On being informed of this want of good faith on the part of the governor of Hamadân, the Caliph Omar dispatched a strong force against the place, led by an able officer named Nu'haim Ibn Mukrin. Habesh had more courage than caution. Confident in the large force he had assembled, instead of remaining within his strongly fortified city, he sallied forth and met the Moslems in open field. The battle lasted for three days, and was harder fought than even that of Nehâvend, but ended in leaving the Moslems triumphant masters of the once formidable capital of Media.

Nu'haim now marched against Rei, late the place of refuge of Yezdegird. That prince, however, had deserted it on the approach of danger, leaving it in charge of a noble named Siyâwesh Ibn Barham. Hither the Persian princes had sent troops from the yet unconquered provinces, for Siyâwesh had nobly offered to make himself as a buckler to them, and conquer or fall in their defence. His patriotism was unavailing; treachery and corruption were too prevalent among the Persians. Zain, a powerful noble resident in Rei, and a deadly enemy of Siyâwesh conspired to admit two thousand Moslems

in at one gate of the city, at the time when its gallant governor was making a sally by another. A scene of tumult and carnage took place in the streets, where both armies engaged in deadly conflict. The patriot Siyâwesh was slain with a great part of his troops; the city was captured and sacked, and its citadel destroyed, and the traitor Zain was rewarded for his treachery by being made governor of the ruined place.

Nu'haim now sent troops in different directions against Kumish, and Dameghân, and Jurgan (the ancient Hircania), and Tabaristan. They met with feeble resistance. The national spirit was broken; even the national religion was nearly at an end. "This Persian religion of ours has become obsolete," said Farkham, a military sage, to an assemblage of commanders, who asked his advice; "the new religion is carrying every thing before it; my advice is to make peace and pay tribute." His advice was adopted. All Tabaristan became tributary in the annual sum of five hundred thousand dirhems, with the condition that the Moslems should levy no troops in that quarter.

Azerbîjân was next invaded; the country which had sent troops to the aid of Hamadân. This province lay north of Rei and Hamadân, and extended to the Rocky Caucasus. It was the stronghold of the Magians or Fire-worshippers, where they had their temples, and maintained their perpetual fire. Hence the name of the country, Azer signifying fire. The

princes of the country made an ineffectual stand; their army was defeated; the altars of the fire-worshippers were overturned; their temples destroyed, and Azerbîjân won.

The arms of Islam had now been carried triumphantly to the very defiles of the Caucasus; those mountains were yet to be subdued. Their rocky sierras on the east separated Azerbîjân from Haziz and the shores of the Caspian, and on the north from the vast Sarmatian regions. The passes through these mountains were secured of yore, by fortresses and walls and iron gates, to bar against irruptions from the shadowy land of Gog and Magog, the terror of the olden time, for by these passes had poured in the barbarous hordes of the north, "a mighty host all riding upon horses," who lived in tents, worshipped the naked sword planted in the earth, and decorated their steeds with the scalps of their enemies slain in battle.*

* By some Gog and Magog are taken in an allegorical sense, signifying the princes of heathendom, enemies of saints and the church.

According to the prophet Ezekiel, Gog was the king of Magog; Magog signifying the people, and Gog the king of the country. They are names that loom vaguely and fearfully in the dark denunciations of the prophets; and in the olden time inspired awe throughout the eastern world.

The Arabs, says Lane, call Gog and Magog, Yâjûj and Mâjûj, and say they are two nations or tribes descended from Japhet, the son of Noah; or, as others write, Gog is a tribe of the Turks, and Magog those of Gilan; the Geli and the Gelæ of Ptolemy and Strabo. They made their irruptions

Detachments of Moslems under different leaders penetrated the defiles of these mountains and made themselves mas-

into the neighboring countries in the spring, and carried off all the fruits of the earth.—*Sale's Koran*, note to ch. 18.

According to Moslem belief, a great irruption of Gog and Magog is to be one of the signs of the latter days, forerunning the resurrection and final judgment They are to come from the north in a mighty host, covering the land as a cloud; so that when subdued, their shields and bucklers, their bows and arrows and quivers, and the staves of their spears, shall furnish the faithful with fuel for seven years.—All which is evidently derived from the book of the prophet Ezekiel; with which Mahomet had been made acquainted by his Jewish instructors.

The Koran makes mention of a wall built as a protection against these fearful people of the north by Dhu'lkarneim, or the Two Horned; by whom some suppose is meant Alexander the Great, others a Persian king of the first race, contemporary with Abraham.

And they said, O Dhu'lkarneim, verily, Gog and Magog waste the land. . . . . He answered, I will set a strong wall between you and them. Bring me iron in large pieces, until it fill up the space between the two sides of these mountains. And he said to the workmen, Blow with your bellows until it make the iron red hot; and bring me molten brass, that I may pour upon it. Wherefore, when this wall was finished, Gog and Magog could not scale it, neither could they dig through it.—*Sale's Koran*, chap. 18.

The Czar Peter the Great, in his expedition against the Persians, saw in the neighborhood of the city of Derbend, which was then besieged, the ruins of a wall which went up hill and down dale, along the Caucasus, and was said to extend from the Euxine to the Caspian It was fortified from place to place, by towers or castles. It was eighteen Russian stades in height; built of stones laid up dry; some of them three ells long and very wide. The color of the stones, and the traditions of the country, showed

ters of the Derbends, or mountain barriers. One of the most important, and which cost the greatest struggle, was a city or fortress called by the Persians Der-bend; by the Turks Demir Capi or the Gate of Iron, and by the Arabs Bab-el-abwâb (the Gate of Gates). It guards a defile between a promontory of Mount Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. A superstitious belief is still connected with it by the Moslems. Originally it had three gates; two only are left; one of these has nearly sunk into the earth; they say when it disappears the day of judgment will arrive.

Abda'lrahman Ibn Rabïah, one of the Moslem commanders who penetrated the defiles of the Caucasus, was appointed by Omar to the command of the Derbends or passes, with orders to keep vigilant watch over them; for the Caliph was in continual solicitude about the safety of the Moslems on these remote expeditions, and was fearful that the Moslem troops might be swept away by some irruption from the north.

Abda'lrahman, with the approbation of the Caliph, made a compact with Shahr-Zad, one of the native chiefs, by which the latter, in consideration of being excused from paying tribute, undertook to guard the Derbends against the northern hordes. The Arab general had many conversations with Shahr-Zad

it to be of great antiquity. The Arabs and Persians said that it was built against the invasions of Gog and Magog.—See *Travels in the East, by Sir William Ousley.*

about the mountains, which are favored regions of Persian romance and fable. His imagination was fired with what he was told about the people beyond the Derbends, the Allâni and the Rus; and about the great wall or barrier of Yâjûj and Mâjûj, built to restrain their inroads.

In one of the stories told by Shahr-Zad, the reader will perceive the germ of one of the Arabian tales of Sindbad the Sailor. It is recorded to the following purport, by Tabari, the Persian historian: "One day as Abda'lrahman was seated by Shahr-Zad, conversing with him, he perceived upon his finger a ring decorated with a ruby, which burned like fire in the daytime, but at night was of dazzling brilliancy. 'It came,' said Shahr-zad, 'from the wall of Yâjûj and Mâjûj; from a king whose dominions between the mountains is traversed by the wall. I sent him many presents, and asked but one ruby in return.' Seeing the curiosity of Abda'lrahman aroused, he sent for the man who had brought the ring, and commanded him to relate the circumstances of his errand.

"'When I delivered the presents and the letter of Shahr-Zad to that king,' said the man, 'he called his chief falconer, and ordered him to procure the jewel required. The falconer kept an eagle for three days without food, until he was nearly starved; he then took him up into the mountains near the wall, and I accompanied him. From the summit of one of these mountains, we looked down into a deep dark chasm like an abyss. The falconer now produced a piece of tainted

meat; threw it into the ravine, and let loose the eagle. He swept down after it; pounced upon it as it reached the ground, and returning with it, perched upon the hand of the falconer. The ruby which now shines in that ring was found adhering to the meat.'

"Abda'lrahman asked an account of the wall. 'It is built,' replied the man, 'of stone, iron, and brass, and extends down one mountain and up another.' 'This,' said the devout and all-believing Abda'lrahman, 'must be the very wall of which the Almighty makes mention in the Koran.'

"He now inquired of Shahr-Zad what was the value of the ruby. 'No one knows its value,' was the reply; 'though presents to an immense amount had been made in return for it.' Shahr-Zad now drew the ring from his finger, and offered it to Abda'lrahman, but the latter refused to accept it, saying that a gem of that value was not suitable to him. 'Had you been one of the Persian kings,' said Shahr-Zad, 'you would have taken it from me by force; but men who conduct like you will conquer all the world.'"

The stories which he had heard, had such an effect upon Abda'lrahman, that he resolved to make a foray into the mysterious country beyond the Derbends. Still it could only be of a partial nature, as he was restrained from venturing far by the cautious injunctions of Omar. "Were I not fearful of displeasing the Caliph," said he, "I would push forward even to Yâjûj and Mâjûj, and make converts of all the infidels."

On issuing from the mountains, he found himself among a barbarous people, the ancestors of the present Turks, who inhabited a region of country between the Euxine and the Caspian seas. A soldier who followed Abda'lrahman in this foray gave the following account of these people to the Caliph on his return to Medina. "They were astonished," said he, "at our appearance, so different from their old enemies the Persians, and asked us, 'Are you angels, or the sons of Adam?' to which we replied, we are sons of Adam; but the angels of heaven are on our side and aid us in our warfare."

The infidels forbore to assail men thus protected; one, however, more shrewd or dubious than the rest, stationed himself behind a tree, sped an arrow and slew a Moslem. The delusion was at an end; the Turks saw that the strangers were mortal, and from that time there was hard fighting. Abda'lrahman laid siege to a place called Belandscher, the city or strong-hold of the Bulgarians or Huns, another semi-barbarous and warlike people like the Turks, who, like them had not yet made themselves world-famous by their conquering migrations. The Turks came to the aid of their neighbors; a severe battle took place, the Moslems were defeated, and Abda'lrahman paid for his daring enterprise and romantic curiosity with his life. The Turks, who still appear to have retained a superstitious opinion of their unknown invaders, preserved the body of the unfortunate general as a relic, and

erected a shrine in honor of it, at which they used to put up their prayers for rain in time of drought.

The troops of Abda'lrahman retreated within the Derbends; his brother Selman Ibn Rabïah was appointed to succeed him in the command of the Caucasian passes, and thus ended the unfortunate foray into the land of Gog and Magog.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Caliph Omar assassinated by a fire-worshipper.—His character.—Othman elected Caliph.

THE life and reign of the Caliph Omar, distinguished by such great and striking events, were at length brought to a sudden and sanguinary end. Among the Persians who had been brought as slaves to Medina, was one named Firuz, of the sect of the Magi, or fire-worshippers. Being taxed daily by his master two pieces of silver out of his earnings, he complained of it to Omar as an extortion. The Caliph inquired into his condition, and, finding that he was a carpenter, and expert in the construction of windmills, replied, that the man who excelled in such a handicraft could well afford to pay two dirhems a day. "Then," muttered Firuz, "I'll construct a windmill for you that shall keep grinding until the day of judgment." Omar was struck with his menacing air. "The slave threatens me," said he, calmly. "If I were disposed to punish any one on suspicion, I should take off his

head;" he suffered him, however, to depart without further notice.

Three days afterwards, as he was praying in the mosque, Firuz entered suddenly and stabbed him thrice with a dagger. The attendants rushed upon the assassin. He made furious resistance, slew some and wounded others, until one of his assailants threw his vest over him and seized him, upon which he stabbed himself to the heart and expired. Religion may have had some share in prompting this act of violence; perhaps revenge for the ruin brought upon his native country. "God be thanked," said Omar, "that he by whose hand it was decreed I should fall, was not a Moslem!"

The Caliph gathered strength sufficient to finish the prayer in which he had been interrupted; "for he who deserts his prayers," said he, "is not in Islam." Being taken to his house, he languished three days without hope of recovery, but could not be prevailed upon to nominate a successor. "I cannot presume to do that," said he, "which the prophet himself did not do." Some suggested that he should nominate his son Abdallah. "Omar's family," said he, "has had enough in Omar, and needs no more." He appointed a council of six persons to determine as to the succession after his decease; all of whom he considered worthy of the Caliphat; though he gave it as his opinion that the choice would be either Ali or Othman. "Shouldst thou become Caliph," said he to Ali, "do not favor thy relatives above all others, nor place the

house of Haschem on the neck of all mankind;" and he gave the same caution to Othman in respect to the family of Omeya.

Calling for ink and paper, he wrote a letter, as his last testament, to whosoever might be his successor, full of excellent counsel for the upright management of affairs, and the promotion of the faith. He charged his son Abdallah in the most earnest manner, as one of the highest duties of Islamism, to repay eighteen thousand dirhems which he had borrowed out of the public treasury. All present protested against this as unreasonable, since the money had been expended in relief of the poor and destitute, but Omar insisted upon it as his last will. He then sent to Ayesha and procured permission of her to be buried next to her father Abu Beker.

Ibn Abbas and Ali now spoke to him in words of comfort, setting forth the blessings of Islam, which had crowned his administration, and that he would leave no one behind him who could charge him with injustice. "Testify this for me," said he, earnestly, "at the day of judgment." They gave him their hands in promise: but he exacted that they should give him a written testimonial, and that it should be buried with him in the grave.

Having settled all his worldly affairs, and given directions about his sepulture, he expired, the seventh day after his assassination, in the sixty-third year of his age, after a triumphant reign of ten years and six months.

His death was rashly and bloodily revenged. Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker, the brother of Ayesha, and imbued with her mischief-making propensity, persuaded Abdallah, the son of Omar, that his father's murder was the result of a conspiracy; Firuz having been instigated to the act by his daughter Lulu, a Christian named Dschofeine, and Hormuzân, the once haughty and magnificent Satrap of Susiana. In the transport of his rage, and instigated by the old Arab principle of blood revenge, Abdallah slew all three of the accused; without reflecting on the improbability of Hormuzân, at least, being accessory to the murder; being, since his conversion, in close friendship with the late Caliph; and his adviser, on many occasions, in the prosecution of the Persian war.

The whole history of Omar shows him to have been a man of great powers of mind, inflexible integrity, and rigid justice. He was, more than any one else, the founder of the Islam empire; confirming and carrying out the inspirations of the prophet; aiding Abu Beker with his counsels during his brief Caliphat; and establishing wise regulations for the strict administration of the laws throughout the rapidly-extending bounds of the Moslem conquests. The rigid hand which he kept upon his most popular generals in the midst of their armies, and in the most distant scenes of their triumphs, give signal evidence of his extraordinary capacity to rule. In the simplicity of his habits, and his contempt for all pomp and luxury, he emulated the example of the prophet

and Abu Beker. He endeavored incessantly to impress the merit and policy of the same in his letters to his generals. "Beware," he would say, "of Persian luxury both in food and raiment. Keep to the simple habits of your country, and Allah will continue you victorious; depart from them, and he will reverse your fortunes." It was his strong conviction of the truth of this policy, which made him so severe in punishing all ostentatious style and luxurious indulgence in his officers.

Some of his ordinances do credit to his heart as well as his head. He forbade that any female captive who had borne a child should be sold as a slave. In his weekly distributions of the surplus money of his treasury, he proportioned them to the wants, not the merits of the applicants. "God," said he, "has bestowed the good things of this world to relieve our necessities, not to reward our virtues: those will be rewarded in another world."

One of the early measures of his reign was the assigning pensions to the most faithful companions of the prophet, and those who had signalized themselves in the early service of the faith. Abbas, the uncle of the prophet, had a yearly pension of 200,000 dirhems; others of his relatives in graduated proportions; those veterans who had fought in the battle of Beder 5000 dirhems; pensions of less amount to those who had distinguished themselves in Syria, Persia, and Egypt. Each of the prophet's wives was allowed ten thousand dirhems year-

ly, and Ayesha twelve thousand. Hasan and Hosein, the sons of Ali and grandsons of the prophet, had each a pension of five thousand dirhems. On any one who found fault with these disbursements out of the public wealth, Omar invoked the curse of Allah.

He was the first to establish a chamber of accounts or exchequer; the first to date events from the Hegira or flight of the prophet; and the first to introduce a coinage into the Moslem dominions, stamping the coins with the name of the reigning Caliph, and the words, "There is no God but God."

During his reign, we are told, there were thirty-six thousand towns, castles, and strong-holds taken; but he was not a wasteful conqueror. He founded new cities; established important marts; built innumerable mosques, and linked the newly acquired provinces into one vast empire by his iron inflexibility of purpose. As has well been observed, "his Caliphat, crowned with the glories of its triple conquest of Syria, Persia, and Egypt, deserves to be distinguished as the heroic age of Saracen history. The gigantic foundations of the Saracenic power were perfected in the short space of less than ten years." Let it be remembered, moreover, that this great conqueror, this great legislator, this magnanimous sovereign, was originally a rude half-instructed Arab of Mecca Well may we say in regard to the early champions of Islam, "there were giants in those days."

After the death of Omar, the six persons met together whom he had named as a council to elect his successor. They were Ali, Othman, Telha, Ibn Obeid'allah (Mahomet's son-in-law), Zobeir, Abda'lrahman Ibn Awf, and Saad Ibn Abu Wakkâs. They had all been personally intimate with Mahomet, and were therefore styled THE COMPANIONS.

After much discussion and repeated meetings the Caliphat was offered to Ali, on condition that he would promise to govern according to the Koran and the traditions of Mahomet, and the regulations established by the two seniors or elders; meaning the two preceding Caliphs Abu Beker and Omar.

Ali replied, that he would govern according to the Koran and the authentic traditions; but would, in all other respects, act according to his own judgment, without reference to the example of the seniors. This reply not being satisfactory to the council, they made the same proposal to Othman Ibn Affân, who assented to all the conditions, and was immediately elected, and installed three days after the death of his predecessor. He was seventy years of age at the time of his election. He was tall and swarthy, and his long gray beard was tinged with henna He was strict in his religious duties; fasting, meditating, and studying the Koran; not so simple in his habits as his predecessors, but prone to expense and lavish of his riches. His bountiful spirit, however, was evinced at times in a way that gained him much popularity. In a time of famine he had supplied the poor of Medina with corn.

He had purchased at great cost the ground about the mosque of Medina, to give room for houses for the prophet's wives. He had contributed six hundred and fifty camels and fifty horses for the campaign against Tabuc.

He derived much respect among zealous Moslems for having married two of the prophet's daughters; and for having been in both of the Hegiras, or flights, the first into Abyssinia, the second, the memorable flight to Medina. Mahomet used to say of him, "Each thing has its mate, and each man his associate: my associate in paradise is Othman."

Scarcely was the new Caliph installed in office, when the retaliatory punishment prescribed by the law was invoked upon Obeid'allah, the son of Omar, for the deaths so rashly inflicted on those whom he had suspected of instigating his father's assassination. Othman was perplexed between the letter of the law and the odium of following the murder of the father by the execution of the son. He was kindly relieved from his perplexity by the suggestion, that as the act of Obeid-'allah took place in the interregnum between the Caliphats of Omar and Othman, it did not come under the cognizance of either. Othman gladly availed himself of the quibble; Obeid'allah escaped unpunished, and the sacrifice of the once magnificent Hormuzân and his fellow-victims remained unavenged.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Conclusion of the Persian conquest.—Flight and death of Yezdegird.

THE proud empire of the Khosrus had received its death-blow during the vigorous Caliphat of Omar; what signs of life it yet gave were but its dying struggles. The Moslems, led by able generals, pursued their conquests in different directions. Some, turning to the west, urged their triumphant way through ancient Assyria; crossed the Tigris by the bridge of Mosul, passing the ruins of mighty Nineveh as unheedingly as they had passed those of Babylon; completed the subjugation of Mesopotamia, and planted their standards beside those of their brethren who had achieved the conquest of Syria.

Others directed their course into the southern and eastern provinces, following the retreating steps of Yezdegird. A fiat issued by the late Caliph Omar had sealed the doom of that unhappy monarch. "Pursue the fugitive king wherever he may go, until you have driven him from the face of the earth!"

Yezdegird, after abandoning Rei, had led a wandering life.

shifting from city to city and province to province. still flying at the approach of danger. At one time we hear of him in the splendid city of Ispahan; next among the mountains of Farsistan, the original Persis, the cradle of the conquerors of Asia; and it is another of the lessons furnished by history, to see the last of the Khosrus a fugitive among those mountains whence, in foregone times, Cyrus had led his hardy but frugal and rugged bands to win, by force of arms, that vast empire which was now falling to ruin through its effeminate degeneracy.

For a time the unhappy monarch halted in Istakar, the pride of Persia, where the tottering remains of Persepolis, and its hall of a thousand columns, speak of the ancient glories of the Persian kings. Here Yezdegird had been fostered and concealed during his youthful days, and here he came near being taken among the relics of Persian magnificence.

From Farsistan he was driven to Kerman, the ancient Carmania; thence into Korassan; in the northern part of which vast province he took breath at the city of Merv, or Merou, on the remote boundary of Bactriana. In all his wanderings he was encumbered by the shattered pageant of an oriental court, a worthless throng which had fled with him from Madayn, and which he had no means of supporting. At Merv he had four thousand persons in his train; all minions of the palace, useless hangers-on, porters, grooms, and slaves; together with his wives and concubines, and their female attendants

In this remote halting-place he devoted himself to building a fire-temple; in the meantime he wrote letters to such of the cities and provinces as were yet unconquered, exhorting his governors and generals to defend, piece by piece, the fragments of empire which he had deserted.

The city of Ispahan, one of the brightest jewels of his crown, was well garrisoned by wrecks of the army of Nehâvend, and might have made brave resistance; but its governor. Kadeskan, staked the fortunes of the place upon a single combat with the Moslem commander who had invested it, and capitulated at the first shock of lances; probably through some traitorous arrangement.

Ispahan has never recovered from that blow. Modern travellers speak of its deserted streets, its abandoned palaces, its silent bazaars. "I have ridden for miles among its ruins," says one, "without meeting any living creature, excepting, perhaps, a jackal peeping over a wall, or a fox running into his hole. Now and then an inhabited house was to be seen, the owner of which might be assimilated to Job's forlorn man dwelling in desolate cities, and in houses which no man inhabiteth; which are ready to become heaps."

Istakar made a nobler defence. The national pride of the Persians was too much connected with this city, once their boast, to let it fall without a struggle. There was another gathering of troops from various parts; one hundred and twenty thousand are said to have united under the standard

of Shah-reg, the patriotic governor. It was all in vain. The Persians were again defeated in a bloody battle; Shah-reg was slain, and Istakar, the ancient Persepolis, once almost the mistress of the Eastern world, was compelled to pay tribute to the Arabian Caliph.

The course of Moslem conquest now turned into the vast province of Khorassan; subdued one part of it after another, and approached the remote region where Yezdegird had taken refuge. Driven to the boundaries of his dominions, the fugitive monarch crossed the Oxus (the ancient Gihon) and the sandy deserts beyond, and threw himself among the shepherd hordes of Scythia. His wanderings are said to have extended to the borders of Tshin, or China, from the emperor of which he sought assistance.

Obscurity hangs over this part of his story: it is affirmed that he succeeded in obtaining aid from the great Khan of the Tartars, and, re-crossing the Gihon, was joined by the troops of Balkh or Bactria, which province was still unsubdued and loyal. With these he endeavored to make a stand against his unrelenting pursuers. A slight reverse, or some secret treachery, put an end to the adhesion of his barbarian ally. The Tartar chief returned with his troops to Turkestan.

Yezdegird's own nobles, tired of following his desperate fortunes, now conspired to betray him and his treasures into the hands of the Moslems as a price for their own safety. He was at that time at Merv, or Merou, on the Oxus, called Me-

rou al Roud, or 'Merou of the River,' to distinguish it from Merou in Khorassan. Discovering the intended treachery of his nobles, and of the governor of the place, he caused his slaves to let him down with cords from a window of his palace, and fled, alone and on foot, under cover of the night. At the break of day he found himself near a mill, on the banks of the river, only eight miles from the city, and offered the miller his ring and bracelets, enriched with gems, if he would ferry him across the stream. The boor, who knew nothing of jewels, demanded four silver oboli, or drachms, the amount of a day's earnings, as a compensation for leaving his work. While they were debating, a party of horsemen, who were in pursuit of the king, came up and clove him with their scimetars. Another account states that, exhausted and fatigued with the weight of his embroidered garments, he sought rest and concealment in the mill, and that the miller spread a mat, on which he laid down and slept. His rich attire, however, his belt of gold studded with jewels, his rings and bracelets, excited the avarice of the miller, who slew him with an axe while he slept, and, having stripped the body, threw it into the water. In the morning several horsemen, in search of him, arrived at the mill, where discovering, by his clothes and jewels, that he had been murdered, they put the miller to death.

This miserable catastrophe to a miserable career is said to have occurred on the 23d August, in the year 651 of the Christian era. Yezdegird was in the thirty-fourth year of his

age; having reigned nine years previous to the battle of Nehâvend, and since that event having been ten years a fugitive. History lays no crimes to his charge, yet his hard fortunes and untimely end have failed to awaken the usual interest and sympathy. He had been schooled in adversity from his early youth, yet he failed to profit by it. Carrying about with him the wretched relics of an effeminate court, he sought only his personal safety, and wanted the courage and magnanimity to throw himself at the head of his armies, and battle for his crown and country like a great sovereign and a patriot prince.

Empires, however, like all other things, have their allotted time, and die, if not by violence, at length of imbecility and old age. That of Persia had long since lost its stamina, and the energy of a Cyrus would have been unable to infuse new life into its gigantic but palsied limbs. At the death of Yezdegird it fell under the undisputed sway of the Caliphs, and became little better than a subject province.*

* According to popular traditions in Persia, Yezdegird, in the course of his wanderings, took refuge for a time in the castle of Fahender, near Schiraz, and buried the crown jewels and treasures of Nushirwan, in a deep pit or well under the castle, where they still remain guarded by a talisman, so that they cannot be found or drawn forth. Others say that he had them removed and deposited in trust with the Khacan, or emperor of Chin or Tartary. After the extinction of the royal Persian dynasty, those treasures and the crown remained in Chin.—*Sir William Ouseley's Travels in the East*, vol. ii. p. 34.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Amru displaced from the government of Egypt.—Revolt of the inhabitants —Alexandria retaken by the imperialists.—Amru reinstated in command.—Retakes Alexandria, and tranquillizes Egypt.—Is again displaced.—Abdallah Ibn Saad invades the north of Africa.

"In the conquests of Syria, Persia, and Egypt," says a modern writer, "the fresh and vigorous enthusiasm of the personal companions and proselytes of Mahomet was exercised and expended, and the generation of warriors whose simple fanaticism had been inflamed by the preaching of the pseudo prophet, was in a great measure consumed in the sanguinary and perpetual toils of ten arduous campaigns."

We shall now see the effect of those conquests on the national character and habits; the avidity of place and power and wealth, superseding religious enthusiasm; and the enervating luxury and soft voluptuousness of Syria and Persia sapping the rude but masculine simplicity of the Arabian desert. Above all, the single-mindedness of Mahomet and his two immediate successors is at an end. Other objects beside

the mere advancement of Islamism distract the attention of its leading professors; and the struggle for worldly wealth and worldly sway, for the advancement of private ends, and the aggrandizement of particular tribes and families, destroy the unity of the empire, and beset the Caliphat with intrigue, treason, and bloodshed.

It was a great matter of reproach against the Caliph Othman that he was injudicious in his appointments, and had an inveterate propensity to consult the interests of his relatives and friends before that of the public. One of his greatest errors in this respect was the removal of Amru Ibn Al Aass from the government of Egypt, and the appointment of his own foster brother Abdallah Ibn Saad in his place. This was the same Abdallah who, in acting as amanuensis to Mahomet, and writing down his revelations, had interpolated passages of his own, sometimes of a ludicrous nature. For this, and for his apostasy, he had been pardoned by Mahomet at the solicitation of Othman, and had ever since acted with apparent zeal; his interest coinciding with his duty.

He was of a courageous spirit, and one of the most expert horsemen of Arabia; but what might have fitted him to command a horde of the desert, was insufficient for the government of a conquered province. He was new and inexperienced in his present situation; whereas Amru had distinguished himself as a legislator as well as a conqueror, and had already won the affections of the Egyptians by his attention to their

interests, and his respect for their customs and habitudes. His dismission was, therefore, resented by the people, and a disposition was manifested to revolt against the new governor.

The emperor Constantine, who had succeeded to his father Heraclius, hastened to take advantage of these circumstances. A fleet and army were sent against Alexandria under a prefect named Manuel. The Greeks in the city secretly co-operated with him, and the metropolis was, partly by force of arms, partly by treachery, recaptured by the imperialists without much bloodshed.

Othman, made painfully sensible of the error he had committed, hastened to revoke the appointment of his foster brother, and reinstated Amru in the command in Egypt. That able general went instantly against Alexandria with an army, in which were many Copts, irreconcilable enemies of the Greeks. Among these was the traitor Makawkas, who, from his knowledge of the country, and his influence among its inhabitants, was able to procure abundant supplies for the army.

The Greek garrison defended the city bravely and obstinately. Amru, enraged at having thus again to lay siege to a place which he had twice already taken, swore, by Allah, that if he should master it a third time, he would render it as easy of access as a brothel. He kept his word, for when he took the city he threw down the walls and demolished all the fortifications. He was merciful, however, to the inhabitants,

and checked the fury of the Saracens, who were slaughtering all they met. A mosque was afterwards erected on the spot at which he stayed the carnage, called the Mosque of Mercy. Manuel, the Greek general, found it expedient to embark with all speed with such of his troops as he could save, and make sail for Constantinople.

Scarce, however, had Amru quelled every insurrection and secured the Moslem domination in Egypt, when he was again displaced from the government, and Abdallah Ibn Saad appointed a second time in his stead.

Abdallah had been deeply mortified by the loss of Alexandria, which had been ascribed to his incapacity; he was emulous too of the renown of Amru, and felt the necessity of vindicating his claims to command by some brilliant achievement. The north of Africa presented a new field for Moslem enterprise. We allude to that vast tract extending west from the desert of Libya or Barca, to Cape Non, embracing more than two thousand miles of sea-coast; comprehending the ancient divisions of Mamarica, Cyrenaica, Carthage, Numidia, and Mauritania; or, according to modern geographical designations, Barca, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

A few words respecting the historical vicissitudes of this once powerful region may not be inappropriate. The original inhabitants are supposed to have come at a remote time from Asia; or rather, it said that an influx of Arabs drove the

original inhabitants from the sea-coast to the mountains, and the borders of the interior desert, and continued their nomade and pastoral life along the shores of the Mediterranean. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, the Phœnicians of Tyre founded colonies along the coast; of these Carthage was the greatest. By degrees it extended its influence along the African shores and the opposite coast of Spain, and rose in prosperity and power until it became a rival republic to Rome. On the wars between Rome and Carthage it is needless to dilate. They ended in the downfall of the Carthaginian republic and the domination of Rome over Northern Africa.

This domination continued for about four centuries, until the Roman prefect Bonifacius invited over the Vandals from Spain to assist him in a feud with a political rival. The invitation proved fatal to Roman ascendency. The Vandals, aided by the Moors and Berbers, and by numerous Christian sectarians recently expelled from the Catholic church, aspired to gain possession of the country, and succeeded. Genseric, the Vandal general, captured and pillaged Carthage, and having subjugated Northern Africa, built a navy, invaded Italy and sacked Rome. The domination of the Vandals by sea and land lasted above half a century. In 533 and 534, Africa was regained by Belisarius for the Roman empire, and the Vandals were driven out of the land. After the departure of Belisarius, the Moors rebelled and made repeated attempts to

get the dominion, but were as often defeated with great loss, and the Roman sway was once more established.

All these wars and changes had a disastrous effect on the African provinces. The Vandals had long disappeared; many of the Moorish families had been extirpated; the wealthy inhabitants had fled to Sicily and Constantinople, and a stranger might wander whole days over regions, once covered with towns and cities, and teeming with population, without meeting a human being.

For near a century the country remained sunk in apathy and inaction, until now it was to be roused from its torpor by the all-pervading armies of Islam.

Soon after the reappointment of Abdallah to the government of Egypt, he set out upon the conquest of this country, at the head of forty thousand Arabs. After crossing the western boundary of Egypt he had to traverse the desert of Libya, but his army was provided with camels accustomed to the sandy wastes of Arabia, and, after a toilsome march, he encamped before the walls of Tripoli; then as now, one of the most wealthy and powerful cities of the Barbary coast. The place was well fortified and made good resistance. A body of Greek troops which were sent to reinforce it, were surprised by the besiegers on the sea-coast, and dispersed with great slaughter.

The Roman prefect Gregorius having assembled an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, a great proportion

of whom were the hastily levied and undisciplined tribes of Barbary, advanced to defend his province. He was accompanied by an Amazonian daughter of wonderful beauty, who had been taught to manage the horse, to draw the bow and wield the scimetar, and who was always at her father's side in battle.

Hearing of the approach of this army, Abdallah suspended the siege and advanced to meet it. A brief parley took place between the hostile commanders. Abdallah proposed the usual alternatives, profession of Islamism, or payment of tribute. Both were indignantly rejected. The armies engaged before the walls of Tripoli. Abdallah, whose fame was staked on this enterprise, stimulated his troops by word and example, and charged the enemy repeatedly at the head of his squadrons. Wherever he pressed, the fortune of the day would incline in favor of the Moslems; but on the other hand Gregorius fought with desperate bravery, as the fate of the province depended on this conflict; and wherever he appeared, his daughter was at his side, dazzling all eyes by the splendor of her armor and the heroism of her achievements. The contest was long, arduous, and uncertain. It was not one drawn battle, but a succession of conflicts, extending through several days, beginning at early dawn, but ceasing toward noon, when the intolerable heat of the sun obliged both armies to desist, and seek the shade of their tents.

The prefect Gregorius was exasperated at being in a man-

ner held at bay by an inferior force, which he had expected to crush by the superiority of numbers. Seeing that Abdallah was the life and soul of his army, he proclaimed a reward of one hundred thousand pieces of gold and the hand of his daughter to the warrior who should bring him his head.

The excitement caused among the Grecian youth by this tempting prize, made the officers of Abdallah tremble for his safety. They represented to him the importance of his life to the army and the general cause, and prevailed upon him to keep aloof from the field of battle. His absence, however, produced an immediate change, and the valor of his troops, hitherto stimulated by his presence, began to languish.

Zobeir, a noble Arab of the tribe of Koreish, arrived at the field of battle with a small reinforcement, in the heat of one of the engagements. He found the troops fighting to a disadvantage, and looked round in vain for the general. Being told that he was in his tent, he hastened thither and reproached him with his inactivity. Abdallah blushed, but explained the reason of his remaining passive. "Retort on the infidel commander his perfidious bribe," cried Zobeir; "proclaim that his daughter as a captive, and one hundred thousand pieces of gold, shall be the reward of the Moslem who brings his head." The advice was adopted, as well as the following stratagem suggested by Zobeir. On the next morning, Abdallah sent forth only sufficient force to keep up a de-

fensive fight; but, when the sun had reached its noontide height, and the panting troops retired as usual to their tents. Abdallah and Zobeir sallied forth at the head of the reserve, and charged furiously among the fainting Greeks. Zobeir singled out the prefect, and slew him after a well contested fight. His daughter pressed forward to avenge his death, but was surrounded and made prisoner. The Grecian army was completely routed, and fled to the opulent town of Safetula, which was taken and sacked by the Moslems.

The battle was over, Gregorius had fallen, but no one came forward to claim the reward set upon his head. His captive daughter, however, on beholding Zobeir, broke forth into tears and exclamations, and thus revealed the modest victor. Zobeir, refused to accept the maiden or the gold. He fought, he said, for the faith, not for earthly objects; and looked for his reward in paradise. In honor of his achievements, he was sent with tidings of this victory to the Caliph; but when he announced it, in the great mosque at Medina, in presence of the assembled people, he made no mention of his own services. His modesty enhanced his merits in the eyes of the public, and his name was placed by the Moslems beside those of Khaled and Amru.

Abdallah found his forces too much reduced and enfeebled by battle and disease to enable him to maintain possession of the country he had subdued; and, after a campaign of fifteen months, he led back his victorious, but diminished

army into Egypt, encumbered with captives and laden with booty.

He afterwards, by the Caliph's command, assembled an army in the Thebaid or Upper Egypt, and thence made numerous successful excursions into Nubia, the Christian king of which was reduced to make a humiliating treaty, by which he bound himself to send annually to the Moslem commander in Egypt a great number of Nubian or Ethiopian slaves by way of tribute.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Moawyah, Emir of Syria.—His naval victories.—Othman loses the prophet's ring.—Suppresses erroneous copies of the Koran.—Conspiracies against him.—His death.

Among the distinguished Moslems who held command of the distant provinces during the Caliphat of Othman, was Moawyah Ibn Abu Sofian. As his name denotes, he was the son of Abu Sofian, the early foe and subsequent proselyte of Mahomet. On his father's death he had become chief of the tribe of Koreish, and head of the family of Omeya or Ommiah. The late Caliph Omar, about four years before his death, had appointed him emir, or governor of Syria, and he was continued in that office by Othman. He was between thirty and forty years of age, enterprising, courageous, of quick sagacity, extended views, and lofty aims. Having the maritime coast and ancient ports of Syria under his command, he aspired to extend the triumphs of the Moslem arms by sea as well as land. He had repeatedly endeavored, but in vain, to obtain permission from Omar to make a naval expedition, that Caliph

being always apprehensive of the too wide and rapid extension of the enterprises of his generals. Under Othman he was more successful, and in the twenty-seventh year of the Hegira was permitted to fit out a fleet, with which he launched forth on the Sea of Tarshish, or the Phœnician Sea, by both which names the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea was designated in ancient times.

His first enterprise was against the island of Cyprus, which was still held in allegiance to the emperor of Constantinople. The Christian garrison was weak and the inhabitants of the island soon submitted to pay tribute to the Caliph.

His next enterprise was against the island of Aradus, where he landed his troops and besieged the city or fortress; battering it with military engines. The inhabitants made vigorous resistance, repelled him from the island, and it was only after he had come a second time, with superior force that he was able to subdue it. He then expelled the natives, demolished the fortifications, and set fire to the city.

His most brilliant achievement, however, was a battle with a large fleet, in which the emperor was cruising in the Phœnician Sea. It was called in Arab history The Battle of Masts, from the forest of masts in the imperial fleet. The Christians went into action singing psalms and elevating the cross; the Moslems repeating texts of the Koran, shouting Allah Achbar, and waving the standard of Islam. The battle was severe;

the imperial fleet dispersed, and the emperor escaped by dint of sails and oars.

Moawyah now swept the seas victoriously, made landings on Crete and Malta, captured the island of Rhodes, demolished its famous colossal statue of brass, and, having broken it to pieces, transported the fragments to Alexandria, where they were sold to a Jewish merchant of Edissa, and were sufficient to load nine hundred camels. He had another fight with a Christian fleet in the bay of Feneke, by Castel Rosso, in which both parties claimed the victory. He even carried his expeditions along the coasts of Asia Minor, and to the very port of Constantinople.

These naval achievements, a new feature in Arab warfare, rendered Moawyah exceedingly popular in Syria, and laid the foundation for that power and importance to which he subsequently attained.

It is worthy of remark how the triumphs of an ignorant people, who had heretofore dwelt obscurely in the midst of their deserts, were overrunning all the historical and poetical regions of antiquity. They had invaded and subdued the once mighty empires on land, they had now launched forth from the old Scriptural ports of Tyre and Sidon, swept the Sea of Tarshish, and were capturing the isles rendered famous by classic fable.

In the midst of these foreign successes an incident, considered full of sinister import, happened to Othman. He

accidentally dropped in a brook a silver ring, on which was inscribed, "Mahomet the apostle of God." It had originally belonged to Mahomet, and since his death had been worn by Abu Beker, Omar and Othman, as the symbol of command, as rings had been considered throughout the East from the earliest times. The brook was searched with the most anxious care, but the ring was not to be found. This was an ominous loss in the eyes of the superstitious Moslems.

It happened about this time that, scandalized by the various versions of the Koran, and the disputes that prevailed concerning their varying texts, he decreed, in a council of the chief Moslems, that all copies of the Koran which did not agree with the genuine one in the hands of Hafza, the widow of Mahomet, should be burnt. Seven copies of Hafza's Koran were accordingly made; six were sent to Mecca, Yemen, Syria, Bahrein, Bassora, and Cufa, and one was retained in Medina. All copies varying from these were to be given to the flames. This measure caused Othman to be called the Gatherer of the Koran. It, at any rate, prevented any further vitiation of the sacred Scripture of Islam, which has remained unchanged from that time to the present. Besides this pious act, Othman caused a wall to be built round the sacred house of the Caaba, and enlarged and beautified the mosque of the prophet in Medina.

Notwithstanding all this, disaffection and intrigue were springing up round the venerable Caliph in Medina. He was

brave, open-handed, and munificent, but he wanted shrewdness and discretion; was prone to favoritism; very credulous and easily deceived.

Murmurs rose against him on all sides, and daily increased in virulence. His conduct, both public and private, was reviewed, and circumstances, which had been passed by as trivial, were magnified into serious offences. He was charged with impious presumption in having taken his stand, on being first made Caliph, on the uppermost step of the pulpit, where Mahomet himself used to stand, whereas Abu Beker had stood one step lower, and Omar two. A graver accusation, and one too well merited, was that he had displaced men of worth, eminent for their services, and given their places to his own relatives and favorites. This was especially instanced in dismissing Amru Ibn al Aass from the government of Egypt and appointing in his stead his own brother Abdallah Ibn Saad, who had once been proscribed by Mahomet. Another accusation was, that he had lavished the public money upon parasites, giving one hundred thousand dinârs to one, four hundred thousand to another, and no less than five hundred and four thousand upon his secretary of state, Merwân Ibn Hakem, who had, it was said, an undue ascendency over him, and was, in fact, the subtle and active spirit of his government. The last sum, it was alleged, was taken out of a portion of the spoils of Africa, which had been set apart for the family of the prophet.

The ire of the old Caliph was kindled at having his lavish liberality thus charged upon him as a crime. He mounted the pulpit and declared that the money in the treasury belonged to God, the distribution to the Caliph at his own discretion, as successor of the prophet; and he prayed God to confound whoever should gainsay what he had set forth.

Upon this Ammar Ibn Yaser, one of the primitive Moslems, of whom Mahomet himself had said that he was filled with faith from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, rose and disputed the words of Othman, whereupon some of the Caliph's kindred of the house of Ommiah fell upon the venerable Ammar and beat him until he fainted.

The outrage offered to the person of one of the earliest disciples and especial favorites of the prophet was promulgated far and wide, and contributed to the general discontent which now assumed the aspect of rebellion. The ringleader of the disaffected, was Ibn Caba, formerly a Jew. This son of mischief made a factious tour from Yemen to Hidschaf, thence to Bassora, to Cufa, to Syria and Egypt, decrying the Caliph and the emirs he had appointed; declaring that the Caliphat had been usurped by Othman from Ali, to whom it rightly belonged, as the nearest relative of the prophet, and suggesting by word of mouth and secret correspondence, that the malcontents should assemble simultaneously in various parts under pretext of a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The plot of the renegade Jew succeeded. In the fulness

of time deputations arrived from all parts. One amounting to a hundred and fifty persons from Bassora; another of two hundred under Malec Alashtar from Cufa; a third of six hundred from Egypt headed by Mahomet, the son of Abu Beker, and brother of Ayesha, together with numbers of a sect of zealots called Karegites, who took the lead. These deputies encamped like an army within a league of Medina, and summoned the Caliph by message either to redress their grievances or to abdicate.

Othman in consternation applied to Ali to go forth and pacify the multitude. He consented on condition that Othman would previously make atonement for his errors from the pulpit. Harassed and dismayed, the aged Caliph mounted the pulpit, and with a voice broken by sobs and tears, exclaimed, "My God, I beg pardon of thee, and turn to thee with penitence and sorrow." The whole assemblage were moved and softened, and wept with the Caliph.

Merwan, the intriguing and well-paid secretary of Othman, and the soul of his government, had been absent during these occurrences, and on returning reproached the Caliph with what he termed an act of weakness. Having his permission, he addressed the populace in a strain that soon roused them to ten-fold ire. Ali, hereupon, highly indignant, renounced any further interference in the matter.

Naile, the wife of Othman, who had heard the words of Merwan, and beheld the fury of the people, warned her hus-

band of the storm gathering over his head, and prevailed upon him again to solicit the mediation of Ali. The latter suffered himself to be persuaded and went forth, among the insurgents. Partly by good words and liberal donations from the treasury, partly by a written promise from the Caliph to redress all their grievances, the insurgents were quieted, all but the deputies from Egypt who came to complain against the Caliph's foster-brother Abdallah Ibn Saad, who they said had oppressed them with exactions, and lavished their blood in campaigns in Barbary, merely for his own fame and profit, without retaining a foothold in the country. To pacify these complainants, Othman displaced Abdallah from the government, and left them to name his successor. They unanimously named Mahomet, the brother of Ayesha; who had in fact been used by that intriguing woman as a firebrand to kindle this insurrection; her object being to get Telha appointed to the Caliphat.

The insurgent camp now broke up. Mahomet with his followers set out to take possession of his post, and the aged Caliph flattered himself he would once more be left in peace.

Three days had Mahomet and his train been on their journey, when they were overtaken by a black slave on a dromedary. They demanded who he was, and whither he was travelling so rapidly. He gave himself out as a slave of the secretary Merwan bearing a message from the Caliph to his emir in Egypt. "I am the emir," said Mahomet. "My

errand," said the slave, "is to the emir Abdallah Ibn Saad." He was asked if he had a letter, and on his prevaricating was searched. A letter was found concealed in a water-flask. It was from the Caliph, briefly ordering the emir, on the arrival of Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker, to make way with him secretly, destroy his diploma, and imprison, until further orders, those who had brought complaints to Medina.

Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker returned furious to Medina, and showed the perfidious letter to Ali, Zobeir, and Telha, who repaired with him to Othman. The latter denied any knowledge of the letter. It must then, they said, be a forgery of Merwân's, and requested that he might be summoned. Othman would not credit such treason on the part of his secretary, and insisted it must have been a treacherous device of one of his enemies. Medina was now in a ferment. There was a gathering of the people. All were incensed at such an atrocious breach of faith, and insisted that if the letter originated with Othman, he should resign the Caliphat, if with Merwân, that he should receive the merited punishment. Their demands had no effect upon the Caliph.

Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker now sent off swift messengers to recall the recent insurgents from the provinces, who were returning home, and to call in aid from the neighboring tribes. The dwelling of Othman was beleaguered; the alternative was left him to deliver up Merwân or to abdicate. He refused both. His life was now threatened. He barricadoed himself

in his dwelling. The supply of water was cut off. If he made his appearance on the terraced roof, he was assailed with stones. Ali, Zobier, and Telha, endeavored to appease the multitude, but they were deaf to their entreaties. Saad Ibn al Aass advised the Caliph, as the holy month was at hand, to sally forth on a pilgrimage to Mecca, as the piety of the undertaking and the sanctity of the pilgrim garb would protect him. Othman rejected the advice. "If they seek my life," said he, "they will not respect the pilgrim garb."

Ali, Zobier, and Telha, seeing the danger imminent, sent their three sons, Hassan, Abdallah, and Mahomet, to protect the house. They stationed themselves by the door, and for some time kept the rebels at bay; but the rage of the latter knew no bounds. They stormed the house; Hassan was wounded in its defence. The rebels rushed in; among the foremost was Mahomet, the brother of Ayesha, and Ammer Ibn Yaser, whom Othman had ordered to be beaten. They found the venerable Caliph seated on a cushion, his beard flowing on his breast; the Koran open on his lap, and his wife Naile beside him.

One of the rebels struck him on the head, another stabbed him repeatedly with a sword, and Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker thrust a javelin into his body after he was dead. His wife was wounded in endeavoring to protect him, and her life was only saved through the fidelity of a slave. His house was plundered, as were some of the neighboring houses, and two chambers of the treasury.

As soon as the invidious Ayesha heard that the murder was accomplished, she went forth in hypocritical guise loudly bewailing the death of a man to whom she had secretly been hostile, and joining with the Ommiah family in calling for blood revenge.

The noble and virtuous Ali with greater sincerity, was incensed at his sons for not sacrificing their lives in defence of the Caliph, and reproached the sons of Telha and Zobeir with being lukewarm. "Why are you so angry, father of Hassan?" said Telha; "had Othman given up Merwân this evil would not have happened."

In fact it has been generally affirmed that the letter really was written by Merwân without the knowledge of the Caliph, and was intended to fall into the hands of Mahomet, and produce the effect which resulted from it. Merwân, it is alleged, having the charge of the correspondence of the Caliphat, had repeatedly abused the confidence of the weak and superannuated Othman in like manner, but not with such a nefarious aim. Of late he had secretly joined the cabal against the Caliph.

The body of Othman lay exposed for three days, and was then buried in the clothes in which he was slain, unwashed and without any funeral ceremony. He was eighty-two years old at the time of his death, and had reigned nearly twelve years. The event happened in the thirty-fifth year of the Hegira, in the year 655 of the Christian era. Notwithstand-

ing his profusion and the sums lavished upon his favorites, immense treasures were found in his dwelling, a considerable part of which he had set apart for charitable purposes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Candidates for the Caliphat.—Inauguration of Ali, fourth Caliph.—He undertakes measures of reform.—Their consequences.—Conspiracy of Ayesha.—She gets possession of Bassora.

We have already seen that the faith of Islam had begun to lose its influence in binding together the hearts of the faithful, and uniting their feelings and interests in one common cause. The factions which sprang up at the very death of Mahomet, had increased with the election of every successor, and candidates for the succession multiplied as the brilliant successes of the Moslem arms elevated victorious generals to popularity and renown. On the assassination of Othman, four candidates were presented for the Caliphat; and the fortuitous assemblage of deputies from the various parts of the Moslem empire threatened to make the election difficult and tumultuous.

The most prominent candidate was Ali, who had the strongest natural claim, being cousin and son-in-law of Mahomet, and his children by Fatima being the only posterity of

the prophet. He was of the noblest branch of the noble race of Koreish. He possessed the three qualities most prized by Arabs: courage, eloquence, and munificence. His intrepid spirit had gained him from the prophet, the appellation of The Lion of God; specimens of his eloquence remain in some verses and sayings preserved among the Arabs; and his munificence was manifested in sharing among others, every Friday, what remained in the treasury. Of his magnanimity, we have given repeated instances; his noble scorn of every thing false and mean, and the absence in his conduct of every thing like selfish intrigue.

His right to the Caliphat was supported by the people of Cufa, the Egyptians, and a great part of the Arabs who were desirous of a line of Caliphs of the blood of Mahomet. He was opposed, however, as formerly, by the implacable Ayesha, who, though well-stricken in years, retained an unforgiving recollection of his having once questioned her chastity.

A second candidate was Zobeir, the same warrior who distinguished himself by his valor, in the campaign of Barbary, by his modesty in omitting to mention his achievements, and in declining to accept their reward. His pretensions to the Caliphat were urged by the people of Bassora.

A third candidate was Telha, who had been one of the six electors of Othman, and who had now the powerful support of Ayesha.

A fourth candidate was Moawyah, the military governor of

Syria, and popular from his recent victories by sea and land. He had, moreover, immense wealth to back his claims, and was head of the powerful tribe of Koreish; but he was distant from the scene of election, and in his absence, his partisans could only promote confusion and delay.

It was a day of tumult and trouble in Medina. The body of Othman was still unburied. His wife Naile, at the instigation of Ayesha, sent off his bloody vest to be carried through the distant provinces, a ghastly appeal to the passions of the inhabitants.

The people, apprehending discord and disunion, clamored for the instant nomination of a Caliph. The deputations, which had come from various parts with complaints against Othman became impatient. There were men from Babylonia, and Mesopotamia, and other parts of Persia; from Syria and Egypt, as well as from the three divisions of Arabia; these assembled tumultuously, and threatened the safety of the three candidates, Ali, Telha, and Zobeir, unless an election were made in four and twenty hours.

In this dilemma, some of the principal Moslems repaired to Ali, and entreated him to accept the office. He consented with reluctance, but would do nothing clandestinely, and refused to take their hands, the Moslem mode at that time of attesting fealty, unless it were in public assembly at the mosque; lest he should give cause of cavil or dispute to his rivals. He refused, also, to make any promises or conditions

"If I am elected Caliph," said he, "I will administer the government with independence, and deal with you all according to my ideas of justice. If you elect another, I will yield obedience to him, and be ready to serve him as his vizier." They assented to every thing he said, and again entreated him to accept, for the good of the people and of the faith.

On the following morning there was a great assemblage of the people at the mosque, and Ali presented himself at the portal. He appeared in simple Arab style, clad in a thin cotton garb girded round his loins, a coarse turban, and using a bow as a walking-staff. He took off his slippers in reverence of the place, and entered the mosque bearing them in his left hand.

Finding that Telha and Zobeir were not present, he caused them to be sent for. They came, and knowing the state of the public mind, and that all immediate opposition would be useless, offered their hands in token of allegiance. Ali paused, and asked them if their hearts went with their hands; "speak frankly," said he; "if you disapprove of my election, and will accept the office, I will give my hand to either of you." They declared their perfect satisfaction, and gave their hands. Telha's right arm had been maimed in the battle of Ohod, and he stretched it forth with difficulty. The circumstance struck the Arabs as an evil omen. "It is likely to be a lame business, that is begun with a lame hand," muttered a bystander. Subsequent events seemed to justify the foreboding.

Moawyah, the remaining candidate, being absent at his government in Syria, the whole family of Ommiah, of which he was the head, withdrew from the ceremony. This, likewise, boded future troubles.

After the inauguration, Telha and Zobeir, with a view, it is said, to excite disturbance, applied to Ali to investigate and avenge the death of Othman. Ali, who knew that such a measure would call up a host of enemies, evaded the insidious proposition. It was not the moment, he said, for such an investigation. The event had its origin in old enmities and discontents instigated by the devil, and when the devil once gained a foothold, he never relinquished it willingly. The very measure they recommended was one of the devil's suggesting, for the purpose of fomenting disturbances. However," added he, "if you will point out the assassins of Othman, I will not fail to punish them according to their guilt."

While Ali thus avoided the dangerous litigation, he endeavored to cultivate the good will of the Koreishites, and to strengthen himself against apprehended difficulties with the family of Ommiah. Telha and Zobeir, being disconcerted in their designs, now applied for important commands. Telha for the government of Cufa, and Zobier for that of Bassora; but Ali again declined complying with their wishes; observing that he needed such able counsellors at hand in his present emergencies. They afterwards separately obtained permission from him to make a pilgrimage to Mecca; and set off on that

devout errand with piety on their lips, but crafty policy in their breasts; Ayesha had already repaired to the holy city, bent upon opposition to the government of the man she hated.

Ali was now Caliph, but did not feel himself securely fixed in his authority. Many abuses had grown up during the dotage of his predecessor, which called for redress, and most of the governments of provinces were in the hands of persons in whose affection and fidelity he felt no confidence. He determined upon a general reform; and as a first step, to remove from office all the governors who had been appointed by the superannuated Othman. This measure was strongly opposed by some of his counsellors. They represented to him that he was not yet sufficiently established to venture upon such changes; and that he would make powerful enemies of men, who, if left in office, would probably hasten to declare allegiance to him, now that he was Caliph.

Ali was not to be persuaded. "Sedition," he said, "like fire, is easily extinguished at the commencement; but the longer it burns the more fiercely it blazes."

He was advised, at least, to leave his formidable rival Moawyah, for the present, in the government of Syria, as he was possessed of great wealth and influence, and a powerful army, and might rouse that whole province to rebellion; and in such case might be joined by Telha and Zobeir, who were both disappointed and disaffected men. He had recently shown his influence over the feelings of the people under his command;

when the bloody vest of Othman arrived in the province, he had displayed it from the pulpit of the mosque in Damascus. The mosque resounded with lamentations mingled with clamors for the revenge of blood; for Othman had won the hearts of the people of Syria by his munificence. Some of the noblest inhabitants of Damascus swore to remain separate from their wives, and not to lay their heads on a pillow until blood for blood had atoned for the death of Othman. Finally the vest had been hoisted as a standard, and had fired the Syrian army with a desire for vengeance.

Ali's counsellor represented all these things to him. "Suffer Moawyah, therefore," added he, "to remain in command until he has acknowledged your government, and then he may be displaced without turmoil. Nay, I will pledge myself to bring him bound hand and foot into your presence."

Ali spurned at this counsel, and swore he would practise no such treachery, but would deal with Moawyah with the sword alone. He commenced immediately his plan of reform, with the nomination of new governors devoted to his service. Abdallah Ibn Abbas was appointed to Arabia Felix, Ammar Ibn Sahel to Cufa, Othman Ibn Hanif to Bassora, Sahel Ibn Hanif to Syria, and Saad Ibn Kais to Egypt. These generals lost no time in repairing to their respective governments, but the result soon convinced Ali that he had been precipitate.

Jaali, the governor of Arabia Felix, readily resigned his post to Abdallah Ibn Abbas, and retired to Mecca; but he took

with him the public treasure, and delivered it into the hands of Ayesha, and her confederates Telha and Zobeir, who were already plotting rebellion.

Othman Ibn Hanif on arriving at Bassora to take the command, found the people discontented and rebellious, and having no force to subjugate them, esteemed himself fortunate in escaping from their hands and returning to the Caliph.

When Ammar Ibn Sahel reached the confines of Cufa, he learnt that the people were unanimous in favor of Abu Musa Alashari, their present governor, and determined to support him by fraud or force. Ammar had no disposition to contend with them, the Cufians being reputed the most treacherous and perfidious people of the East; so he turned the head of his horse, and journeyed back mortified and disconcerted to Ali.

Saad Ibn Kais was received in Egypt with murmurs by the inhabitants, who were indignant at the assassination of Othman, and refused to submit to the government of Ali, until justice was done upon the perpetrators of that murder. Saad prudently, therefore, retraced his steps to Medina.

Sahel Ibn Hanif had no better success in Syria, he was met at Tabuc, by a body of cavalry, who demanded his name and business. "For my name," said he, "I am Sahel, the son of Hanif; and for my business, I am governor of this province, as lieutenant of the Caliph Ali, Commander of the Faithful." They assured him in reply, that Syria had already an able governor in Moawyah, son of Abu Sofian, and that to their

certain knowledge there was not room in the province for the sole of his foot; so saying, they unsheathed their scimetars.

The new governor, who was not provided with a body of troops sufficient to enforce his authority, returned also to the Caliph with this intelligence. Thus of the five governors, so promptly sent forth by Ali in pursuance of his great plan of reform, Abdallah Ibn Abbas was the only one permitted to assume his post.

When Ali received tidings of the disaffection of Syria, he wrote a letter to Moawyah, claiming his allegiance, and transmitted it by an especial messenger. The latter was detained many days by the Syrian commander, and then sent back, accompanied by another messenger, bearing a sealed letter superscribed, "From Moawyah to Ali." The two couriers arrived at Medina in the cool of the evening, the hour of concourse, and passed through the multitude bearing the letter aloft on a staff, so that all could see the superscription. The people thronged after the messengers into the presence of Ali. On opening the letter it was found to be a perfect blank, in token of contempt and defiance.

Ali soon learned that this was no empty bravado. He was apprised by his own courier that an army of sixty thousand men was actually on foot in Syria, and that the bloody garment of Othman, the standard of rebellion, was erected in the mosque at Damascus. Upon this he solemnly called Allah and the prophet to witness that he was not guilty of that mur-

der; but made active preparations to put down the rebellion by force of arms; sending missives into all the provinces, demanding the assistance of the faithful.

The Moslems were now divided into two parties: those who adhered to Ali, among whom were the people of Medina generally; and the Motazeli, or Separatists, who were in the opposition. The latter were headed by the able and vindictive Ayesha, who had her headquarters at Mecca, and with the aid of Telha and Zobeir, was busy organizing an insurrection. She had induced the powerful family of Ommiah to join her cause, and had sent couriers to all the governors of provinces whom Ali had superseded, inviting them to unite in the rebellion. The treasure brought to her by Jaali, the displaced governor of Arabia Felix, furnished her with the means of war, and the bloody garment of Othman proved a powerful auxiliary.

A council of the leaders of this conspiracy was held at Mecca. Some inclined to join the insurgents in Syria, but it was objected, that Moawyah was sufficiently powerful in that country without their aid. The intrepid Ayesha was for proceeding immediately to Medina and attacking Ali in his capital, but it was represented that the people of Medina were unanimous in his favor, and too powerful to be assailed with success. It was finally determined to march for Bassora, Telha assuring them that he had a strong party in that city, and pledging himself for its surrender.

A proclamation was accordingly made by sound of trumpet through the streets of Mecca to the following effect:

"In the name of the most high God. Ayesha, Mother of the Faithful, accompanied by the chiefs Telha and Zobier, is going in person to Bassora. All those of the faithful who burn with a desire to defend the faith and avenge the death of the Caliph Othman, have only to present themselves and they shall be furnished with all necessaries for the journey."

Ayesha sallied forth from one of the gates of Mecca, borne in a litter placed on the back of a strong camel named Alascar. Telha and Zobeir attended her on each side, followed by six hundred persons of some note, all mounted on camels, and a promiscuous multitude of about six thousand on foot.

After marching some distance, the motley host stopped to refresh themselves on the bank of a rivulet near a village. Their arrival aroused the dogs of the village, who surrounded Ayesha and barked at her most clamorously. Like all Arabs, she was superstitious, and considered this an evil omen. Her apprehensions were increased on learning that the name of the village was Jowab. "My trust is in God," exclaimed she, solemnly. "To him do I turn in time of trouble,"—a text from the Koran, used by Moslems in time of extreme danger. In fact, she called to mind some proverb of the prophet about the dogs of Jowab, and a prediction that one of his wives would be barked at by them when in a situation of imminent peril. "I will go no further," cried Ayesha, "I will halt here

for the night." So saying, she struck her camel on the leg to make him kneel that she might alight.

Telha and Zobeir, dreading any delay, brought some peasants whom they had suborned to assign a different name to the village, and thus quieted her superstitious fears. About the same time some horsemen, likewise instructed by them, rode up with a false report that Ali was not far distant with a body of troops. Ayesha hesitated no longer, but mounting nimbly on her camel, pressed to the head of her little army, and they all pushed forward with increased expedition towards Bassora. Arrived before the city, they had hoped, from the sanguine declarations of Telha, to see it throw open its gates to receive them; the gates, however, remained closely barred. Othman Ibn Hanef, whom Ali had sent without success to assume the government of Cufa, was now in command at Bassora, whither he had been invited by a part of the inhabitants.

Ayesha sent a summons to the governor to come forth and join the standard of the faithful, or at least to throw open his gates; but he was a timid, undecided man, and confiding the defence of the city to his lieutenant Ammar, retired in great tribulation within his own dwelling in the citadel, and went to prayers.

Ammar summoned the people to arms, and called a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the mosque. He soon found out, to his great discouragement, that the people were nearly equally divided into two factions, one for Ali, since he was

regularly elected Caliph, the other composed of partisans of Telha. The parties, instead of deliberating, fell to reviling, and ended by throwing dust in each others' faces.

In the meantime Ayesha and her host approached the walls, and many of the inhabitants went forth to meet her Telha and Zobeir alternately addressed the multitude, and were followed by Ayesha, who harangued them from her camel. Her voice, which she elevated that it might be heard by all, became shrill and sharp, instead of intelligible, and provoked the merriment of some of the crowd. A dispute arose as to the justice of her appeal; mutual revilings again took place between the parties; they gave each other the lie, and again threw dust in each others' faces. One of the men of Bassora then turned and reproached Ayesha. "Shame on thee, oh Mother of the Faithful!" said he. "The murder of the Caliph was a grievous crime, but was a less abomination than thy forgetfulness of the modesty of thy sex. Wherefore dost thou abandon thy quiet home, and thy protecting veil, and ride forth like a man barefaced on that accursed camel, to foment quarrels and dissensions among the faithful?"

Another of the crowd scoffed at Telha and Zobeir. "You have brought your mother with you," cried he, "why did you not also bring your wives?"

Insults were soon followed by blows, swords were drawn, a skirmish ensued, and they fought until the hour of prayer separated them.

Ayesha sat down before Bassora with her armed host, and some days passed in alternate skirmishes and negotiations At length a truce was agreed upon, until deputies could be sent to Medina to learn the cause of these dissensions among the Moslems, and whether Telha and Zobeir agreed voluntarily to the election of Ali, or did so on compulsion: if the former, they should be considered as rebels; if the latter, their partisans in Bassora should be considered justified in upholding them.

The insurgents, however, only acquiesced in this agreement to get the governor in their power, and so gain possession of the city. They endeavored to draw him to their camp by friendly messages, but he apparently suspected their intentions, and refused to come forth until the answer should be received from Medina. Upon this Telha and Zobeir, taking advantage of a stormy night, gained an entrance into the city with a chosen band, and surprised the governor in the mosque, where they took him prisoner, after killing forty of his guard. They sent to Ayesha to know what they should do with their captive. "Let him be put to death," was her fierce reply. Upon this one of her women interceded. "I adjure thee," said she, "in the name of Allah and the companions of the apostle, do not slay him." Ayesha was moved by this adjuration, and commuted his punishment into forty stripes and imprisonment. He was doomed, however, to suffer still greater evils before he escaped from the hands of his captors. His beard was plucked

out hair by hair, one of the most disgraceful punishments that can be inflicted on an Arab. His eyebrows were served in the same manner, and he was then contemptuously set at liberty.

The city of Bassora was now taken possession of without further resistance. Ayesha entered it in state, supported by Telha and Zobeir, and followed by her troops and adherents. The inhabitants were treated with kindness, as friends who had acted through error; and every exertion was made to secure their good-will, and to incense them against Ali, who was represented as a murderer and usurper.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ali defeats the rebels under Ayesha.—His treatment of her.

When Ali heard of the revolt at Mecca, and the march against Bassora, he called a general meeting in the mosque, and endeavored to stir up the people to arm and follow him in pursuit of the rebels: but, though he spoke with his usual eloquence, and was popular in Medina, a coldness and apathy pervaded the assembly. Some dreaded a civil war; others recollected that the leader of the rebels, against whom they were urged to take up arms, was Ayesha, the favorite wife of the prophet, the Mother of the Faithful; others doubted whether Ali might not, in some degree, be implicated in the death of Othman, which had been so artfully charged against him.

At length a Moslem of distinction, Ziyad Ibn Hantelah, rose with generous warmth, and, stepping up to Ali, "Let whosoever will, hold back," cried he, "we will go forward."

At the same time two Ansars, or doctors of the law, men of great weight, pronounced with oracular voice, "The Imam Othman, master of the two testimonies, did not die by the

hand of the master of the two testimonies;"* that is to say, "Othman was not slain by Ali."

The Arabs are a mercurial people, and acted upon by sudden impulses. The example of Ziyad, and the declaration of the two Ansars, caused an immediate excitement. Abu Kotada, an Ansar of distinction, drew his sword. "The apostle of God," said he, "upon whom be peace, girt me with this sword. It has long been sheathed. I now devote it to the destruction of these deceivers of the faithful."

A matron in a transport of enthusiasm exclaimed, "Oh Commander of the Faithful, if it were permitted by our law, I myself would go with thee; but here is my cousin, dearer to me than my own life, he shall follow thee and partake of thy fortunes."

Ali profited by the excitement of the moment, and making a hasty levy, marched out of Medina at the head of about nine hundred men, eager to overtake the rebels before they should reach Bassora. Hearing, however, that Ayesha was already in possession of that city, he halted at a place called Arrabdah until he should be joined by reinforcements: sending messengers to Abu Musa Alashair, governor of Cufa, and to various other commanders, ordering speedy succor. He

* The two testimonies mean the two fundamental beliefs of the Moslem creed: "There is but one God. Mahomet is the apostle of God." The Caliph, as Imam or pontiff of the Mussulman religion, is master of the two testimonies.

was soon joined by his eldest son Hassan, who undertook to review his conduct, and lecture him on his policy. "I told you," said he, "when the Caliph Othman was besieged, to go out of the city, lest you should be implicated in his death. I told you not to be inaugurated until deputies from the Arabian tribes were present. Lastly, I told you when Ayesha and her two confederates took the field, to keep at home until they should be pacified; so that, should any mischief result, you might not be made responsible. You have not heeded my advice, and the consequence is that you may now be murdered to-morrow, with nobody to blame but yourself."

Ali listened with impatience to this filial counsel, or rather, censure: when it was finished, he replied, "Had I left the city when Othman was besieged, I should myself have been surrounded. Had I waited for my inauguration until all the tribes came in, I should have lost the votes of the people of Medina, the 'Helpers,' who have the privilege of disposing of the government. Had I remained at home after my enemies had taken the field, like a wild beast lurking in its hole, I should like a wild beast have been digged out and destroyed. If I do not look after my own affairs, who will look after them? If I do not defend myself, who will defend me? Such are my reasons for acting as I have acted; and now, my son, hold your peace." We hear of no further counsels from Hassan.

Ali had looked for powerful aid from Abu Musa Alashair, governor of Cufa, but he was of a lukewarm spirit, and cher-

ished no good will to the Caliph, from his having sent Othman Ibn Hanef to supplant him, as has been noticed. He therefore received his messengers with coldness, and sent a reply full of evasions. Ali was enraged at this reply; and his anger was increased by the arrival about the same time of the unfortunate Othman Ibn Hanef, who had been so sadly scourged and maltreated and ejected from his government at Bassora. What most grieved the heart of the ex-governor was the indignity that had been offered to his person. "Oh Commander of the Faithful," said he, mournfully, "when you sent me to Bassora I had a beard, and now, alas, I have not a hair on my chin!"

Ali commiserated the unfortunate man who thus deplored the loss of his beard more than of his government; but comforted him with the assurance that his sufferings would be counted to him as merits. He then spoke of his own case; the Caliphs, his predecessors, had reigned without opposition; but, for his own part, those who had joined in electing him, had proved false to him. "Telha and Zobeir," said he, "have submitted to Abu Beker, Omar, and Othman, why have they arrayed themselves against me? By Allah they shall find that I am not one jot inferior to my predecessors!"

Ali now sent more urgent messages to Abu Musa, governor of Cufa, by his son Hassan and Ammar Ibn Yaser, his general of the horse, a stern old soldier, ninety years of age, the same intrepid spokesman who, for his hardihood of tongue, had

been severely maltreated by order of the Caliph Othman. They were reinforced by Alashtar, a determined officer, who had been employed in the previous mission, and irritated by the prevarications of Abu Musa.

Hassan and Ammar were received with ceremonious respect by the governor, and their mission was discussed, according to usage, in the mosque, but Alashtar remained with the guard that had escorted them. The envoys pressed their errand with warmth, urging the necessity of their sending immediate succor to the Caliph. Abu Musa, however, who prided himself more upon words than deeds, answered them by an evasive harangue; signifying his doubts of the policy of their proceeding; counselling that the troops should return to Medina, that the whole matter in dispute should be investigated, and the right to rule amicably adjusted. "It is a bad business," added he, "and he that meddles least with it, stands less chance of doing wrong. For what says the prophet touching an evil affair of the kind? He who sleepeth in it is more secure than he that waketh; he that lyeth than he that sitteth; he that sitteth than he that standeth; he that standeth than he that walketh; and he that walketh than he that rideth. Sheathe, therefore, your swords, take the heads from your lances, and the strings from your bows, and receive him that is injured into your dwellings, until all matters are adjusted and reconciled."

The ancient general, Ammar, replied to him tartly, that he had misapplied the words of the prophet, which were meant to

rebuke such servants as himself, who were better sitting than standing, and sleeping than awake. Abu Musa would have answered him with another long harangue in favor of non-resistance, but was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a number of his soldiers, bearing evidence of having been piteously beaten. While Abu Musa had been holding forth at the mosque, Alashtar, the hardy officer who remained with the escort, had seized upon the castle of Cufa, caused the garrison to be soundly scourged, and sent them to the mosque to cut short the negotiation. This prompt measure of Alashtar placed the cold-spirited conduct of Abu Musa in so ridiculous a light that the feelings of the populace were instantly turned against him. Hassan, the son of Ali, seized upon the moment to address the assembly. He maintained the innocence of his father in regard to the assassination of Othman. "His father," he said, "had either done wrong, or had suffered wrong. If he had done wrong, God would punish him. If he had suffered wrong, God would help him. The case was in the hand of the Most High. Telha and Zobeir, who were the first to inaugurate him, were the first to turn against him. What had he done, as Caliph, to merit such opposition? What injustice had he committed? What covetous or selfish propensity had he manifested? "I am going back to my father," added Hassan, "those who are disposed to render him assistance, may follow me."

His eloquence was powerfully effective, and the people of

Cufa followed him to the number of nearly nine thousand. In the meantime the army of Ali had been reinforced from other quarters, and now amounted to thirty thousand men, all of whom had seen service. When he appeared with his force before Bassora, Ayesha and her confederates were dismayed, and began to treat of conciliation. Various messages passed between the hostile parties, and Telha and Zobeir, confiding in the honorable faith of Ali, had several interviews with him.

When these late deadly enemies were seen walking backward and forward together, in sight of either army, and holding long conversations, it was confidently expected that a peace would be effected; and such would have been the case had no malign influence interfered; for Ali, with his impressive eloquence, touched the hearts of his opponents when he reproached them with their breach of faith, and warned them against the judgments of heaven. "Dost thou not remember," said he to Zobier, "how Mahomet once asked thee if thou didst not love his dear son Ali? and when thou answered yea, dost thou not remember his reply: 'Nevertheless a day will come when thou wilt rise up against him, and draw down miseries upon him and upon all the faithful?'"

"I remember it well," replied Zobeir, "and had I remembered it before, never would I have taken up arms against you."

He returned to his camp determined not to fight against

Ali, but was overruled by the vindictive Ayesha. Every attempt at pacification was defeated by that turbulent woman, and the armies were at length brought to battle. Ayesha took the field on that memorable occasion, mounted in a litter on her great camel Alascar, and rode up and down among her troops, animating them by her presence and her voice. The fight was called, from that circumstance, The Battle of the Camel, and also The Battle of Karibah, from the field on which it was fought.

It was an obstinate and bloody conflict, for Moslem was arrayed against Moslem, and nothing is so merciless and unyielding as civil war. In the heat of the fight Merwan Ibn Hakem, who stood near Ali, noticed Telha endeavoring to goad on the flagging valor of his troops. "Behold the traitor Telha," cried he, "but lately one of the murderers of Othman, now the pretended avenger of his blood." So saying, he let fly an arrow and wounded him in the leg. Telha writhed with the pain, and at the same moment his horse reared and threw him. In the dismay and anguish of the moment, he imprecated the vengeance of Allah upon his own head for the death of Othman. Seeing his boot full of blood, he made one of his followers take him up behind him on his horse and convey him to Bassora. Finding death approaching, he called to one of Ali's men who happened to be present, "Give me your hand," said the dying penitent, "that I may put mine in it, and thus renew my oath of fealty to Ali." With these words he expired.

His dying speech was reported to Ali, and touched his generous heart. "Allah," said he, "would not call him to heaven until he had blotted out his first breach of his word by this last vow of fidelity."

Zobeir, the other conspirator, had entered into the battle with a heavy heart. His previous conversation with Ali had awakened compunction in his bosom. He now saw that old Ammar Ibn Yaser, noted for probity and rectitude, was in the Caliph's host; and he recollected hearing Mahomet say that Ammar Ibn Yaser would always be found on the side of truth and justice. With a boding spirit he drew out of the battle and took the road towards Mecca. As he was urging his melancholy way, he came to a valley crossed by the brook Sabaa, where Hanef Ibn Kais was encamped with a horde of Arabs, awaiting the issue of the battle, ready to join the conqueror and share the spoil. Hanef knew him at a distance. "Is there no one," said he, "to bring me tidings of Zobeir?" One of his men, Amru Ibn Jarmuz, understood the hint, and spurred to overtake Zobeir. The latter, suspecting his intentions, bade him keep at a distance. A short conversation put them on friendly terms, and they both dismounted and conversed together. The hour of prayers arrived. "Salat" (to prayers!) cried Zobeir. "Salat," replied Amru; but as Zobeir prostrated himself in supplication, Amru struck off his head, and hastened with it, as a welcome trophy, to Ali. That generous conqueror shed tears over the bleeding head of one

who was once his friend. Then turning to his slayer, "Hence, miscreant!" cried he, "and carry thy tidings to Beu Safiah in hell." So unexpected a malediction, where he expected a reward, threw Amru into a transport of rage and desperation; he uttered a rhapsody of abuse upon Ali, and then, drawing his sword, plunged it into his own bosom.

Such was the end of the two leaders of the rebels. As to Ayesha, the implacable soul of the revolt, she had mingled that day in the hottest of the fight. Tabari, the Persian historian, with national exaggeration, declares that the heads of threescore and ten men were cut off that held the bridle of her camel, and that the inclosed litter in which she rode, was bristled all over with darts and arrows. At last her camel was hamstringed, and sank with her to the ground, and she remained there until the battle was concluded.

Ayesha might have looked for cruel treatment at the hands of Ali, having been his vindictive and persevering enemy, but he was too magnanimous to triumph over a fallen foe. It is said some reproachful words passed between them, but he treated her with respect; gave her an attendance of forty females, and sent his sons Hassan and Hosein to escort her a day's journey toward Medina, where she was confined to her own house, and forbidden to intermeddle any more with affairs of state. He then divided the spoils among the heirs of his soldiers who were slain, and appointed Abdallah Ibn Abbas governor of Bassora. This done, he repaired to Cufa, and in

reward of the assistance he had received from its inhabitants, made that city the seat of his Caliphat. These occurrences took place in the thirty-fifth year of the Hegira, the 655th of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Battles between Ali and Moawyah.—Their claims to the Caliphat left to arbitration; the result.—Decline of the power of Ali.—Loss of Egypt.

THE victory at Karibah had crushed the conspiracy of Ayesha, and given Ali quiet dominion over Egypt, Arabia, and Persia; still his most formidable adversary remained unsubdued. Moawyah Ibn Abu Sofian held sway over the wealthy and populous province of Syria; he had immense treasures and a powerful army at his command; he had the prejudices of the Syrians in his favor, who had been taught to implicate Ali in the murder of Othman, and refused to acknowledge him as Caliph. Still further to strengthen himself in defiance of the sovereign power, he sought the alliance of Amru, who had been displaced from the government of Egypt by Ali, and was now a discontented man in Palestine. Restoration to that command, was to be the reward of his successful co-operation with Moawyah in deposing Ali: the terms were accepted: Amru hastened to Damascus at the head of a devoted force; and finding the public mind ripe for his purpose, gave the hand of

allegiance to Moawyah in presence of the assembled army, and proclaimed him Caliph, amid the shouts of the multitude.

Ali had in vain endeavored to prevent the hostility of Moawyah, by all conciliatory means; when he heard of this portentous alliance, he took the field and marched for Syria, at the head of ninety thousand men. The Arabians, with their accustomed fondness for the marvellous, signalize his entrance into the confines of Syria with an omen. Having halted his army in a place where there was no water, he summoned a Christian hermit, who lived in a neighboring cave, and demanded to be shown a well. The anchorite assured him that there was nothing but a cistern, in which there were scarce three buckets of rain water. Ali maintained that certain prophets of the people of Israel had abode there in times of old, and had digged a well there. The hermit replied, that a well did indeed exist there, but it had been shut up for ages, and all traces of it lost, and it was only to be discovered and reopened by a predestined hand. He then, says the Arabian tradition, produced a parchment scroll written by Simeon ben Safa (Simon Cephas), one of the greatest apostles of Jesus Christ, predicting the coming of Mahomet, the last of the prophets, and that this well would be discovered and reopened by his lawful heir and successor.

Ali listened with becoming reverence to this prediction; then turning to his attendants and pointing to a spot, "Dig there," said he. They digged, and after a time came to an

immense stone, which having removed with difficulty, the miraculous well stood revealed, affording a seasonable supply to the army, and an unquestionable proof of the legitimate claim of Ali to the Caliphat. The venerable hermit was struck with conviction; he fell at the feet of Ali, embraced his knees, and never afterwards would leave him.

It was on the first day of the thirty-seventh year of the Hegira (18th June, A. D. 657), that Ali came in sight of the army of Moawyah, consisting of eighty thousand men, encamped on the plain of Seffein, on the banks of the Euphrates, on the confines of Babylonia and Syria. Associated with Moawyah was the redoubtable Amru, a powerful ally both in council and in the field. The army of Ali was superior in number; in his host, too, he had several veterans who had fought under Mahomet in the famous battle of Beder, and thence prided themselves in the surname of Shahabah; that is to say, Companions of the Prophet. The most distinguished of these was old Ammar Ibn Yaser, Ali's general of horse, who had fought repeatedly by the side of Mahomet. He was ninety years of age, yet full of spirit and activity, and idolized by the Moslem soldiery.

The armies lay encamped in sight of each other, but as it was the first month of the Moslem year, a sacred month, when all warfare is prohibited, it was consumed in negotiations; for Ali still wished to avoid the effusion of kindred blood. His efforts were in vain, and in the next month hostilities com-

menced; still Ali drew his sword with an unwilling hand; he charged his soldiers never to be the first to fight; never to harm those who fled, and never to do violence to a woman. Moawyah and Amru were likewise sensible of the unnatural character of this war; the respective leaders, therefore, avoided any general action, and months passed in mere skirmishings. These, however, were sharp and sanguinary, and in the course of four months Moawyah is said to have lost five and forty thousand men, and Ali more than half that number.

Among the slain on the part of Ali, were five and twenty of the Shahabah, the veterans of Beder, and companions of the prophet. Their deaths were deplored even by the enemy; but nothing caused greater grief than the fall of the brave old Ammar Ibn Yaser, Ali's general of horse, and the patriarch of Moslem chivalry. Moawyah and Amru beheld him fall. "Do you see," cried Moawyah, "What precious lives are lost in our dissensions?" "See," exclaimed Amru; "would to God I had died twenty years since!"

Ali forgot his usual moderation on beholding the fate of his brave old general of the horse; and putting himself at the head of twelve thousand cavalry, made a furious charge to avenge his death. The ranks of the enemy were broken by the shock; but the heart of Ali soon relented at the sight of carnage. Spurring within call of Moawyah, "How long," cried he, "shall Moslem blood be shed like water in our strife?

Come forth, and let Allah decide between us. Which ever is victor in the fight, let him be ruler."

Amru was struck with the generous challenge, and urged Moawyah to accept it; but the latter shunned an encounter with an enemy surnamed "The Lion," for his prowess, and who had always slain his adversary in single fight. Amru hinted at the disgrace that would attend his refusal; to which Moawyah answered with a sneer, "You do wisely to provoke a combat that may make you governor of Syria."

A desperate battle at length took place, which continued throughout the night. Many were slain on both sides; but most on the part of the Syrians. Alashtar was the hero of this fight; he was mounted upon a piebald horse, and wielded a two-edged sword; every stroke of that terrible weapon clove down a warrior, and every stroke was accompanied by the shout of Allah Achbar! He was heard to utter that portentous exclamation, say the Arabian historians, four hundred times during the darkness of the night.

The day dawned disastrously upon the Syrians. Alashtar was pressing them to their very encampment, and Moawyah was in despair; when Amru suggested an expedient, founded on the religious scruples of the Moslems. On a sudden, the Syrians elevated the Koran on the points of their lances. "Behold the book of God," cried they. "Let that decide our differences." The soldiers of Ali instantly dropped the points of their weapons. It was in vain Ali represented that this

was all a trick, and endeavored to urge them on. "What!" cried they, "do you refuse to submit to the decision of the book of God!"

Ali found that to persist would be to shock their bigot prejudices, and to bring a storm upon his own head; reluctantly, therefore, he sounded a retreat; but it required repeated blasts to call off Alashtar, who came, his scimetar dripping with blood, and murmuring at being, as he said, tricked out of so glorious a victory.

Umpires were now appointed to settle this great dispute according to the dictates of the Koran. Ali would have nominated on his part Abdallah Ibn Abbas, but he was objected to, as being his cousin german. He then named the brave Alashtar, but he was likewise set aside, and Abu Musa pressed upon him; an upright, but simple and somewhat garrulous man, as has already been shown. As to Moawyah, he managed on his part to have Amru Ibn al Aass appointed, the shrewdest and most sagacious man in all Arabia. The two rival leaders then retired, Ali to Cufa, and Moawyah to Damascus, leaving generals in command of their respective armies.

The arbitrators met several months afterwards at Jumat al Joudel, in presence of both armies, who were pledged to support their decision. Amru, who understood the weak points of Musa's character, treated him with great deference, and after having won his confidence, persuaded him that, to heal these dissensions, and prevent the shedding of kindred blood, it

would be expedient to set aside both candidates and let the faithful elect a third. This being agreed upon, a tribunal was erected between the armies, and Amru, through pretended deference, insisted that Musa should be the first to ascend it and address the people. Abu Musa accordingly ascended, and proclaimed with a loud voice, "I depose Ali and Moawyah from the office to which they pretend, even as I draw this ring from my finger." So saying he descended.

Amru now mounted in his turn. "You have heard," said he, "how Musa on his part has deposed Ali; I on my part depose him also; and I adjudge the Caliphat to Moawyah, and invest him with it, as I invest my finger with this ring: and I do it with justice, for he is the rightful successor and avenger of Othman."

Murmurs succeeded from the partisans of Ali, and from Abu Musa, who complained of the insincerity of Amru. The Syrians applauded the decision, and both parties, being prevented from hostilities by a solemn truce, separated without any personal violence; but with mutual revilings and augmented enmity. A kind of religious feud sprang up, which continued for a long time between the house of Ali and that of Ommiah; they never mentioned each other without a curse, and pronounced an excommunication upon each other whenever they harangued the people in the mosque.

The power of Ali now began to wane; the decision pronounced against him influenced many of his own party, and a

revolt was at length stirred up among his followers, by a set of fanatic zealots called Karigites or seceders; who insisted that he had done wrong in referring to the judgment of men what ought to be decided by God alone; and that he had refused to break the truce and massacre his enemies when in his power, though they had proved themselves to be the enemies of God; they therefore renounced allegiance to him; appointed Abdallah Ibn Waheb as their leader, and set up their standard at Naharwan, a few miles from Bagdad, whither the disaffected repaired from all quarters, until they amounted to twenty-five thousand.

The appearance of Ali with an army brought many of them to their senses. Willing to use gentle measures, he caused a standard to be erected outside of his camp, and proclaimed a pardon to such of the malcontents as should rally round it. The rebel army immediately began to melt away, until Abdallah Ibn Waheb was left with only four thousand adherents. These, however, were fierce enthusiasts, and their leader was a fanatic. Trusting that Allah and the prophet would render him miraculous assistance, he attacked the army of Ali with his handful of men, who fought with such desperation that nine only escaped. These served as firebrands to enkindle future mischief.

Moawyah had now recourse to a stratagem to sow troubles in Egypt, and ultimately to put it in the hands of Amru. Ali on assuming the Caliphat, had appointed Saad Ibn Kais to the

government of that province, who administered its affairs with ability. Moawyah now forged a letter from Saad to himself, professing devotion to his interests, and took measures to let it fall into the hands of Ali. The plan was successful. The suspicions of Ali were excited; he recalled Saad and appointed in his place Mahomet, son of Abu Beker, and brother of Ayesha. Mahomet began to govern with a high hand; proscribing and exiling the leaders of the Othman faction, who made the murder of the late Caliph a question of party. This immediately produced commotions and insurrections, and all Egypt was getting into a blaze. Ali again sought to remedy the evil by changing the governor, and dispatched Malec Shutur, a man of prudence and ability, to take the command. In the course of his journey Malec lodged one night at the house of a peasant, on the confines of Arabia and Egypt. The peasant was a creature of Moawyah's, and poisoned his unsuspecting guest with a pot of honey. Moawyah followed up this treacherous act by sending Amru with six thousand horse to seize upon Egypt in its present stormy state. Amru hastened with joy to the scene of his former victories, made his way rapidly to Alexandria, united his force with that of Ibn Sharig, the leader of the Othman party, and they together routed Mahomet Ibn Abu Beker and took him prisoner. The avengers of Othman reviled Mahomet with his assassination of that Caliph, put him to death, enclosed his body in the carcass of an ass, and burnt both to ashes. Then

Amru assumed the government of Egypt as lieutenant of Moawyah.

When Ayesha heard of the death of her brother, she knelt down in the mosque, and in the agony of her heart invoked a curse upon Moawyah and Amru, an invocation which she thenceforth repeated at the end of all her prayers. Ali, also, was afflicted at the death of Mahomet, and exclaimed, "The murderers will answer for this before God."

CHAPTER XL.

Preparations of Ali for the invasion of Syria.—His Assassination.

THE loss of Egypt was a severe blow to the fortunes of Ali, and he had the mortification subsequently to behold his active rival make himself master of Hejaz, plant his standard on the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, and ravage the fertile province of Yemen. The decline of his power affected his spirits, and he sank at times into despondency. His melancholy was aggravated by the conduct of his own brother Okail, who, under pretence that Ali did not maintain him in suitable style, deserted him in his sinking fortunes, and went over to Moawyah, who rewarded his unnatural desertion with ample revenues.

Still Ali meditated one more grand effort. Sixty thousand devoted adherents pledged themselves to stand by him to the death, and with these he prepared to march into Syria. While preparations were going on, it chanced that three zealots, of the sect of Karigites, met as pilgrims in the mosque of Mecca, and fell into conversation about the battle of Naharwan, wherein

four thousand of their brethren had lost their lives. This led to lamentations over the dissensions and dismemberment of the Moslem empire, all which they attributed to the ambition of Ali, Moawyah, and Amru. The Karigites were a fanatic sect, and these men were zealots of that dangerous kind who are ready to sacrifice their lives in the accomplishment of any bigot plan. In their infuriate zeal they determined that the only way to restore peace and unity to Islam, would be to destroy those three ambitious leaders, and they devoted themselves to the task, each undertaking to dispatch his victim. The several assassinations were to be effected at the same time, on Friday, the seventeenth of the month Ramadan, at the hour of prayer; and that their blows might be infallibly mortal, they were to use poisoned weapons.

The names of the conspirators were Barak Ibn Abdallah, Amru Ibn Asi, and Abda'lrahman Ibn Melgem. Barak repaired to Damascus and mingled in the retinue of Moawyah on the day appointed, which was the Moslem Sabbath; then, as the usurper was officiating in the mosque as pontiff, Barak gave him what he considered a fatal blow. The wound was desperate, but the life of Moawyah was saved by desperate remedies; the assassin was mutilated of hands and feet and suffered to live; but was slain in after years by a friend of Moawyah.

Amru Ibn Asi, the second of these fanatics, entered the mosque in Egypt on the same day and hour, and with one

blow killed Karijah the Imam, who officiated, imagining him to be Amru Ibn al Aass, who was prevented from attending the mosque through illness. The assassin being led before his intended victim, and informed of his error, replied with the resignation of a predestinarian: "I intended Amru; but Allah intended Karijah." He was presently executed.

Abda'lrahman, the third assassin, repaired to Cufa, where Ali held his court. Here he lodged with a woman of the sect of the Karigites, whose husband had been killed in the battle of Neharwân. To this woman he made proposals of marriage, but she replied she would have no man who could not bring her, as a dowry, three thousand drachms of silver, a slave, a maid-servant, and the head of Ali. He accepted the conditions, and joined two other Karigites, called Derwan and Shabib, with him in the enterprise. They stationed themselves in the mosque to await the coming of the Caliph.

Ali had recently been afflicted with one of his fits of despondency, and had uttered ejaculations which were afterwards considered presages of his impending fate. In one of his melancholy moods he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh, "Alas, my heart! there is need of patience, for there is no remedy against death!" In parting from his house to go to the mosque, there was a clamor among his domestic fowls, which he interpreted into a fatal omen. As he entered the mosque the assassins drew their swords, and pretended to be fighting among themselves; Derwan aimed a blow at the Caliph, but it fell short,

and struck the gate of the mosque; a blow from Abda'lrahman was better aimed, and wounded Ali in the head. The assassins then separated and fled. Derwan was pursued and slain at the threshold of his home; Shabib distanced his pursuers and escaped. Abda'lrahman, after some search, was discovered hidden in a corner of the mosque, his sword still in his hand. He was dragged forth and brought before the Caliph. The wound of Ali was pronounced mortal; he consigned his murderer to the custody of his son Hassan, adding, with his accustomed clemency, "Let him want for nothing; and, if I die of my wound, let him not be tortured; let his death be by a single blow." His orders, according to the Persian writers, were strictly complied with, but the Arabians declare that he was killed by piecemeal; and the Moslems opposed to the sect of Ali hold him up as a martyr.

The death of Ali happened within three days after receiving his wound: it was in the fortieth year of the Hegira, A. D. 660. He was about sixty-three years of age, of which he had reigned not quite five. His remains were interred about five miles from Cufa; and, in after times, a magnificent tomb, covered by a mosque, with a splendid dome, rose over his grave, and it became the site of a city called Meshed Ali or, the Sepulchre of Ali, and was enriched and beautified by many Persian monarchs.

We make no concluding comments on the noble and generous character of Ali, which has been sufficiently illustrated

throughout all the recorded circumstances of his life. He was one of the last and worthiest of the primitive Moslems, who imbibed his religious enthusiasm from companionship with the prophet himself; and who followed, to the last, the simplicity of his example. He is honorably spoken of as the first Caliph who accorded some protection to Belles-Lettres. He indulged in the poetic vein himself, and many of his maxims and proverbs are preserved, and have been translated into various languages. His signet bore this inscription: "The kingdom belongs to God." One of his sayings shows the little value he set upon the transitory glories of this world. "Life is but the shadow of a cloud; the dream of a sleeper."

By his first wife, Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, he had three sons, Mohassan, who died young, and Hassan and Hosein, who survived him. After her death he had eight other wives, and his issue, in all, amounted to fifteen sons and eighteen daughters. His descendants, by Fatima, are distinguished among Moslems as descendants of the prophet, and are very numerous, being reckoned both by the male and female line. They wear turbans of a peculiar fashion, and twist their hair in a different manner from other Moslems. They are considered of noble blood, and designated in different countries by various titles, such as Sheriffs, Fatimites, and Emirs. The Persians venerate Ali as next to the prophet, and solemnize the anniversary of his martyrdom. The Turks hold him in abhorrence, and for a long time, in their prayers, accompanied

his name with execrations; but subsequently abated in their violence. It is said that Ali was born in the Caaba, or holy temple of Mecca, where his mother was suddenly taken in labor, and that he was the only person of such distinguished birth.

CHAPTER XLI.

Succession of Hassan, fifth Caliph.—He abdicates in favor of Moawyah.

In his dying moments Ali had refused to nominate a successor, but his eldest son Hassan, then in his 37th year, was elected without opposition. He stood high in the favor of the people, partly from his having been a favorite with his grandfather, the prophet, to whom in his features he bore a strong resemblance; but chiefly from the moral excellence of his character, for he was upright, sincere, benevolent and devout. He lacked, however, the energy and courage necessary to a sovereignty, where the sceptre was a sword; and he was unfitted to command in the civil wars which distracted the empire, for he had a horror of shedding Moslem blood. He made a funeral speech over his father's remains, showing that his death was coincident with great and solemn events. "He was slain," said he, "on the same night of the year, in which the Koran was transmitted to earth; in which Isa (Jesus) was taken up to heaven, and in which Joshua, the son of Nun, was killed.

By Allah! none of his predecessors surpassed him. nor will he ever be equalled by a successor."

Then Kais, a trusty friend of the house of Ali, commenced the inauguration of the new Caliph. "Stretch forth thy hand," said he to Hassan, "in pledge that thou wilt stand by the book of God, and the tradition of the apostle, and make war against all opposers." Hassan complied with the ceremonial, and was proclaimed Caliph, and the people were called upon to acknowledge allegiance to him, and engage to maintain peace with his friends, and war with his enemies. Some of the people, however, with the characteristic fickleness of Babylonians, murmured at the suggestion of further warfare, and said, we want no fighting Caliph.

Had Hassan consulted his own inclination, he would willingly have clung to peace, and submitted to the usurpations of Moawyah; but he was surrounded by valiant generals eager for action, and stimulated by his brother Hosein, who inherited the daring character of their father; beside, there were sixty thousand fighting men, all ready for the field, and who had been on the point of marching into Syria under Ali. Unwillingly, therefore, he put himself at the head of this force and commenced his march. Receiving intelligence that Moawyah had already taken the field and was advancing to meet him, he sent Kais in the advance, with 12,000 light troops, to hold the enemy in check, while he followed with the main army. Kais executed his commission with spirit, had a smart skirmish

with the Syrians, and having checked them in their advance, halted and put himself in a position to await the coming of the Caliph.

Hassan, however, had already become sensible of his incompetency to military command. There was disaffection among some of his troops, who were people of Irak or Babylonia, disinclined to this war. On reaching the city of Madayn, an affray took place among the soldiers in which one was slain; a fierce tumult succeeded; Hassan attempted to interfere, but was jostled and wounded in the throng, and obliged to retire into the citadel. He had taken refuge from violence, and was in danger of treason, for the nephew of the governor of Madayn proposed to his uncle, now that he had Hassan within his castle, to make him his prisoner, and send him in chains to Moawyah. "A curse upon thee for a traitor and an infidel!" cried the honest old governor; "wouldst thou betray the son of the daughter of the Apostle of God!"

The mild-tempered Caliph, who had no ambition of command, was already disheartened by its troubles. He saw that he had an active and powerful enemy to contend with, and fickleness and treachery among his own people; he sent proposals to Moawyah, offering to resign the Çaliphat to him, on condition that he should be allowed to retain the money in the public treasury at Cufa, and the revenues of a great estate in Persia, and that Moawyah would desist from all evil-speaking against his deceased father. Moawyah assented to the two

former of these stipulations, but would only consent to refrain from speaking evil of Ali in presence of Hassan; and indeed, such was the sectarian hatred already engendered against Ali, that, under the sway of Moawyah, his name was never mentioned in the mosques without a curse, and such continued to be the case for several generations under the dominion of the house of Ommiah.

Another condition exacted by Hassan, and which ultimately proved fatal to him, was that he should be entitled to resume the Caliphat on the death of Moawyah, who was above a score of years his senior. These terms being satisfactorily adjusted, Hassan abdicated in favor of Moawyah, to the great indignation of his brother Hosein, who considered the memory of their father Ali dishonored by this arrangement. The people of Cufa refused to comply with that condition relative to the public treasury; insisting upon it that it was their property. Moawyah, however, allowed Hassan an immense revenue, with which he retired with his brother to Medina, to enjoy that ease and tranquillity which he so much prized. His life was exemplary and devout, and the greater part of his revenue was expended in acts of charity.

Moawyah seems to have been well aware of the power of gold in making the most distasteful things palatable. An old beldame of the lineage of Haschem, and branch of Ali, once reproached him with having supplanted that family, who were his cousins, and with having acted toward them as Pharaoh did

toward the children of Israel. Moawyah gently replied, "May Allah pardon what is past," and inquired what were her wants. She said two thousand pieces of gold for her poor relations, two thousand as a dower for her children, and two thousand as a support for herself. The money was given instantly, and the tongue of the clamorous virago was silenced.

CHAPTER XLII.

Reign of Moawyah I., sixth Caliph.—Account of his illegitimate brother Zeyad.—Death of Amru.

MOAWYAH now, in the forty-first year of the Hegira, assumed legitimate dominion over the whole Moslem empire. The Karagites, it is true, a fanatic sect opposed to all regular government, spiritual or temporal, excited an insurrection in Syria, but Moawyah treated them with more thorough rigor than his predecessors, and finding the Syrians not sufficient to cope with them, called in his new subjects, the Babylonians, to show their allegiance by rooting out this pestilent sect; nor did he stay his hand, until they were almost exterminated.

With this Caliph commenced the famous dynasty of the Ommiades or Omeyades, so called from Ommiah his great-grandfather; a dynasty which lasted for many generations, and gave some of the most brilliant names to Arabian history. Moawyah himself gave indications of intellectual refinement. He surrounded himself with men distinguished in science or

gifted with poetic talent, and from the Greek provinces and islands which he had subdued, the Greek sciences began to make their way, and under his protection to exert their first influence on the Arabs.

One of the measures adopted by Moawyah to strengthen himself in the Caliphat excited great sensation, and merits particular detail. At the time of the celebrated flight of Mahomet, Abu Sofian, father of Moawyah, at that time chief of the tribe of Koreish, and as yet an inveterate persecutor of the prophet, halted one day for refreshment at the house of a publican in Tayef. Here he became intoxicated with wine, and passed the night in the arms of the wife of a Greek slave, named Somyah, who in process of time made him the father of a male child. Abu Sofian, ashamed of this amour, would not acknowledge the child, but left him to his fate; hence he received the name of Ziyad Ibn Abihi, that is to say, Ziyad the son of nobody.

The boy, thus deserted, gave early proof of energy and talent. When scarce arrived at manhood, he surprised Amru Ibn al Aass, by his eloquence and spirit in addressing a popular assembly. Amru, himself illegitimate, felt a sympathy in the vigor of this spurious offset. "By the prophet!" exclaimed he, "if this youth were but of the noble race of Koreish, he would drive all the tribes of Arabia before him with his staff!"

Ziyad was appointed cadi or judge, in the reign of Omar,

and was distinguished by his decisions. On one occasion, certain witnesses came before him accusing Mogeirah Ibn Seid, a distinguished person of unblemished character, with incontinence, but failed to establish the charge; whereupon, Ziyad dismissed the accused with honor, and caused his accusers to be scourged with rods for bearing false witness. This act was never forgotten by Mogeirah, who, becoming afterwards one of the counsellors of the Caliph Ali, induced him to appoint Ziyad lieutenant or governor of Persia, an arduous post of high trust, the duties of which he discharged with great ability.

After the death of Ali and the abdication of Hassan, events which followed hard upon each other, Ziyad, who still held sway over Persia, hesitated to acknowledge Moawyah as Caliph. The latter was alarmed at this show of opposition, fearing lest Ziyad should join with the family of Haschem, the kindred of the prophet, who desired the elevation of Hosein; he, therefore, sent for Mogeirah, the former patron of Ziyad, and prevailed upon him to mediate between them. Mogeirah repaired to Ziyad in person, bearing a letter of kindness and invitation from the Caliph, and prevailed on him to accompany him to Cufa. On their arrival Moawyah embraced Ziyad, and received him with public demonstrations of respect and affection, as his brother by the father's side. The fact of their consanguinity was established on the following day, in full assembly, by the publican of Tayef, who bore testimony to the intercourse between Abu Sofian and the beautiful slave.

This decision, enforced by the high hand of authority, elevated Ziyad to the noblest blood of Koreish, and made him eligible to the highest offices; though in fact, the strict letter of the Mahometan law would have pronounced him the son of the Greek slave, who was husband of his mother.

The family of the Ommiades were indignant at having the base-born offspring of a slave, thus introduced among them; but Moawyah disregarded these murmurs; he had probably gratified his own feelings of natural affection, and he had firmly attached to his interest, a man of extensive influence, and one of the ablest generals of the age.

Moawyah found good service in his valiant, though misbegotten brother. Under the sway of incompetent governors the country round Bassora had become overrun with thieves and murderers, and disturbed by all kinds of tumults. Ziyad was put in the command, and hastened to take possession of his turbulent post. He found Bassora a complete den of assassins; not a night but was disgraced by riot and bloodshed, so that it was unsafe to walk the streets after dark. Ziyad was an eloquent man, and he made a public speech terribly to the point. He gave notice that he meant to rule with the sword, and to wreak unsparing punishment on all offenders; he advised all such, therefore, to leave the city. He warned all persons from appearing in public after evening prayers, as a patrol would go the rounds and put every one to death who should be found in the streets. He carried this

measure into effect. Two hundred persons were put to death by the patrol during the first night, only five during the second, and not a drop of blood was shed afterwards, nor was there any further tumult or disturbance.

Moawyah then employed him to effect the same reforms in Korassan and many other provinces, and the more he had to execute, the more was his ability evinced; until his mere name would quell commotion, and awe the most turbulent into quietude. Yet he was not sanguinary nor cruel, but severely rigid in his discipline, and inflexible in the dispensation of justice. It was his custom, wherever he held sway, to order the inhabitants to leave their doors open at night, with merely a hurdle at the entrance to exclude cattle, engaging to replace any thing that should be stolen: and so effective was his police, that no robberies were committed.

Though Ziyad had whole provinces under his government, he felt himself not sufficiently employed; he wrote to the Caliph, therefore, complaining that, while his left hand was occupied in governing Babylonia, his right hand was idle; and he requested the government of Arabia Petrea also, which the Caliph gladly granted him, to the great terror of its inhabitants, who dreaded so stern a ruler. But the sand of Ziyad was exhausted. He was attacked with the plague when on the point of setting out for Arabia. The disease made its appearance with an ulcer in his hand, and the agony made him deliberate whether to smite it off. As it was a case of conscience

among predestinarians, he consulted a venerable cadi. "If you die," said the old expounder of the law, "you go before God without that hand, which you have cut off to avoid appearing in his presence. If you live, you give a bye-name to your children, who will be called the sons of the cripple. I advise you, therefore, to let it alone." The intensity of the pain, however, made him determine on amputation, but the sight of the fire and cauterizing irons again deterred him. He was surrounded by the most expert physicians, but, say the Arabians, "It was not in their power to reverse the sealed decree." He died in the forty-fifth year of the Hegira and of his own age, and the people he had governed with so much severity, considered his death a deliverance. His son Obeidallah, though only twenty-five years of age, was immediately invested by the Caliph with the government of Korassan, and gave instant proofs of inheriting the spirit of his father. On his way to his government he surprised a large Turkish force, and put them to such sudden flight, that their queen left one of her buskins behind, which fell into the hands of her pursuers, and was estimated, from the richness of its jewels, at two thousand pieces of gold.

Ziyad left another son named Salem, who was, several years afterwards, when but twenty-four years of age, appointed to the government of Korassan, and rendered himself so beloved by the people, that upwards of twenty thousand children were named after him. He had a third son called Kameil, who was

distinguished for sagacity and ready wit, and he furthermore left from his progeny a dynasty of princes in Arabia Felix, who ruled under the denomination of the children of Ziyad.

The wise measures of Moawyah produced a calm throughout his empire, although his throne seemed to be elevated on the surface of a volcano. He had reinstated the famous Amru Ibn al Aass in the government of Egypt, allowing him to enjoy the revenues of that opulent province, in gratitude for his having proclaimed him Caliph during his contest with Ali; but stipulating that he should maintain the forces stationed there. The veteran general did not long enjoy this post, as he died in the forty-third year of the Hegira, A. D. 663, as full of honors as of years. In him the cause of Islam lost one of its wisest men and most illustrious conquerors. "Show me," said Omar to him on one occasion, "the sword with which you have fought so many battles and slain so many infidels." The Caliph expressed surprise when he unsheathed an ordinary scimetar. "Alas!" said Amru, "the sword, without the arm of the master, is no sharper nor heavier than the sword of Farezdak the poet."

Mahomet, whose death preceded that of Amru upwards of thirty years, declared that there was no truer Moslem than he would prove to be; nor one more steadfast in the faith. Although Amru passed most of his life in the exercise of arms, he found time to cultivate the softer arts which belong to peace. We have already shown that he was an orator and

a poet. The witty lampoons, however, which he wrote against the prophet in his youth, he deeply regretted in his declining age. He sought the company of men of learning and science, and delighted in the conversation of philosophers. He has left some proverbs distinguished for pithy wisdom, and some beautiful poetry, and his dying advice to his children was celebrated for manly sense and affecting pathos.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Siege of Constantinople.—Truce with the emperor.—Murder of Hassan.—Death of Ayesha.

THE Caliph Moawyah being thoroughly established in his sovereignty, was ambitious of foreign conquests, which might shed lustre on his name, and obliterate the memory of these civil wars. He was desirous, also, of placing his son Yezid in a conspicuous light, and gaining for him the affections of the people; for he secretly entertained hopes of making him his successor. He determined, therefore, to send him with a great force to attempt the conquest of Constantinople, at that time the capital of the Greek and Roman empire. This indeed was a kind of holy war; for it was fulfilling one of the most ardent wishes of Mahomet; who had looked forward to the conquest of the proud capital of the Cæsars as one of the highest triumphs of Islam; and had promised full pardon of all their sins to the Moslem army that should achieve it.

The general command of the army in this expedition was given to a veteran named Sophian, and he was accompanied by several of those old soldiers of the faith, battered in the wars,

and almost broken down by years, who had fought by the side of the prophet at Beder and Ohod, and were, therefore, honored by the title of "Companions," and who now showed, among the ashes of age, the sparks of youthful fire, as they girded on their swords for this sacred enterprise.

Hosein, the valiant son of Ali, also accompanied this expedition; in which, in fact, the flower of Moslem chivalry engaged. Great preparations were made by sea and land, and sanguine hopes entertained of success; the Moslem troops were numerous and hardy, inured to toil and practised in warfare, and they were animated by the certainty of paradise, should they be victorious. The Greeks, on the other hand, were in a state of military decline, and their emperor, Constantine, a grandson of Heraclius, disgraced his illustrious name by indolence and incapacity,

It is singular and to be lamented, that of this momentous expedition we have very few particulars, notwithstanding that it lasted long, and must have been checkered by striking vicissitudes. The Moslem fleet passed without impediment through the Dardanelles, and the army disembarked within seven miles of Constantinople. For many days they pressed the siege with vigor, but the city was strongly garrisoned by fugitive troops from various quarters, who had profited by sad experience in the defence of fortified towns; the walls were strong and high; and the besieged made use of Greek fire, to the Moslems a new and terrific agent of destruction.

Finding all their efforts in vain, the Moslems consoled themselves by ravaging the neighboring coasts of Europe and Asia, and on the approach of winter retired to the island of Cyzicus, about eighty miles from Constantinople, where they had established their headquarters.

Six years were passed in this unavailing enterprise; immense sums were expended; thousands of lives were lost by disease; ships and crews, by shipwreck and other disasters, and thousands of Moslems were slain, gallantly fighting for paradise under the walls of Constantinople. The most renowned of these was the venerable Abu Ayub, in whose house Mahomet had established his quarters when he first fled to Medina, and who had fought by the side of the prophet at Beder and Ohod. He won an honored grave; for though it remained for ages unknown, yet nearly eight centuries after this event, when Constantinople was conquered by Mahomet II, the spot was revealed in a miraculous vision, and consecrated by a mausoleum and mosque, which exist to this day, and to which the grand seignors of the Ottoman empire repair to be belted with the scimetar on their accession to the throne.

The protracted war with the Greeks revived their military ardor, and they assailed the Moslems in their turn. Moawyah found the war which he had provoked threatening his own security. Other enemies were pressing on him; age, also, had sapped his bodily and mental vigor, and he became so anxious

for safety and repose, that he in a manner purchased a truce of the emperor for thirty years, by agreeing to pay an annual tribute of three thousand pieces of gold, fifty slaves, and fifty horses of the noblest Arabian blood.

Yezid, the eldest son of Moawyah, and his secretly-intended successor, had failed to establish a renown in this enterprise, and if Arabian historians speak true, his ambition led him to a perfidious act sufficient to stamp his name with infamy. He is accused of instigating the murder of the virtuous Hassan, the son of Ali, who had abdicated in favor of Moawyah, but who was to resume the Caliphat on the death of that potentate. It is questionable whether Hassan would ever have claimed this right, for he was of quiet, retired habits, and preferred the security and repose of a private station. He was strong, however, in the affection of the people, and to remove out of the way so dangerous a rival, Yezid, it is said, prevailed upon one of his wives to poison him, promising to marry her in reward of her treason. The murder took place in the forty-ninth year of the Hegira, A. D. 669, when Hassan was forty-seven years of age. In his last agonies, his brother Hosein inquired at whose instigation he supposed himself to have been poisoned, that he might avenge his death, but Hassan refused to name him. "This world," said he, "is only a long night; leave him alone until he and I shall meet in open daylight, in the presence of the Most High."

Yezid refused to fulfil his promise of taking the murderess

to wife, alleging that it would be madness to intrust himself to the embraces of such a female; he, however, commuted the engagement for a large amount in money and jewels. Moawyah is accused, of either countenancing, or being pleased with a murder, which made his son more eligible to the succession, for it is said that when he heard of the death of Hassan. "he fell down and worshipped."

Hassan had been somewhat uxorious; or rather, he had numerous wives, and was prone to change them when attracted by new beauties. One of them was the daughter of Yezdegird, the last king of the Persians, and she bore him several children. He had, altogether, fifteen sons and five daughters, and contributed greatly to increase the race of Sheriffs, or Fatimites, descendants from the prophet. In his testament he left directions that he should be buried by the sepulchre of his grandsire Mahomet; but Ayesha, whose hatred for the family of Ali went beyond the grave, declared that the mansion was hers, and refused her consent; he was, therefore, interred in the common burial-ground of the city.

Ayesha, herself, died some time afterwards, in the fifty-eighth year of the Hegira, having survived the prophet forty-seven years. She was often called the Prophetess, and generally denominated the Mother of the Faithful, although she had never borne any issue to Mahomet, and had employed her widowhood in intrigues to prevent Ali and his children, who were the only progeny of the prophet, from sitting on

the throne of the Caliphs. All the other wives of Mahomet who survived him, passed the remainder of their lives in widowhood; but none, save her, seem to have been held in especial reverence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Moslem conquests in Northern Africa.—Achievements of Acbah; his death.

THE conquest of Northern Africa, so auspiciously commenced by Abdallah Ibn Saad, had been suspended for a number of years by the pressure of other concerns, and particularly by the siege of Constantinople, which engrossed a great part of the Moslem forces; in the meantime Cyrene had shaken off the yoke, all Cyrenaica was in a state of insurrection, and there was danger that the places which had been taken, and the posts which had been established by the Arab conquerors would be completely lost.

The Caliph Moawyah now looked round for some active and able general, competent to secure and extend his sway along the African sea-coast. Such a one he found in Acbah Ibn Nafe el Fehri, whom he dispatched from Damascus with ten thousand horse. Acbah made his way with all speed into Africa, his forces augmenting as he proceeded by the acces-

sion of barbarian troops. He passed triumphantly through Cyrenaica; laid close siege to the city of Cyrene, and retook it, notwithstanding its strong walls and great population; but in the course of the siege many of its ancient and magnificent edifices were destroyed.

Acbah continued his victorious course westward, traversing wildernesses sometimes barren and desolate; sometimes entangled with forests, and infested by serpents and savage animals, until he reached the domains of ancient Carthage, the present territory of Tunis. Here he determined to found a city to serve as a strong-hold, and a place of refuge in the heart of these conquered regions. The site chosen was a valley closely wooded, and abounding with lions, tigers, and serpents. The Arabs give a marvellous account of the founding of the city. Acbah, say they, went forth into the forest, and adjured its savage inhabitants. "Hence! avaunt! wild beasts and serpents! Hence, quit this wood and valley!" This solemn adjuration he repeated three several times, on three several days, and not a lion, tiger, leopard, nor serpent, but departed from the place.

Others, less poetic, record that he cleared away a forest which had been a lurking place not merely for wild beasts and serpents, but for rebels and barbarous hordes; that he used the wood in constructing walls for his new city, and when these were completed, planted his lance in the centre, and exclaimed to his followers, "This is your Caravan." Such was the origin

of the city of Kairwan or Caerwan, situated thirty-three leagues southeast of Carthage, and twelve from the sea on the borders of the great desert. Here Acbah fixed his seat of government, erecting mosques and other public edifices, and holding all the surrounding country in subjection.

While Acbah was thus honorably occupied, the Caliph Moawyah, little aware of the immense countries embraced in these recent conquests, united them with Egypt under one command, as if they had been two small provinces, and appointed Muhegir Ibn Omm Dinar, one of the Ansari, as emir or governor. Muhegir was an ambitious, or rather an envious and perfidious man. Scarce had he entered upon his government, when he began to sicken with envy of the brilliant fame of Acbah and his vast popularity, not merely with the army, but throughout the country; he accordingly made such unfavorable reports of the character and conduct of that general, in his letters to the Caliph, that the latter was induced to displace him from the command of the African army, and recall him to Damascus.

The letter of recall being sent under cover to Muhegir, he transmitted it by Muslama Ibn Machlad, one of his generals, to Acbah, charging his envoy to proceed with great caution, and to treat Acbah with profound deference, lest the troops, out of their love for him, should resist the order for his deposition. Muslama found Acbah in his camp at Cyrene, and presented him the Caliph's letter of recall, and a letter from Muhe-

gir as governor of the province, letting him know that Muslama and the other generals were authorized to arrest him should he hesitate to obey the command of the Caliph.

There was no hesitation on the part of Acbah. He at once discerned whence the blow proceeded. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "spare my life until I can vindicate myself from the slanders of Muhegir Ibn Omm Dinar." He then departed instantly, without even entering his house; made his way with all speed to Damascus, and appeared before Moawyah in the presence of his generals and the officers of his court. Addressing the Caliph with noble indignation, "I have traversed deserts," said he, "and encountered savage tribes; I have conquered towns and regions, and have brought their infidel inhabitants to the knowledge of God and his law. I have built mosques and palaces, and fortified our dominion over the land, and in reward I have been degraded from my post, and summoned hither as a culprit. I appeal to your justice, whether I have merited such treatment?"

Moawyah felt rebuked by the magnanimous bearing of his general, for he was aware that he had been precipitate in condemning him on false accusations. "I am already informed," said he, "of the true nature of the case. I now know who is Muhegir, and who is Acbah; return to the command of the army, and pursue your glorious career of conquest."

Although it was not until the succeeding Caliphat, that Acbah resumed the command in Africa, we will anticipate

dates in order to maintain unbroken the thread of his story. In passing through Egypt he deposed Muslama from a command, in which he had been placed by Muhegir, and ordered him to remain in one of the Egyptian towns a prisoner at large.

He was grieved to perceive the mischief that had been done in Africa, during his absence, by Muhegir, who, out of mere envy and jealousy, had endeavored to mar and obliterate all traces of his good deeds; dismantling the cities he had built; destroying his public edifices at Caerwan, and transferring the inhabitants to another place. Acbah stripped him of his command, placed him in irons, and proceeded to remedy the evils he had perpetrated. The population was restored to Caerwan; its edifices were rebuilt, and it rose from its temporary decline more prosperous and beautiful than ever. Acbah then left Zohair Ibn Kais in command of this metropolis, and resumed his career of western conquest, carrying Muhegir with him in chains. He crossed the kingdom of Numidia, now Algiers, and the vast regions of Mauritania, now Morocco, subduing their infidel inhabitants or convertimg them with the sword, until coming to the western shores of Africa, he spurred his charger into the waves of the Atlantic, until they rose to his saddle girths; then raising his scimetar towards heaven, "Oh Allah!" cried the zealous Moslem, "did not these profound waters prevent me, still further would I carry the knowledge of thy law, and the reverence of thy holy name!"

While Acbah was thus urging his victorious way to the uttermost bounds of Mauritania, tidings overtook him that the Greeks and barbarians were rising in rebellion in his rear; that the mountains were pouring down their legions, and that his city of Caerwan was in imminent danger. He had in fact incurred the danger against which, the late Caliph Omar had so often cautioned his too adventurous generals. Turning his steps he hastened back, marching at a rapid rate. As he passed through Zab or Numidia, he was harassed by a horde of Berbers or Moors, headed by Aben Cahina, a native chief of daring prowess, who had descended from the fastnesses of the mountains, in which he had taken refuge from the invaders. This warrior, with his mountain band, hung on the rear of the army, picking off stragglers, and often carrying havoc into the broken ranks, but never venturing on a pitched battle. He gave over his pursuit as they crossed the bounds of Numidia.

On arriving at Caerwan, Acbah found every thing secure; the rebellion having been suppressed by the energy and bravery of Zohair, aided by an associate warrior, Omar Ibn Ali, of the tribe of Koreish.

Acbah now distributed a part of his army about the neighborhood, formed of the residue a flying camp of cavalry, and leaving Zohair and his brave associate to maintain the safety of the metropolis, returned to scour the land of Zab, and take vengeance on the Berber chief, who had harassed and insulted him when on the march.

He proceeded without opposition as far as a place called Téhuda; when in some pass or defile, he found himself surrounded by a great host of Greeks and Berbers, led on by the mountain chief Aben Cahina. In fact, both Christians and Moors, who had so often been in deadly conflict in these very regions, had combined to drive these new intruders from the land.

Acbah scanned the number and array of the advancing enemy, and saw there was no retreat, and that destruction was inevitable. He marshalled his little army of horsemen, however, with great calmness; put up the usual prayers, and exhorted his men to fight valiantly. Summoning Muhegir to his presence, "This," said he, "is a day of liberty and gain for all true Moslems, for it is a day of martyrdom. I would not deprive you of so great a chance for paradise." So saying, he ordered his chains to be taken off.

Muhegir thanked him for the favor, and expressed his determination to die in the cause of the faith. Acbah then gave him arms and a horse, and both of them drawing their swords, broke the scabbards in token that they would fight until victory or death. The battle was desperate, and the carnage terrible. Almost all the Moslems fought to the very death, asking no quarter. Acbah was one of the last of his devoted band, and his corpse was found scimetar in hand, upon a heap of the enemy whom he had slain.

CHAPTER XLV.

Moawyah names his successor.—His last acts and death.—Traits of his character.

MOAWYAH was now far advanced in years, and aware that he had not long to live; he sought therefore, to accomplish a measure which he had long contemplated, and which was indicative of his ambitious character and his pride of family. It was to render the Caliphat hereditary, and to perpetuate it in his line. For this purpose he openly named his son Yezid as his successor, and requested the different provinces to send deputies to Damascus to perform the act of fealty to him. The nomination of a successor was what the prophet himself had not done, and what Abu Beker, Omar, and Othman had therefore declined to do; the attempt to render the Caliphat hereditary was in direct opposition to the public will manifested repeatedly in respect to Ali; Yezid, to whom he proposed to bequeath the government, was publicly detested, yet, notwithstanding all these objections, such influence had Moawyah acquired over the public mind, that delegates arrived at Da-

mascus from all parts, and gave their hands to Yezid in pledge of future fealty. Thus was established the dynasty of the Ommiades, which held the Caliphat for nearly a hundred years. There were fourteen Caliphs of this haughty line, known as the Pharaohs of the house of Omaya (or rather Ommiah). The ambition of rule manifested in Moawyah, the founder of the dynasty, continued even among his remote descendants, who exercised sovereignty nearly four centuries afterwards in Spain. One of them, anxious to ascend the throne in a time of turbulence and peril, exclaimed: "Only make me king to-day, and you may kill me to-morrow!"

The character of the Caliph had much changed in the hands of Moawyah, and in the luxurious city of Damascus assumed more and more the state of the oriental sovereigns which it superseded. The frugal simplicity of the Arab, and the stern virtues of the primitive disciples of Islam, were softening down and disappearing among the voluptuous delights of Syria. Moawyah, however, endeavored to throw over his favorite city of Damascus some of the sanctity with which Mecca and Medina were invested. For this purpose he sought to transfer to it, from Medina, the pulpit of the prophet, as also his walking-staff; "for such precious relics of the apostle of God," said he, "ought not to remain among the murderers of Othman."

The staff was found after great search, but when the pulpit was about to be removed, there occurred so great an eclipse of

the sun, that the stars became visible. The superstitious Arabs considered this a signal of divine disapprobation, and the pulpit was suffered to remain in Medina.

Feeling his end approaching, Moawyah summoned his son Yezid to his presence, and gave advice full of experience and wisdom. "Confide in the Arabs," said he, "as the sure foundation of your power. Prize the Syrians, for they are faithful and enterprising, though prone to degenerate when out of their own country. Gratify the people of Irak in all their demands, for they are restless and turbulent, and would unsheath a hundred thousand scimetars against thee on the least provocation."

"There are four rivals, my son," added he, "on whom thou must keep a vigilant eye; the first is Hosein, the son of Ali, who has great influence in Irak, but he is upright and sincere, and thy own cousin; treat him, therefore, with clemency, if he fall within thy power. The second is Abdallah Ibn Omar; but he is a devout man, and will eventually come under allegiance to thee. The third is Abda'lrahman; but he is a man of no force of mind, and merely speaks from the dictates of others; he is, moreover, incontinent, and a gambler; he is not a rival to be feared. The fourth is Abdallah Ibn Zobeir; he unites the craft of the fox with the strength and courage of the lion. If he appear against thee, oppose him valiantly; if he offer peace, accept it, and spare the blood of thy people. If he fall within your power, cut him to pieces!"

Moawyah was gathered to his fathers in the sixtieth year of the Hegira, A. D. 679, at the age of seventy, or, as some say, seventy-five years, of which he had reigned nearly twenty. He was interred in Damascus, which he had made the capital of the Moslem empire, and which continued to be so during the dynasty of the Ommiades. The inscription of his signet was, "Every deed hath its meed;" or, according to others, "All power rests with God."

Though several circumstances in his reign savor of crafty, and even treacherous policy, yet he bears a high name in Moslem history. His courage was undoubted, and of a generous kind; for though fierce in combat, he was clement in victory. He prided himself greatly upon being of the tribe of Koreish, and was highly aristocratical before he attained to sovereign power; yet he was affable and accessible at all times, and made himself popular among his people. His ambition was tempered with some considerations of justice. He assumed the throne, it is true, by the aid of the scimetar, without regular election; but he subsequently bought off the right of his rival Hassan, the legitimate Caliph; and transcended munificently all the stipulations of his purchase, presenting him, at one time, with four million pieces of gold. One almost regards with incredulity the stories of immense sums passing from hand to hand among these Arab conquerors, as freely as bags of dates in their native deserts; but it must be recollected they had the plundering of the rich empires

of the East, and as yet were flush with the spoils of recent conquests.

The liberality of Moawyah is extolled as being beyond all bounds; one instance on record of it, however, savors of policy. He gave Ayesha a bracelet valued at a hundred thousand pieces of gold, that had formerly, perhaps, sparkled on the arm of some Semiramis; but Ayesha, he knew, was a potent friend and a dangerous enemy.

Moawyah was sensible to the charms of poetry, if we may judge from the following anecdotes:

A robber, who had been condemned by the Cadi to have his head cut off, appealed to the Caliph in a copy of verses, pleading the poverty and want by which he had been driven. Touched by the poetry, Moawyah reversed the sentence, and gave the poet a purse of gold, that he might have no plea of necessity for repeating the crime.

Another instance was that of a young Arab, who had married a beautiful damsel, of whom he was so enamored, that he lavished all his fortune upon her. The governor of Cufa happening to see her, was so struck with her beauty, that he took her from the youth by force. The latter made his complaint to the Caliph in verse, poured forth with Arab eloquence, and with all the passion of a lover, praying redress or death. Moawyah, as before, was moved by the poetic appeal, and sent orders to the governor of Cufa to restore the wife to her husband. The governor, infatuated with her charms, entreated

the Caliph to let him have the enjoyment of her for one year, and then to take his head. The curiosity of the Caliph was awakened by this amorous contest, and he caused the female to be sent to him. Struck with her ravishing beauty, with the grace of her deportment, and the eloquence of her expressions, he could not restrain his admiration; and in the excitement of the moment told her to choose between the young Arab, the governor of Cufa, and himself. She acknowledged the honor proffered by the Caliph to be utterly beyond her merit; but avowed that affection and duty still inclined her to her husband. Her modesty and virtue delighted Moawyah even more than her beauty; he restored her to her husband, and enriched them both with princely munificence.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Succession of Yezid, seventh Caliph.—Final fortunes of Hosein, the son of Ali.

YEZID, the son of Moawyah, succeeded to the Caliphat without the ceremony of an election. His inauguration took place in the new moon of the month Rajeb, in the sixtieth year of the Hegira; coincident with the seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord, 680. He was thirty-four years of age, and is described as tall and thin; with a ruddy countenance pitted with the small-pox, black eyes, curled hair, and a comely beard. He was not deficient in talent, and possessed the popular gift of poetry. The effect of his residence among the luxuries and refinements of Syria, was evinced in a fondness for silken raiment and the delights of music; but he was stigmatized as base-spirited, sordid and covetous; grossly sensual, and scandalously intemperate.

Notwithstanding all this, he was readily acknowledged as Caliph throughout the Moslem empire, excepting by Mecca, Medina, and some cities of Babylonia. His first aim was to

secure undisputed possession of the Caliphat. The only competitors from whom he had danger to apprehend, were Hosein, the son of Ali, and Abdallah, the son of Zobeir. They were both at Medina, and he sent orders to Waled Ibn Otbah, the governor of that city, to exact from them an oath of fealty. Waled, who was of an undecided character, consulted Merwân Ibn Hakem, formerly secretary of Othman, and suspected of forging the letter which effected the ruin of that Caliph. He was in fact one of the most crafty, as well as able men of the age. His advice to the governor was to summon Hosein and Abdallah to his presence, before they should hear of the death of Moawyah, and concert any measures of opposition; then to tender to them the oath of fealty to Yezid, and, should they refuse, to smite off their heads.

Hosein and Abdallah discovered the plot in time to effect their escape with their families to Mecca; where they declared themselves openly in opposition to Yezid. In a little while Hosein received secret messages from the people of Cufa, inviting him to their city, assuring him not merely of protection, but of joyful homage as the son of Ali, the legitimate successor of the prophet. He had only, they said, to show himself in their city, and all Babylonia would rise in arms in his favor.

Hosein sent his cousin, Muslim Ibn Okail, to ascertain the truth of these representations, and to foment the spirit of insurrection should it really exist among the people of Cufa. Muslim made his way, almost unattended, and with great peril

and hardship across the deserts of Irak. On arriving at Cufa, he was well received by the party of Hosein; they assured him that eighteen thousand men were ready to sacrifice their blood and treasure in casting down the usurper and upholding the legitimate Caliph. Every day augmented the number of apparent zealots in the cause, until it amounted to one hundred and forty thousand. Of all this, Muslim sent repeated accounts to Hosein; urging him to come on, and assuring him that the conspiracy had been carried on with such secrecy, that Nu'màn Ibn Baschir, the governor of Cufa, had no suspicion of it.

But though the conspiracy had escaped the vigilance of Nu'mân, intimation of it had reached the Caliph Yezid at Damascus, who sent instant orders to Obeid'allah, the emir of Bassora, to repair with all speed to Cufa, displace its negligent governor, and take that place likewise under his command.

Obeid'allah was the son of Ziyad, and inherited all the energy of his father. Aware that the moment was critical, he set off from Bassora with about a score of fleet horsemen. The people of Cufa were on the look out for the arrival of Hosein, which was daily expected, when Obeid'allah rode into the city in the twilight at the head of his troopers. He wore a black turban, as was the custom likewise with Hosein. The populace crowded round him, hailing the supposed grandson of the prophet.

"Stand off!" cried the horsemen fiercely. "It is the emir Obeid'allah."

The crowd shrank back abashed and disappointed, and the emir rode on to the castle. The popular chagrin increased when it was known that he had command of the province; for he was reputed a second Ziyad in energy and decision. His measures soon proved his claims to that character. He discovered and disconcerted the plans of the conspirators; drove Muslim to a premature outbreak; dispersed his hasty levy, and took him prisoner. The latter shed bitter tears on his capture; not on his own account, but on the account of Hosein, whom he feared his letters and sanguine representations had involved in ruin, by inducing him to come on to Cufa. The head of Muslim was struck off and sent to the Caliph.

His letters had indeed produced the dreaded effect. On receiving them Hosein prepared to comply with the earnest invitation of the people of Cufa. It was in vain his friends reminded him of the proverbial faithlessness of these people; it was in vain they urged him to wait until they had committed themselves, by openly taking the field. It was in vain that his near relative Abdallah Ibn Abbas urged him at least, to leave the females of his family at Mecca; lest he should be massacred in the midst of them, like the Caliph Othman. Hosein in the true spirit of a Moslem and predestinarian declared he would leave the event to God; and accordingly set out with

his wives and children, and a number of his relatives, escorted by a handful of Arab troops.

Arrived in the confines of Babylonia, he was met by a body of a thousand horse, led on by Harro, an Arab of the tribe of Temimah. He at first supposed them to be a detachment of his partisans sent to meet him, but was soon informed by Harro, that he came from the emir Obeid'allah to conduct him and all the people with him to Cufa.

Hosein haughtily refused to submit to the emir's orders; and represented that he came in peace, invited by the inhabitants of Cufa, as the rightful Caliph. He set forth at the same time, the justice of his claims, and endeavored to enlist Harro in his cause, but the latter, though in no wise hostile to him, avoided committing himself, and urged him to proceed quietly to Cufa under his escort.

While they were yet discoursing, four horsemen rode up accompanied by a guide. One of these named Thirmah was known to Hosein, and was reluctantly permitted by Harro to converse with him apart. Hosein inquired about the situation of things at Cufa. "The nobles," replied the other, "are now against you to a man; some of the common people are still with you, by to-morrow, however, not a scimetar but will be unsheathed against you."

Hosein inquired about Kais, a messenger whom he had sent in advance to apprise his adherents of his approach. He had been seized on suspicion; ordered as a test, by Obeid'allah

to curse Hosein and his father Ali, and on his refusing had been thrown headlong from the top of the citadel.

Hosein shed tears at hearing the fate of his faithful messenger. "There be some," said he, in the words of the Koran, "who are already dead, and some who living expect death. Let their mansions, Oh God, be in the gardens of paradise, and receive us with them to thy mercy."

Thirmah represented to Hosein that his handful of followers would be of no avail against the host prepared to oppose him in the plains of Cufa, and offered to conduct him to the impregnable mountains of Aja, in the province of Naja, where ten thousand men of the tribe of Tay might soon be assembled to defend him. He declined his advice, however, and advanced towards Kadesia, the place famous for the victory over the Persians. Harro and his cavalry kept pace with him, watching every movement, but offering no molestation The mind of Hosein, however, was darkened by gloomy forebodings. A stupor at times hung over his faculties as he rode slowly along; he appeared to be haunted with a presentiment of death. "We belong to God and to God we must return,' exclaimed he as he roused himself at one time from a dream or reverie. He had beheld in his phantasy, a horseman who had addressed him in warning words, "men travel in the night, and their destiny travels in the night to meet them." This he pronounced a messenger of death.

In this dubious and desponding mood he was brought to a

halt, near the banks of the Euphrates, by the appearance of four thousand men, in hostile array, commanded by Amar Ibn Saad. These, likewise had been sent out by the emir Obeid'allah, who was full of uneasiness lest there should be some popular movement in favor of Hosein. The latter, however, was painfully convinced by this repeated appearance of hostile troops, without any armament in his favor, that the fickle people of Cufa were faithless to him. He held a parley with Amar, who was a pious and good man, and had come out very unwillingly against a descendant of the prophet, stated to him the manner in which he had been deceived by the people of Cufa, and now offered to return to Mecca. Amar dispatched a fleet messenger to apprise the emir of this favorable offer, hoping to be excused from using violence against Hosein. Obeid'allah wrote in reply: "Get between him and the Euphrates; cut him off from the water as he did Othman; force him to acknowledge allegiance to Yezid, and then we will treat of terms."

Amar obeyed these orders with reluctance, and the little camp of Hosein suffered the extremities of thirst. Still he could not be brought to acknowledge Yezid as Caliph. He now offered three things, either to go to Damascus and negotiate matters personally with Yezid; to return into Arabia; or to repair to some frontier post in Khorassan and fight against the Turks. These terms were likewise transmitted by Amar to Obeid'allah.

The emir was exasperated at these delays, which he con-

sidered as intended to gain time for tampering with the public feeling. His next letter to Amar was brief and explicit. "If Hosein and his men submit and take the oath of allegiance, treat them kindly; if they refuse, slay them—ride over them—trample them under the feet of thy horses!" This letter was sent by Shamar, a warrior of note, and of a fierce spirit. He had private instructions. "If Amar fail to do as I have ordered, strike off his head and take command of his troops." He was furnished also with a letter of protection, and passports for four of the sons of Ali, who had accompanied their brother Hosein.

Amar, on receiving the letter of the emir, had another parley with Hosein. He found him in front of his tent conversing with his brother Al Abbas, just after the hour of evening prayer, and made known to him the peremptory demand of the emir and its alternative. He also produced the letter of protection and the passports for his brothers, but they refused to accept them.

Hosein obtained a truce until the morning to consider the demand of the emir; but his mind was already made up. He saw that all hope of honorable terms was vain, and he resolved to die.

After the departure of Amar, he remained seated alone at the door of his tent, leaning on his sword, lost in gloomy cogitation on the fate of the coming day. A heaviness again came over him, with the same kind of portentous fantasies that he

had already experienced. The approach of his favorite sister, Zenaib, roused him. He regarded her with mournful significance. "I have just seen," said he, "in a dream, our grandsire the prophet, and he said, 'Thou wilt soon be with me in paradise.'"

The boding mind of Zenaib interpreted the portent. "Woe unto us and our family," cried she, smiting her breast; "our mother Fatima is dead, and our father Ali and our brother Hassan! Alas for the desolation of the past and the destruction that is to come!" So saying her grief overcame her, and she fell into a swoon. Hosein raised her tenderly, sprinkled water in her face, and restored her to consciousness. He entreated her to rely with confidence on God, reminding her that all the people of the earth must die, and every thing that exists must perish, but that God, who created them, would restore them and take them to himself. "My father, and my mother, and my brother," said he, "were better than I, yet they died, and every Moslem has had an example in the death of the apostle of God." Taking her then by the hand, he led her into the tent, charging her, in case of his death, not to give way thus to immoderate sorrow.

He next addressed his friends and followers. "These troops by whom we are surrounded," said he, "seek no life but mine, and will be contented with my death. Tarry not with me, therefore to your destruction, but leave me to my fate."

"God forbid," cried Al Abbas, "that we should survive your fall;" and his words were echoed by the rest.

Seeing his little band thus determined to share his desperate fortunes, Hosein prepared to sell their lives dear, and make their deaths a memorable sacrifice. By his orders all the tents were disposed in two lines, and the cords interwoven so as to form barriers on both sides of the camp, while a deep trench in the rear was filled with wood, to be set on fire in case of attack. It was assailable, therefore, only in front. This done, the devoted band, conscious that the next day was to be their last, passed the night in prayer; while a troop of the enemy's horse kept riding round to prevent their escape.

When the morning dawned, Hosein prepared for battle. His whole force amounted only to two-score foot soldiers, and two-and-thirty horse; but all were animated with the spirit of martyrs. Hosein and several of his chief men washed, anointed, and perfumed themselves; "for in a little while," said they, "we shall be with the blackeyed Houris of paradise."

His steadfastness of soul, however, was shaken by the loud lamentations of his sisters and daughters, and the thought of the exposed and desolate state in which his death would leave them. He called to mind, too, the advice which he had neglected of Abdallah Ibn Abbas, to leave his women in safety at Mecca. "God will reward thee, Abdallah!" exclaimed he in the fulness of his feelings.

A squadron of thirty horse, headed by Harro, now wheeled

up, but they came as friends and allies. Harro repented him of having given the first check to Hosein, and now came in atonement to fight and die for him. "Alas for you, men of Cufa!" cried he, as Amar and his troops approached; "you have invited the descendant of the prophet to your city, and now you come to fight against him. You have cut off from him and his family the waters of the Euphrates, which are free even to infidels and the beasts of the field, and have shut him up like a lion in the toils."

Amar began to justify himself and to plead the orders of the emir; but the fierce Shamar cut short all parley by letting fly an arrow into the camp of Hosein; calling all to witness that he struck the first blow. A skirmish ensued, but the men of Hosein kept within their camp, where they could only be reached by the archers. From time to time there were single combats in defiance, as was customary with the Arabs. In these the greatest loss was on the side of the enemy, for Hosein's men fought with the desperation of men resolved on death.

Amar now made a general assault, but the camp being open only in front, was successfully defended. Shamar and his followers attempted to pull down the tents, but met with vigorous resistance. He thrust his lance through the tent of Hosein, and called for fire to burn it. The women ran out shrieking. "The fire of Jehennam be thy portion!" cried Hosein. "wouldst thou destroy my family?"

Even the savage Shamar stayed his hand at the sight of defenceless women, and he and his band drew off with the loss of several of their number.

Both parties desisted from the fight at the hour of noontide prayer; and Hosein put up the prayer of Fear, which is only used in time of extremity.

When the prayers were over the enemy renewed the assault, but chiefly with arrows from a distance. The faithful followers of Hosein were picked off one by one, until he was left almost alone; yet no one ventured to close upon him. An arrow from a distance pierced his little son Abdallah, whom he had upon his knee. Hosein caught his blood in the hollow of his hand and threw it toward heaven. "Oh God," exclaimed he, "if thou withholdest help from us, at least take vengeance on the wicked for this innocent blood."

His nephew, a beautiful child with jewels in his ears, was likewise wounded in his arms. "Allah will receive thee, my child," said Hosein; "thou wilt soon be with thy forefathers in paradise."

At this moment Zeinab rushed forth imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon the murderers of her family. Her voice was overpowered by the oaths and curses of Shamar, who closed with his men upon Hosein. The latter fought desperately, and laid many dead around him, but his strength was failing him; it became a massacre rather than a fight; he sank to the earth, and was stripped ere life was extinct Thirty

wounds were counted in his body, and four-and-thirty bruises. His head was then cut off to be sent to Obeid'allah, and Shamar, with his troops, rode forward and backward over the body, as he had been ordered, until it was trampled into the earth.

Seventy-two followers of Hosein were slain in this massacre; seventeen of whom were descendants from Fatima. Eighty-eight of the enemy were killed, and a great number wounded. All the arms and furniture of Hosein and his family were taken as lawful spoils, although against the command of Amar.

Shamar dispatched one of his troopers to bear the head of Hosein to the emir Obeid'allah. He rode with all speed, but arrived at Cufa after the gates of the castle were closed. Taking the gory trophy to his own house until morning, he showed it with triumph to his wife; but she shrank from him with horror, as one guilty of the greatest outrage to the family of the prophet; and from that time forward renounced all intercourse with him.

When the head was presented to Obeid'allah, he smote it on the mouth with his staff. A venerable Arab present was shocked at his impiety. "By Allah!" exclaimed he, "I have seen those lips pressed by the sacred lips of the prophet!"

As Obeid'allah went forth from the citadel, he beheld several women, meanly attired and seated disconsolately on the ground at the threshold. He had to demand three times who they were, before he was told that it was Zeinab, sister of Ho-

sein, and her maidens. "Allah be praised," cried he with ungenerous exultation, "who has brought this proud woman to shame, and wrought death upon her family." "Allah be praised," retorted Zeinab haughtily, "who hath glorified our family by his holy apostle Mahomet. As to my kindred, death was decreed to them, and they have gone to their resting-place; but God will bring you and them together, and will judge between you."

The wrath of the emir was inflamed by this reply, and his friends, fearful he might be provoked to an act of violence, reminded him that she was a woman and unworthy of his anger.

"Enough," cried he, "let her revile; Allah has given my soul full satisfaction in the death of her brother, and the ruin of her rebellious race."

"True!" replied Zeinab, "you have indeed destroyed our men, and cut us up root and branch. If that be any satisfaction to your soul, you have it."

The emir looked at her with surprise. "Thou art indeed," said he, "a worthy descendant of Ali, who was a poet and a man of courage."

"Courage," replied Zeinab, "is not a woman's attribute; but what my heart dictates, my tongue shall utter."

The emir cast his eyes on Ali, the son of Hosein, a youth just approaching manhood, and ordered him to be beheaded. The proud heart of Zeinab now gave way. Bursting into tears she flung her arms round her nephew. "Hast thou

not drunk deep enough of the blood of our family?" cried she to Obeid'allah; "and dost thou thirst for the blood of this youth? Take mine too with it, and let me die with him."

The emir gazed on her again, and with greater astonishment; he mused for awhile, debating with himself, for he was disposed to slay the lad; but was moved by the tenderness of Zeinab. At length his better feelings prevailed, and the life of Ali was spared.

The head of Hosein was transmitted to the Caliph Yezid, at Damascus, in charge of the savage-hearted Shamar; and with it were sent Zeinab and her women, and the youth Ali. The latter had a chain round his neck, but the youth carried himself proudly, and would never vouchsafe a word to his conductors.

When Shamar presented the head with the greetings of Obeid'allah, the Caliph shed tears, for he recalled the dying counsel of his father with respect to the son of Ali. "Oh Hosein!" ejaculated he, "hadst thou fallen into my hands thou wouldst not have been slain." Then giving vent to his indignation against the absent Obeid'allah, "The curse of God," exclaimed he, "be upon the son of Somyah."*

He had been urged by one of his courtiers to kill Ali, and extinguish the whole generation of Hosein, but milder counsels prevailed. When the women and children were brought

* A sneer at Obeid'allah's illegitimate descent from Somyah, the wife of a Greek slave.

before him, in presence of the Syrian nobility, he was shocked at their mean attire, and again uttered a malediction on Obeid'allah. In conversing with Zeinab, he spoke with disparagement of her father Ali and her brother Hosein, but the proud heart of this intrepid woman again rose to her lips, and she replied with a noble scorn and just invective, that shamed him to silence.

Yezid now had Zeinab and the other females of the family of Hosein treated with proper respect; baths were provided for them, and apparel suited to their rank; they were entertained in his palace, and the widowed wives of his father Moawyah came and kept them company, and joined with them in mourning for Hosein. Yezid acted also with great kindness toward Ali and Amru, the sons of Hosein, taking them with him in his walks. Amru was as yet a mere child. Yezid asked him one day jestingly, "Wilt thou fight with my son Khaled?" The urchin's eye flashed fire. "Give him a knife," cried he, "and give me one!" "Beware of this child," said a crafty old courtier who stood by, and who was an enemy to the house of Ali. "Beware of this child, depend upon it, one serpent is the parent of another."

After a time when the family of Hosein wished to depart for Medina, Yezid furnished them abundantly with every comfort for the journey, and a safe convoy under a careful officer, who treated them with all due deference. When their journey was accomplished, Zeinab and Fatima, the young daughter of Ho-

sein, would have presented their conductor with some of their jewels, but the worthy Syrian declined their offer. "Had I acted for reward," said he, "less than these jewels would have sufficed; but what I have done, was for the love of God, and for the sake of your relationship to the prophet."

The Persians hold the memory of Hosein in great veneration, entitling him Shahed or the Martyr, and Seyejed or Lord; and he and his lineal descendants for nine generations are enrolled among the twelve Imams or Pontiffs of the Persian creed. The anniversary of his martyrdom is called Rus Hosein (the day of Hosein), and is kept with great solemnity. A splendid monument was erected in after years on the spot where he fell, and was called in Arabic Meshed Hosein, The Sepulchre of Hosein. The Shyites, or sectaries of Ali, relate divers prodigies as having signalized his martyrdom. The sun withdrew his light, the stars twinkled at noonday and clashed against each other, and the clouds rained showers of blood A supernatural light beamed from the head of the martyr, and a flock of white birds hovered around it. These miracles, however, are all stoutly denied by the sect of Moslems called Sonnites, who hold Ali and his race in abomination.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Insurrection of Abdallah Ibn Zobeir.—Medina taken and sacked.—Mecca besieged.—Death of Yezid.

The death of Hosein had removed one formidable rival of Yezid; but gave strength to the claims of another, who was scarcely less popular. This was Abdallah, the son of Zobeir; honored for his devotion to the faith; beloved for the amenity of his manners, and of such adroit policy, that he soon managed to be proclaimed Caliph, by the partisans of the house of Haschem, and a large portion of the people of Medina and Mecca. The martyrdom, as he termed it, of Hosein furnished him a theme for public harangues, with which, after his inauguration, he sought to sway the popular feelings He called to mind the virtues of that grandson of the prophet, his pious watchings, fastings, and prayers; the perfidy of the people of Cufa, to which he had fallen a victim; the lofty heroism of his latter moments, and the savage atrocities which had accompanied his murder. The public mind was heated by these speeches; the enthusiasm awakened for the memory of Hosein

was extended to his politic eulogist. An Egyptian soothsayer famed for skill in divination, and who had studied the prophet Daniel, declared that Abdallah would live and die a king; and this operated powerfully in his favor among the superstitious Arabs, so that his party rapidly increased in numbers.

The Caliph Yezid, although almost all the provinces of the empire were still in allegiance to him, was alarmed at the movements of this new rival. He affected, however to regard him with contempt, and sent a silver collar to Merwân Ibn Hakem, then governor of Medina, directing him to put it round the neck of the "mock Caliph," should he persist in his folly, and send him in chains to Damascus. Merwân, however, who was of a wily character himself, and aware of the craft and courage of Abdallah, and his growing popularity in Medina, evaded the execution of the order.

Yezid had no better success in his endeavors to crush the rising power of Abdallah at Mecca. In vain he repeatedly changed his governors of that city; each in his turn was outwitted by the superior sagacity of Abdallah, or overawed by the turbulent discontent of the people.

Various negotiations took place between Yezid and these disaffected cities, and dispatches were sent from the latter to Damascus; but these only rendered the schism in the Caliphat more threatening. The deputies brought back accounts of the dissolute life of Yezid, which shocked the pious and abstemious Arabs of the sacred cities. They represented him as

destitute of religion and morality; neglectful of the hours of worship; a gross sensualist addicted to wine and banqueting; an effeminate voluptuary, passing his time amid singing and dancing women, listening to music and loose minstrelsy, and surrounded by dogs and eunuchs.

The contempt and loathing caused by their representations were fomented by the partisans of Abdallah Ibn Zobeir, and extended to the whole house of Ommiah, of which Yezid was a member. Open rebellion at length broke out in a manner characteristic of the Arabs. During an assemblage in the mosque of Medina, one of the conspirators threw his turban on the ground, exclaiming, "I cast off Yezid as I cast off this turban." Another seconded him with the exclamation, "I cast off Yezid as I cast off this shoe." Heaps of shoes and turbans soon showed that the feeling was unanimous.

The next move was to banish the house of Ommiah and all its dependents; but these, to the number of a thousand, took refuge in the palace of Merwân Ibn Hakem, the governor, who was of that race. Here they were closely besieged and sent off to Yezid, imploring instant succor.

It was with difficulty Yezid could prevail upon any of his generals to engage in so unpopular a cause. Meslem Ibn Okbah, a stout-hearted but infirm old general, at length undertook it; but observed, with contempt, that a thousand men who suffered themselves to be cooped up like fowls, without fighting, scarce deserved assistance.

When the troops were about to depart, Yezid rode about among them, his scimetar by his side, and an Arab bow across his shoulder, calling upon them to show their loyalty and courage. His instructions to Meslem were to summon the city of Medina, three days in succession, before he made any assault; if it refused to surrender, he should, after taking it, give it up to three days' pillage. He charged him, however, to be careful of the safety of the youth Ali, son of Hosein, who was in the city, but had taken no part in the rebellion.

Meslem departed at the head of twelve thousand horse and five thousand foot. When he arrived before Medina he found a huge trench digged round the city, and great preparations made for defence. On three successive days he summoned it to surrender, and on each day received a refusal. On the fourth day he attacked it by storm, making his assault on the east side, that the besieged might be blinded by the rising sun. The city held out until most of its prime leaders were slain; it would then have capitulated, but the stern old general compelled an unconditional surrender.

Meslem entered the city sword in hand, and sent instantly for Ali, the youthful son of Hosein, whom he placed on his own camel, and furnished with a trusty guard. His next care was to release the thousand men of the house of Ommiah from confinement, lest they should be involved in the sacking of the city; this done, he abandoned the place for three days to his

soldiery, and a scene of slaughter, violence, and rapine ensued, too horrible to be detailed. Those of the inhabitants who survived the massacre were compelled to submit as slaves and vassals of Yezid. The rigid severity of old Meslem, which far surpassed his orders, gained him the appellation of Musreph, or, The Extortionate. His memory has ever been held in odium by the Moslems, for the outrages which he permitted in this sacred city. This capture of Medina took place at night, in the sixty-third year of the Hegira, and the year 682 of the Christian era.

The old general now marched on to wreak the same fate upon Mecca; but his fires were burnt out; he died on the march of fatigue, infirmity, and old age, and the command devolved on a Syrian general named Hozein Ibn Thamir. The latter led his force up to the walls of Mecca, where Abdallah Ibn Zobeir commanded in person. For the space of forty days he besieged the city: battering the walls with engines brought from Syria. In the course of the siege a part of the Caaba was beaten down and the rest burnt. Some ascribe the fire to the engines of the besiegers; others affirm that Abdallah, hearing a shouting in the night, caused a flaming brand to be elevated on a lance to discover the cause, and that the fire communicated to the veil which covered the edifice.

Mecca was reduced to extremity, and the inhabitants began to dread the fate of Medina, when a swift messenger

brought to Abdallah Ibn Zobeir the joyful tidings of the death of Yezid. He immediately mounted the walls and demanded of the besiegers why they continued to fight, seeing that their master Yezid was no more. They regarded his words as a mere subterfuge, and continued the attack with increased vigor. The intelligence, however, was speedily confirmed.

Hozein now held a conference with Abdallah; he expressed an ardent desire to put an end to all further effusion of kindred blood; and proffered the allegiance of himself and his army, in which were some of the leading men of Syria. Abdallah, for once, was too cautious for his own good. He shrank from trusting himself with Hozein and his army; he permitted them, however, at their earnest request, to walk in religious procession round the ruins of the Caaba, of course without arms; after which Hozein and his host departed on the march homeward; and the late beleaguered family of Ommiah accompanied them to Syria.

The death of the Caliph Yezid took place at Hawwarin, in Syria, in the sixty-fourth year of the Hegira, A. D. 683, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, after a reign of three years and six months. He was cut down in the flower of his days, say the Moslem writers, in consequence of his impiety in ordering the sacking of Medina, the burial-place of the prophet; for the latter had predicted, "Whoever injureth Medina, shall melt away even as salt melteth in water." The Persian writers

also, sectarians of Ali, hold the memory of Yezid in abhorrence, charging him with the deaths of Hassan and Hosein, and accompany his name with the imprecation, "May he be accursed of God!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Inauguration of Moawyah II, eighth Caliph.—His Abdication and death.—Merwân Ibn Hakem and Abdallah Ibn Zobeir, rival Caliphs.—Civil wars in Syria.

On the death of Yezid, his son, Moawyah II, was proclaimed at Damascus, being the third Caliph of the house of Ommiah. He was in the twenty-first year of his age, feeble in mind and body, and swayed in his opinions and actions by his favorite teacher Omar Almeksus, of the sect of the Kadarii, who maintain the free-will of men, and that a contrary opinion would make God the author of sin.

Moawyah assumed the supreme authority with extreme reluctance, and felt his incompetency to its duties; for the state of his health obliged him to shun daylight, and keep in darkened rooms; whence the Arabs, in their propensity to by-names, gave him the derisive appellation of Abuleilah, "Father of the Night."

He abdicated at the end of six months, alleging his incompetency. The Ommiades were indignant at his conduct; they

attributed it, and probably with reason, to the counsels of the sage Omar Almeksus, on whom they are said to have wreaked their rage by burying him alive.

Moawyah refused to nominate a successor. His grandfather Moawyah, he said, had wrested the sceptre from the hands of a better man; his father Yezid had not merited so great a trust, and he himself, being unworthy and unfit to wield it, was equally unworthy to appoint a successor; he left the election, therefore, to the chiefs of the people. In all which he probably spake according to the dictates of the sage Omar Almeksus.

As soon as he had thrown off the cares of government, he shut himself up in the twilight gloom of his chamber, whence he never stirred until his death; which happened soon after: caused, some say, by the plague, others by poison. His own diseased frame and morbid temperament, however, account sufficiently for his dissolution.

The election of a Caliph again distracted the Moslem empire. The leading men at Damascus determined upon Merwân Ibn Hakem, of the family of Ommiah, and once the secretary of state of Othman, who had so craftily managed the correspondence of that unfortunate Caliph. He was now well stricken in years; tall and meagre, with a pale face and yellow beard, doubtless tinged according to oriental usage. Those who elected him took care to stipulate that he should not nominate any of his posterity as his successor; but should be succeeded

by Khaled, the son of Yezid; as yet a minor. Merwân, in his eagerness for power, pledged himself without hesitation; how faithfully he redeemed his pledge will be seen hereafter.

While this election was held at Damascus, Abdallah Ibn Zobeir was acknowledged as Caliph in Mecca, Medina, and throughout Arabia, as also in Korassan, in Babylonia, and in Egypt.

Another candidate for the supreme power unexpectedly arose in Obeid'allah Ibn Ziyad; the emir of Bassora; the same who had caused the massacre of Hosein. He harangued an assemblage of the people of Bassora on the state of the contending factions in Syria and Arabia; the importance of their own portion of the empire, so capable of sustaining itself in independence, and the policy of appointing some able person as a protector to watch over the public weal, until these dissensions should cease, and a Caliph be unanimously appointed. The assembly was convinced by his reasoning, and urged him to accept the appointment. He declined it repeatedly with politic grace, but was at length prevailed upon; and the leaders gave him their hands, promising allegiance to him as a provisional chief, until a Caliph should be regularly elected. His authority, however, was but of short duration. The people of Cufa, who had experienced his tyranny as governor, rejected with scorn his election as protector; their example reacted upon the fickle Bassorians, who suddenly revoked their late act of allegiance, rose in tumultuous opposition to the man they

had so recently honored, and Obeid'allah was fain to disguise himself in female attire, and take refuge in the house of an adherent. During his sway, however, he had secured an immense amount of gold from the public treasury. This he now shared among his partisans, and distributed by handsful among the multitude: but though he squandered in this way above two hundred thousand pieces of gold upon the populace, and raised a few transient tumults in his favor, he was ultimately obliged to fly for his life, and his effects were pillaged by the rabble. So fared it with the temporary tyrant who smote the gory head of the virtuous Hosein.

He fled by night at the head of only a hundred men; after a time weariness compelled him to exchange the camel on which he was mounted for an ass. In this humble plight, with drooping head, and legs dangling to the ground, journeyed the imperious Obeid'allah, who, but the day before, was governor of Babylonia, and aspired to the throne of the Caliphs. One of his attendants noticing his dejection, and hearing him mutter to himself, supposed him smitten with contrition, and upbraiding himself with having incurred these calamities, as a judgment for the death of Hosein: he ventured to suggest his thoughts and to offer consolation; but Obeid'allah quickly let him know that his only repentance and self-reproach were for not having attacked the faithless Bassorians, and struck off their heads at the very outbreak of their revolt. Obeid'allah effected his escape into Syria, and arrived at Damascus in time

to take an active part in the election of Merwan to the Caliphat: in the meantime Bassora declared its allegiance to Abdallah Ibn Zobeir.

The claims of Merwân to the Caliphat were acknowledged in Syria alone, but Syria, if undivided, was an empire in itself. It was divided, however. A powerful faction headed by Dehac Ibn Kais, late governor of Cufa, disputed the pretensions of Merwân, and declared for Abdallah. They appeared in arms in the plain near Damascus. Merwân took the field against them in person; a great and sanguinary battle took place; Dehac and fourscore of the flower of Syrian nobility were slain, and an immense number of their adherents. Victory declared for Merwân. He called off his soldiers from the pursuit, reminding them that the fugitives were their brethren.

When the head of Dehac was brought to him he turned from it with sorrow. "Alas!" exclaimed he, "that an old and worn-out man like myself, should occasion the young and vigorous to be cut to pieces!"

His troops hailed him as Caliph beyond all dispute; and bore him back in triumph to Damascus. He took up his abode in the palace of his predecessors Moawyah and Yezid; but now came a harder part of his task. It had been stipulated that at his death, Khaled the son of Yezid should be his successor; it was now urged that he should marry the widow of Yezid, the mother of the youth, and thus make himself his legitimate guardian.

The aged Merwân would fain have evaded this condition, but it was forced upon him as a measure of policy, and he complied; no sooner, however, was the marriage solemnized than he left his capital and his bride, and set off with an army for Egypt, to put down the growing ascendency of Abdallah in that region. He sent in advance, Amru Ibn Saad, who acted with such promptness and vigor, that while the Caliph was yet on the march, he received tidings that the lieutenant of Abdallah had been driven from the province, and the Egyptians brought under subjection; whereupon, Merwân turned his face again toward Damascus.

Intelligence now overtook him that an army under Musab, brother of Abdallah, was advancing upon Egypt. The old Caliph again faced about, and resumed his march in that direction, but again was anticipated by Amru, who routed Musab in a pitched battle, and completely established the sway of Merwân over Egypt. The Caliph now appointed his son Abd'alaziz to the government of that important country, and once more returned to Damascus, whither he was soon followed by the victorious Amru.

CHAPTER XLIX.

State of affairs in Khorassan.—Conspiracy at Cufa.—Faction of the Penitents; their fortunes.—Death of the Caliph Merwân.

In the present divided state of the Moslem empire, the people of Khorassan remained neuter, refusing to acknowledge either Caliph. They appointed Salem, the son of Ziyad, to act as regent, until the unity of the Moslem government should be restored. He continued for a length of time in this station, maintaining the peace of the province, and winning the hearts of the inhabitants by his justice, equity, and moderation.

About this time, there was a sudden awakening among the sect of Ali, in Babylonia. The people of Cufa, proverbially fickle and faithless, were seized with tardy remorse for the fate of Hosein, of which they were conscious of being the cause. Those who had not personally assisted in his martyrdom, formed an association to avenge his death. Above a hundred of the chief men of the country joined them; they took the name of The Penitents, to express their contrition for having been instrumental in the death of the martyr, and they chose

for their leader one of the veteran companions of the prophet, the venerable Solyman Ibn Sorâd, who devoted his gray hairs to this pious vengeance.

The awakening spread far and wide; in a little while upwards of sixteen thousand names were enrolled; a general appeal to arms was anticipated throughout the country, and the veteran Solyman called upon all true Moslems disposed to prosecute this "holy war," to assemble at a place called Nochaila. Before the appointed time, however, the temporary remorse of the people of Cufa had subsided; the enthusiasm for the memory of Hosein had cooled throughout the province; intriguing meddlers, jealous of the appointment of Solyman, had been at work, and when the veteran came to the place of assemblage, he found but an inconsiderable number prepared for action.

He now dispatched two horsemen to Cufa, who arrived there at the hour of the last evening prayer, galloped through the streets to the great mosque, rousing the Penitents with the war cry of "Vengeance for Hosein." The call was not lost on the real enthusiasts; a kind of madness seized upon many of the people, who thronged after the couriers, echoing the cry of vengeance. The cry penetrated into the depths of the houses. One man tore himself from the arms of a beautiful and tenderly beloved wife, and began to arm for battle. She asked him if he were mad. "No!" cried he, "but I hear the summons of the herald of God, and I fly to avenge the death of Hosein."

"And in whose protection do you leave our child?" "I commend him and thee to the protection of Allah!" So saying he departed.

Another called for a lance and steed; told his daughter that he fled from crime to penitence; took a hurried leave of his family and galloped to the camp of Solyman.

Still, when the army of Penitents was mustered on the following day it did not exceed four thousand. Solyman flattered himself, however, that reinforcements, promised him from various quarters, would join him when on the march. He harangued his scanty host, roused their ardor, and marched them to the place of Hosein's murder, where they passed a day and night in prayer and lamentation. They then resumed their march. Their intention was to depose both Caliphs, Merwân and Abdallah; to overthrow the family of Ommiah, and restore the throne to the house of Ali; but their first object was vengeance on Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad, to whom they chiefly ascribed the murder of Hosein. The aged Solyman led his little army of enthusiasts through Syria, continually disappointed of recruits, but unabated in their expectation of aid from heaven, until they were encountered by Obeid'allah with an army of twenty thousand horsemen, and cut in pieces.

In the midst of these internal feuds and dissensions, a spark of the old Saracen spirit was aroused by the news of disastrous reverses in Northern Africa. We have recorded in a former chapter, the heroic but disastrous end of

Aobah on the plains of Numidia, where he and his little army were massacred by a Berber host, led on by Aben Cahina. That Moorish chieftain, while flushed with victory, had been defeated by Zohair before the walls of Caerwan, and the spirits of the Moslems had once more revived; especially on the arrival of reinforcements sent by Abd'alaziz from Egypt. A sad reverse, however, again took place. A large force of imperialists, veteran and well armed soldiers from Constantinople, were landed on the African coast to take advantage of the domestic troubles of the Moslems, and drive them from their African possessions. Being joined by the light troops of Barbary, they attacked Zobeir in open field. He fought long and desperately, but being deserted by the Egyptian reinforcements, and overpowered by numbers, was compelled to retreat to Barca, while the conquering foe marched on to Caerwan, captured that city, and made themselves masters of the surrounding country.

It was the tidings of this disastrous reverse, and of the loss of the great outpost of Moslem conquest in Northern Africa, that roused the Saracen spirit from its domestic feuds. Abd'almâlec, the eldest son of the Caliph Merwân, who had already served in Africa, was sent with an army to assist Zobeir. He met that general in Barca, where he was again collecting an army. They united their forces; retraced the westward route of victory, defeated the enemy in every action, and replaced the standard of the faith on the walls of Caerwan

Having thus wiped out the recent disgraces, Abd'almâlec left Zobeir in command of that region, and returned covered with glory to sustain his aged father in the Caliphat at Damascus.

The latter days of Merwân had now arrived. He had been intriguing and faithless in his youth; he was equally so in his age. In his stipulations on receiving the Caliphat, he had promised the succession to Khaled, the son of Yezid; he had since promised it to his nephew Amru, who had fought his battles and confirmed his power; in his latter days he caused his own son Abd'almâlec, fresh from African exploits, to be proclaimed his successor, and allegiance to be sworn to him. Khaled, his step-son, reproached him with his breach of faith; in the heat of reply, Merwân called the youth by an opprobrious epithet; which brought in question the chastity of his mother. This unlucky word, is said to have caused the sudden death of Merwân. His wife, the mother of Khaled, is charged with having given him poison; others say that she threw a pillow on his face while he slept, and sat on it until he was suffocated. He died in the 65th year of the Hegira, A. D. 684, after a brief reign of not quite a year.

CHAPTER L.

Inauguration of Abd'almâlec, the eleventh Caliph.—Story of A Moktâr the Avenger.

On the death of Merwân, his son Abd'almâlec was inaugurated Caliph at Damascus, and acknowledged throughout Syria and Egypt, as well as in the newly-conquered parts of Africa. He was in the full vigor of life, being about forty years of age; his achievements in Africa testify his enterprise, activity, and valor, and he was distinguished for wisdom and learning. From the time of his father's inauguration he had been looking forward to the probability of becoming his successor, and ambition of sway had taken place of the military ardor of his early youth. When the intelligence of his father's death reached him, he was sitting cross-legged, in oriental fashion, with the Koran open on his knees. He immediately closed the sacred volume and rising exclaimed, "Fare thee well, I am called to other matters."

The accession to sovereign power is said to have wrought a change in his character. He had always been somewhat su-

perstitious; he now became attentive to signs, omens and dreams, and grew so sordid and covetous, that the Arabs, in their propensity to give characteristic and satirical surnames, used to call him Rafhol Hejer, that is to say, Sweat-Stone; equivalent to our vulgar epithet of skin-flint.

Abdallah Ibn Zobeir was still acknowledged as Caliph by a great portion of the Moslem dominions, and held his seat of government at Mecca; this gave him great influence over the true believers, who resorted in pilgrimage to the Caaba. Abd'-almâlec determined to establish a rival place of pilgrimage within his own dominions. For this purpose he chose the temple of Jerusalem, sacred in the eyes of the Moslems, as connected with the acts and revelations of Moses, of Jesus, and of Mahomet, and as being surrounded by the tombs of the prophets. He caused this sacred edifice to be enlarged so as to include within its walls the steps upon which the Caliph Omar prayed on the surrender of that city. It was thus converted into a mosque, and the venerable and sanctified stone called Jacob's pillow, on which the patriarch is said to have had his dream, was presented for the kisses of pilgrims, in like manner as the black stone of the Caaba.

There was at this time a general of bold, if not ferocious character, who played a sort of independent part in the troubles and commotions of the Moslem empire. He was the son of Abu Obeidah, and was sometimes called Al Thakifi, from his native city Thayef, but won for himself the more universal appellation

of Al Moktâr, or the Avenger. The first notice we find of him is during the short reign of Hassan, the son of Ali, being zealously devoted to the family of that Caliph. We next find him at Cufa, harboring and assisting Muslem, the emissary of Hosein, and secretly fomenting the conspiracy in favor of the latter. When the emir Obeid'allah came to Cufa, he was told of the secret practices of Al Moktâr, and questioned him on the subject. Receiving a delusive reply, he smote him over the face with his staff and struck out one of his eyes. He then cast him into prison, where he lay until the massacre of Hosein. Intercessions were made in his favor with the Caliph Yezid, who ordered his release. The emir executed the order, but gave Al Moktâr notice, that if, after the expiration of three days, he were found within his jurisdiction, his life should be forfeit.

Al Moktâr departed, uttering threats and maledictions. One of his friends who met him, inquired concerning the loss of his eye. "It was the act of that son of a wanton, Obeid'allah," said he, bitterly, "but may Allah confound me if I do not one day cut him in pieces." Blood revenge for the death of Hosein became now his ruling thought. "May Allah forsake me," he would say, "if I do not kill as many in vengeance of that massacre, as were destroyed to avenge the blood of John, the son of Zacharias, on whom be peace!"

He now repaired to Mecca, and presented himself before Abdallah Ibn Zobeir, who had recently been inaugurated; but

he would not take the oath of allegiance until the Caliph had declared his disposition to revenge the murder of Hosein. "Never," said he, "will the affairs of Abdallah prosper, until I am at the head of his army taking revenge for that murder."

Al Moktâr fought valiantly in defence of the sacred city while besieged; but when the siege was raised in consequence of the death of Yezid, and Abdallah became generally acknowledged, he found the Caliph growing cold towards him, or towards the constant purpose of his thoughts; he left him therefore, and set out for Cufa, visiting all the mosques on the way, haranguing the people on the subject of the death of Hosein, and declaring himself his avenger.

On arriving at Cufa, he found his self-appointed office of avenger likely to be forestalled by the veteran Solyman, who was about to depart on his mad enterprise with his crazy Penitents. Calling together the sectaries of Ali, he produced credentials from Mahomet, the brother of Hosein, which gained for him their confidence; and then represented to them the rashness and futility of the proposed expedition; and to his opposition may be ascribed the diminished number of volunteers that assembled at the call of Solyman.

While thus occupied he was arrested on a charge of plotting an insurrection with a view to seize upon the province, and was thrown into the same prison in which he had been confined by Obeid'allah. During his confinement he kept up a

correspondence with the sectaries of Ali by letters conveyed in the lining of a cap. On the death of the Caliph Merwân he was released from prison, and found himself head of the Alians, or powerful sect of Ali; who even offered their adhesion to him as Caliph, on condition that he would govern according to the Koran, and the Sonna or traditions, and would destroy the murderers of Hosein and his family.

Al Moktâr entered heartily upon the latter part of his duties, and soon established his claim to the title of Avenger. The first on whom he wreaked his vengeance was the ferocious Shamar, who had distinguished himself in the massacre of Hosein. Him he overcame and slew. The next was Caulah, who cut off the head of Hosein and conveyed it to the emir Obeid'allah. Him he beleaguered in his dwelling, and killed, and gave his body to the flames. His next victim was Amar Ibn Saad, the commander of the army that surrounded Hosein, with him he slew his son; and sent both of their heads to Mahomet, the brother of Hosein. He then seized Adi Ibn Hathem, who had stripped the body of Hosein while the limbs were yet quivering with life. Him he handed over to some of the sect of Ali, who stripped him, set him up as a target, and discharged arrows at him until they stood out from his body like the quills of a porcupine. In this way Al Moktâr went on, searching out the murderers of Hosein wherever they were to be found, and inflicting on them a diversity of deaths.

Sustained by the Alians, or sect of Ali, he now maintained

a military sway in Cufa, and held, in fact, a sovereign authority over Babylonia; he felt, however, that his situation was precarious; an army out of Syria, sent by Abd'almâlec, was threatening him on one side; and Musab, brother of the Caliph Abdallah, was in great force at Bassora menacing him on the other. He now had recourse to stratagems to sustain his power, and accomplish his great scheme of vengeance. He made overtures to Abdallah, offering to join him with his forces. The wary Caliph suspected his sincerity, and required, as proofs of it, the oath of allegiance from himself and his people, and a detachment to proceed against the army of Abd'almâlec.

Al Moktâr promptly sent off an officer, named Serjabil, with three thousand men, with orders to proceed to Medina. Abdallah, still wary and suspicious, dispatched a shrewd general, Abbas Ibn Sahel, with a competent force to meet Serjabil and sound his intentions, and if he were convinced there was lurking treachery, to act accordingly.

Abbas and Serjabil encountered at the head of their troops on the highway to Medina. They had an amicable conference, in which Abbas thought he discovered sufficient proof of perfidy. He took measures accordingly. Finding the little army of Serjabil almost famished for lack of provisions, he killed a great number of fat sheep and distributed them among the hungry troops. A scene of hurry and glad confusion immediately took place. Some scattered themselves about the neighborhood in search of fuel; some were cooking, some feasting

In this unguarded moment Abbas set upon them with his troops, slew Serjabil, and nearly four hundred of his men; but gave quarter to the rest, most of whom enlisted under his standard.

Al Moktâr, finding that his good faith was doubted by Abdallah, wrote privately to Mahomet, brother of Hosein, who was permitted by the Caliph to reside in Mecca, where he led a quiet, inoffensive life, offering to bring a powerful army to his assistance if he would take up arms. Mahomet sent a verbal reply, assuring Al Moktâr of his belief in the sincerity of his offers; but declining all appeal to arms, saying he was resolved to bear his lot with patience, and leave the event to God. As the messenger was departing he gave him a parting word: "Bid Al Moktâr fear God and abstain from shedding blood."

The pious resignation and passive life of Mahomet were of no avail. The suspicious eye of Abdallah was fixed upon him. The Cufians of the sect of Ali, and devotees to the memory of Hosein, who yielded allegiance to neither of the rival Caliphs, were still permitted to make their pilgrimages to the Caaba, and when in Mecca, did not fail to do honor to Mahomet Ibn Ali and his family. The secret messages of Al Moktâr to Mahomet were likewise known. The Caliph Abdallah, suspecting a conspiracy, caused Mahomet and his family, and seventeen of the principal pilgrims from Cufa, to be arrested, and confined in the edifice by the sacred well Zem Zem, threat-

ening them with death, unless by a certain time they gave the pledge of allegiance.

From their prison they contrived to send a letter to Al Moktâr, apprising him of their perilous condition. He assembled the Alians, or sect of Ali, at Cufa, and read the letter. "This comes," said he, "from Mahomet, the son of Ali and brother of Hosein. He and his family, the purest of the house of your prophet, are shut up like sheep destined for the slaughter. Will you desert them in their extremity, and leave them to be massacred as you did the martyr Hosein and his family?"

The appeal was effectual; the Alians cried out to be led to Mecca. Al Moktâr marshalled out seven hundred and fifty men, bold riders, hard fighters, well armed and fleetly mounted, arranged them in small troops to follow each other at considerable intervals, troop after troop like the waves of the sea; the leader of the first troop, composed of a hundred and fifty men, was Abu Abdallah Aljodali. He set off first; the others followed at sufficient distance to be out of sight, but all spurred forward, for no time was to be lost.

Abu Abdallah was the first to enter Mecca. His small troop awakened no alarm. He made his way to the well of Zem Zem, crying "Vengeance for Hosein;" drove off the guard and broke open the prison house, whence he liberated Mahomet Ibn Ali and his family.

The tumult brought the Caliph and his guard. Abu Abdallah would have given them battle, but Mahomet interfered, and

represented that it was impious to fight within the precincts of the Caaba. The Caliph, seeing the small force that was with Abdallah, would on his part have proceeded to violence, when lo, the second troop of hard riders spurred up; then the third, and presently all the rest; shouting "Allah Achbar," and "Vengeance for Hosein."

The Caliph, taken by surprise, lost all presence of mind. He knew the popularity of Mahomet Ibn Ali and his family, and dreaded an insurrection. Abu Abdallah in the moment of triumph would have put him to death, but his hand was stayed by the pious and humane Mahomet. The matter was peaceably adjusted. The Caliph was left unmolested; Mahomet distributed among his friends and adherents a great sum of money, which had been sent to him by Al Moktâr, and then with his family departed in safety from Mecca.

Al Moktâr had now to look to his safety at home; his old enemy Obeid'allah, former emir of Cufa, was pressing forward at the head of an army of the Caliph Abd'almâlec, to recover that city, holding out to his troops a promise of three days' sack and pillage. Al Moktâr called on the inhabitants to take arms against their former tyrant and the murderer of Hosein. A body of troops sallied forth headed by Ibrahim, the son of Alashtar. To give a mysterious sanctity to the expedition, Al Moktâr caused a kind of throne covered with a veil to be placed on a mule, and led forth with the army; to be to them what the ark was to the children of Israel, a sacred safeguard. On

going into battle, the following prayer was to be offered up at it: "Oh God! keep us in obedience to thee; and help us in our need." To which all the people were to respond, "Amen!"

The army of Ibrahim encountered the host of Obeid'allah on the plains, at some distance from Cufa. They rushed forward with a holy enthusiasm inspired by the presence of their ark: "Vengeance for Hosein!" was their cry, and it smote upon the heart of Obeid'allah. The battle was fierce and bloody; the Syrian force, though greatly superior, was completely routed; Obeid'allah was killed, fighting with desperate valor, and more of his soldiers were drowned in the flight than were slaughtered in the field. This signal victory was attributed, in a great measure, to the presence of the ark or veiled throne, which thenceforward was regarded almost with idolatry.

Ibrahim caused the body of Obeid'allah to be burnt to ashes, and sent his head to Al Moktâr. The gloomy heart of the Avenger throbbed with exultation, as he beheld this relic of the man who had oppressed, insulted, and mutilated him; he recollected the blow over the face which had deprived him of an eye, and smote the gory head of Obeid'allah, even as he had been smitten.

Thus, says the royal and pious historian Abulfeda, did Allah make use of the deadly hate of Al Moktâr, to punish Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad, for the martyrdom of Hosein.

The triumph of Al Moktâr was not of long duration. He

ruled over a fickle people, and he ruled them with a rod of iron. He persecuted all who were not, or whom he chose to consider as not, of the Hosein party, and he is charged with fomenting an insurrection of the slaves against the chief men of the city of Cufa. A combination was at length formed against him, and an invitation was sent to Musab Ibn Zobeir, who had been appointed emir of Bassora, by his brother, the Caliph Abdallah.

The invitation was borne by one Shebet, an enthusiast who made his entrance into Bassora on a mule with cropt ears and tail, his clothes rent, exclaiming with a loud voice, "Ya gautha! Ya gautha! Help! help!" He delivered his message in a style suited to his garb, but accompanied it by letters from the chief men of Cufa, which stated their grievances in a more rational manner. Musab wrote instantly to Al Mohalleb, the emir of Persia, one of the ablest generals of the time, to come to his aid with men and money; and on his arrival, joined forces with him to attack the Avenger in his seat of power.

Al Moktâr did not wait to be besieged. He took the field with his accustomed daring, and gave battle beneath the walls of his capital. It was a bloody fight; the presence of the mysterious throne had its effect upon the superstitious minds of the Cufians, but Al Moktâr had become hateful from his tyranny, and many of the first people were disaffected to him. His army was routed; he retreated into the royal citadel of Cufa, and defended it bravely and skilfully, until he received

a mortal wound. Their chief being killed, the garrison surrendered at discretion, and Musab put every man to the sword, to the number of seven thousand.

Thus fell Al Moktâr Ibn Abu Obeidah, in his sixty-seventh year, after having defeated the ablest generals of three Caliphs, and by the sole power of his sword, made himself the independent ruler of all Babylonia. He is said never to have pardoned an enemy; to have persecuted with inveterate hate all who were hostile to the family of Ali, and in vengeance of the massacre of Hosein, to have shed the blood of nearly fifty thousand men, exclusive of those who were slain in battle. Well did he merit the title of the Avenger.

CHAPTER LI.

Musab Ibn Zobeir takes possession of Babylonia.—Usurpation of Amru Ibn Saad; his death.—Expedition of Abd'almâlec against Musab.—The result.—Omens; their effect upon Abd'almâlec.—Exploits of Al Mohalleb.

THE death of Al Moktâr threw the province of Babylonia, with its strong capital, Cufa, into the hands of Musab Ibn Zobeir, brother to the Caliph Abdallah. Musab was well calculated to win the favor of the people. He was in the flower of his days, being but thirty-six years of age, comely in person, engaging in manners, generous in spirit, and of consummate bravery, though not much versed in warfare. He had been an intimate friend of Abd'almâlec before the latter was made Caliph, but he was brother to the rival Caliph, and connected by marriage with families in deadly opposition to the house of Ommiah. Abd'almâlec, therefore, regarded him as a formidable foe, and warned by the disasters of his army under Obeid'allah, resolved now to set out at the head of a second expedition in person, designed for the invasion of Babylonia.

In setting forth on this enterprise, he confided the government of Damascus to his cousin, Amru Ibn Saad; he did this in consideration of the military skill of Amru, though secretly there was a long nourished hate between them. The origin of this hatred shows the simplicity of Saracen manners in those days. When boys, Abd'almâlec and Amru were often under the care of an old beldame of their family, who used to prepare their meals, and produce quarrels between them in the allotment of their portions. These childish disputes became fierce quarrels and broils as they grew up together, and were rivals in their youthful games and exercises. In manhood they ripened into deadly jealousy and envy, as they became conquering generals; but the elevation of Abd'almâlec to the Caliphat, sank deep into the heart of Amru, as a flagrant wrong; the succession having been promised to him by his uncle, the late Caliph Merwân, as a reward for having subjugated Egypt. As soon, therefore, as Abd'almâlec had departed from Damascus, Amru, not content with holding the government of the city, aspired to the sovereignty of Syria, as his rightful dominion.

Abd'almâlec heard of the usurpation while on the march, returned rapidly in his steps, and a bloody conflict ensued between the forces of the rival cousins in the streets of Damascus. The women rushed between them; held up their children and implored the combatants to desist from this unnatural warfare. Amru laid down his arms

and articles of reconciliation were drawn up and signed by the cousins.

Abd'almâlec proved faithless to his engagements. Getting Amru into his power by an artful stratagem, he struck off his head; put to death the principal persons who had supported him in his usurpation, and banished his family. As the exiles were about to depart, he demanded of the widow of Amru, the written articles of pacification which he had exchanged with her husband. She replied that she had folded them up in his winding sheet, to be at hand at the final day of judgment.

Abd'almâlec now resumed his march for Babylonia. He had sent agents before him to tamper with the fidelity of the principal persons. One of these, Ibrahim Ibn Alashtar, he had offered to make emir if he would serve his cause. Ibrahim, who was of incorruptible integrity, showed the letter to Musab, warned him that similar attempts must have been made to sap the fidelity of other persons of importance and advised him to use the scimetar freely, wherever he suspected disaffection; but Musab was too just and merciful to act thus upon mere suspicion. The event showed that Ibrahim understood the fickle and perfidious nature of the people of Irak.

A battle took place on the margin of the desert, not far from Palmyra. It commenced with a gallant charge of cavalry, headed by Ibrahim Ibn Alashtar, which broke the ranks of the Syrians and made great havoc. Abd'almâlec came up with a reinforcement, and rallied his scattered troops. In

making a second charge, however, Ibrahim was slain, and now the perfidy of the Cufians became apparent. Musab's general of horse wheeled round and spurred ignominiously from the field; others of the leaders refused to advance. Musab called loudly for Ibrahim; but seeing his lifeless body on the ground, "Alas!" he exclaimed, "there is no Ibrahim for me this day."

Turning to his son Isa, a mere stripling, yet who had fought with manly valor by his side, "Fly my son," cried he; "fly to thy uncle Abdallah at Mecca; tell him of my fate, and of the perfidy of the men of Irak." Isa, who inherited the undaunted spirit of the family of Zobeir, refused to leave his father. "Let us retreat," said he, "to Bassora, where you will still find friends, and may thence make good your return to Mecca.

"No, my son!" replied Musab, "never shall it be said among the men of Koreish, that I fled the field of battle, or entered the temple of Mecca, a vanquished general!"

During an interval of the battle, Abd'almâlec sent Musab an offer of his life. His reply was, he had come to conquer or to die. The conflict was soon at an end. The troops who adhered to Musab were cut to pieces, his son Isa was slain by his side, and he himself, after being repeatedly wounded with arrows was stabbed to the heart, and his head struck off.

When Abd'almâlec entered Cufa in triumph, the fickle inhabitants thronged to welcome him and take the oath of allegi

ance, and he found himself in quiet possession of both Babylonia and Persian Irak. He distributed great sums of money to win the light affections of the populace, and gave a sumptuous banquet in the citadel to which all were welcome.

In the height of the banquet, when all was revelry, a thought passed through the mind of the Caliph, as to the transient duration of all human grandeur. "Alas!" he ejaculated, "how sweetly we might live, if a shadow would but last!" The same vein of melancholy continued when the banquet was over, and he walked about the castle with an old gray-headed inhabitant, listening to his account of its antiquities and traditions. Every reply of the old man to his questions about things or persons, began with the words, "This was,—That was,—He was."

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, repeating a verse from an Arabian poet; "every thing new soon runneth to decay, and of every one that is, it is soon said, He was!"

While thus conversing, the head of Musab was brought to him, and he ordered a thousand dinars of gold to the soldier who brought it, but he refused the reward. "I slew him," he said, "not for money, but to avenge a private wrong." The old chronicler of the castle now broke forth on the wonderful succession of events. "I am fourscore and ten years old," said he, "and have outlived many generations. In this very castle I have seen the head of Hosein presented to Obeid'allah, the son of Ziyad; then the head of Obeid'allah to Al Moktâr;

then the head of Al Moktâr to Musab, and now that of Musab to yourself." The Caliph was superstitious, and the words of the old man sounded ominously as the presage of a brief career to himself. He determined that his own head should not meet with similar fate within that castle's walls, and gave orders to raze the noble citadel of Cufa to the foundation.

Abd'almâlec now appointed his brother Besher Ibn Merwân to the government of Babylonia; and as he was extremely young, he gave him, as chief counsellor, or vizier, a veteran named Musa Ibn Nosseyr, who had long enjoyed the confidence of the family of Merwân, as had his father before him It is said by some that his father Nosseyr was a liberated slave of the Caliph's brother Abd'alaziz, and employed by him in high functions. So great was the confidence of the Caliph in Musa, that he intrusted him with all the military rolls of the province, and signified to him that in future the responsibility would rest upon him. On taking possession of his government, Besher delivered his seal of office into the hands of Musa, and intrusted him with the entire management of affairs. This Musa, it will be found, rose afterwards to great renown.

The Caliph also appointed Khaled Ibn Abdallah to the command at Bassora, after which he returned to his capital of Damascus. The province of Babylonia, however, was not destined to remain long at peace. There was at this time a powerful Moslem sect in Persia, a branch of the Motalazites, called Azarakites from the name of their founder Ibn Al Aza-

rak, but known also by the name of Separatists. They were enemies of all regular government, and fomenters of sedition and rebellion. During the sway of the unfortunate Musab, they had given him great trouble by insurrections in various parts of the country, accompanied by atrocious cruelties. They had been kept in check, however, by Mohalleb, the lieutenant of Musab, and one of the ablest generals of the age, who was incessantly on the alert at the head of the army, and never allowed their insurrections to come to any head.

Mohalleb was on a distant command at the time of the invasion and conquest. As soon as he heard of the defeat and death of Musab, and the change in the government of Irak, he hastened to Bassora to acknowledge allegiance to Abd'almâlec. Khaled accepted his services, in the name of the Caliph, but instead of returning him to the post he had so well sustained at the head of the army, appointed him supervisor or collector of tributes, and gave the command of the forces to his own brother, named Abd'alaziz. The change was unfortunate. The Azarakites had already taken breath, and acquired strength during the temporary absence of their old adversary, Mohalleb; but as soon as they heard he was no longer in command, they collected all their forces and made a rapid inroad into Irak.

Abdalaziz advanced to meet them; but he was new to his own troops, being a native of Mecca, and he knew little of the character of the enemy. He was entirely routed, and his wife, a woman of great beauty, taken captive. A violent dis

pute arose among the captors as to the ransom of their prize, some valuing her at one hundred thousand dinars: until a furious zealot, indignant that her beauty should cause dissension among them, struck off her head.

The Caliph Abd'almâlec was deeply grieved when he heard of this defeat, and wrote to Khaled, emir of Bassora, reproving him for having taken the command of the army from Mohalleb, a man of penetrating judgment, and hardened in war, and given it to Abd'alaziz, "a mere Arab of Mecca." He ordered him, therefore, to replace Mohalleb forthwith, and wrote also to his brother, Besher, emir of Babylonia, to send the general reinforcements.

Once more Mohalleb proved his generalship, by defeating the Azrakites in a signal and bloody battle near the city of Ahwâz; nor did he suffer them to rally, but pursued them over the borders and into the heart of the mountains, until his troops lost almost all their horses, and returned crowned with victory, but wayworn and almost famished.

The effect of all these internal wars was to diminish, for a time, the external terror of the Moslem name. The Greek emperor, during the recent troubles, had made successful incursions into Syria; and Abd'almâlec, finding enemies enough among those of his own faith, had been fain to purchase a humiliating truce of the Christian potentate by an additional yearly tribute of fifty thousand ducats.

CHAPTER LII.

Abd'almâlec makes war upon his rival Caliph in Mecca.—Siege of the sacred city.—Death of Abdallah.—Demolition and reconstruction of the Caaba.

ABD'ALMALEC, by his recent victories, had made himself sovereign of all the eastern part of the Moslem dominions; he had protected himself also from the Christian emperor by a disgraceful augmentation of tribute; he now determined to carry a war against his rival, Abdallah, to the very gates of Mecca; and make himself sovereign of an undivided empire.

The general chosen for this important enterprise was Al Hejagi (or Hedjadgi) Ibn Yusef, who rose to renown as one of the ablest and most eloquent men of that era. He set off from Damascus with but two thousand men; but was joined by Taric Ibn Amar with five thousand more. Abd'almâlec had made proclamations beforehand, promising protection and favor to such of the adherents of Abdallah as should come unto his allegiance, and he trusted that many of the inhabitants of Mecca would desert to the standard of Al Hejagi.

Abdallah sent forth troops of horse to waylay and check the advance of the army, but they were easily repulsed, and Al Hejagi arrived without much difficulty before the sacred city. Before proceeding to hostilities he discharged arrows over the walls carrying letters, in which the inhabitants were assured that he came merely to release them from the tyranny of Abdallah; and were invited to accept the most favorable terms, and abandon a man who would fain die with the title of Caliph, though the ruins of Mecca should be his sepulchre.

The city was now assailed with battering-rams and catapultas; breaches were made in the walls; the houses within were shattered by great stones, or set on fire by flaming balls of pitch and naphtha.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning killed several of the besiegers, and brought them to a pause. "Allah is wreaking his anger upon us," said they, "for assailing his holy city." Al Hejagi rebuked their superstitious fears and compelled them to renew the attack; setting them an example by discharging a stone with his own hands.

On the following day there was another storm which did most injury to the garrison. "You perceive," said Al Hejagi, "the thunder strikes your enemies as well as yourselves."

The besieged held out valiantly, and repulsed every assault Abdallah, though now aged and infirm, proved himself a worthy son of Zobeir. During the early part of the siege, he resided chiefly in the Caaba; that sacred edifice, therefore, be-

came an object of attack: a part of it was battered down by stones, and it was set on fire repeatedly by the balls of naphtha. He therefore abandoned it, and retired to his own dwelling. He was sustained throughout all this time of peril by the presence and counsels of his mother; a woman of masculine spirit and unfailing energy, though ninety years of age. She was the granddaughter of Abu Beker, and proved herself worthy of her descent. She accompanied her son to the ramparts; caused refreshments to be distributed among the fighting men; was consulted in every emergency and present in every danger.

The siege continued with unremitting strictness; many of Abdallah's most devoted friends were killed; others became disheartened; nearly ten thousand of the inhabitants deserted to the enemy; even two of the Caliph's sons, Hamza and Koheib, forsook him, and made terms for themselves with the besiegers.

In this forlorn state, his means of defence almost exhausted, and those who ought to have been most faithful deserting him; Abdallah was tempted by an offer of his own terms on condition of surrender.

He turned to his aged mother for advice. "Judge for yourself, my son," said the resolute descendant of Abu Beker. "If you feel that your cause is just, persevere. Your father Zobeir died for it, as did many of your friends. Do not bend your neck to the scorn of the haughty race of Ommiah. How

much better an honorable death, than a dishonored life for the brief term you have yet to live."

The Caliph kissed her venerable forehead. "Thy thoughts are my own," said he, "nor has any other motive than zeal for God induced me thus far to persevere. From this moment, consider thy son as dead; and refrain from immoderate lamentation." "My trust is in God," replied she, "and I shall have comfort in thee, my son, whether I go before or follow thee."

As she took a parting embrace, she felt a coat of mail under the outer garments of Abdallah, and told him to put it off, as unsuited to a martyr prepared to die. "I have worn it," replied he, "that I might be the better able to defend thee, my mother." He added that he had little fear of death, but a horror of the insults and exposures to which his body might be subjected after death.

"A sheep once killed, my son, feels not the flaying." With these words she gave him, to rouse his spirits, a cordial draught in which was a strong infusion of musk, and Abdallah went forth a self-devoted martyr.

This last sally of the veteran Caliph struck terror and astonishment into the enemy. At the head of a handful of troops he repulsed them from the breach; drove them into the ditch, and slew an incredible number with his own hand; others, however, thronged up in their place: he fought until his followers were slain, his arrows expended, and he had no weapon but sword and lance. He now retreated, step by step,

with his face to the foe, disputing every inch of ground, until he arrived in a narrow place where he could only be assailed in front. Here he made his last stand. His opponents, not daring to come within reach of his weapons, assailed him from a distance with darts and arrows, and when these missiles were expended, with bricks, and tiles and stones. A blow on the head from a stone made him totter, and the blood streamed down his face and beard. His assailants gave a shout; but he recovered himself and uttered a verse of a poet, "The blood of our wounds falls on our instep, not on our heels;" implying that he had not turned his back upon the foe. At length he sank under repeated wounds and bruises, and the enemy closing upon him cut off his head. Thus died Abdallah the son of Zobeir, in the seventy-third year of the Hegira, and the seventy-second year of his own age, after a stormy and disastrous reign of nine years.

Taric Ibn Amar, struck with admiration of his persevering valor, exclaimed, "Never did woman bear a braver son!" "How is this," cried Al Hejagi, "do you speak thus of an enemy of the Commander of the Faithful?" But Abd'almâlec, when the speech was reported to him, concurred in the praise of his fallen rival. "By Allah!" exclaimed he, "what Taric hath spoken is the truth." When the tidings of Abdallah's death were brought to his aged mother, she experienced a revulsion of nature which she had not known for fifty years, and died of hemorrhage.

Abdallah was said to unite the courage of the lion with the craftiness of the fox. He was free from any glaring vice, but reputed to be sordidly covetous and miserly, insomuch that he wore the same garment for several years. It was a saying in Arabia, that he was the first example of a man being at the same time brave and covetous; but the spoils of foreign conquest were fast corrupting the chivalrous spirit of the Arab conquerors. He was equally renowned for piety, being according to tradition so fixed and immovable in prayer, that a pigeon once perched upon his head mistaking him for a statue.

With the death of Abdallah ended the rival Caliphat, and the conquering general received the oaths of allegiance of the Arabs for Abd'almâlec. His conduct, however, toward the people of Mecca and Medina, was as cruel and oppressive as his military operations had been brilliant. He inflicted severe punishments for trivial offences, sometimes on mere suspicion; and marked many with stamps of lead upon the neck, to disgrace them in the public eye. His most popular act was the reconstruction of the dilapidated Caaba on the original form which it had borne before the era of the prophet.

For a time the people of Mecca and Medina groaned under his tyranny, and looked back with repining to the gentler sway of Abdallah; and it was a cause of general joy throughout those cities, when the following circumstances caused him to be removed from their government and promoted to a distant command.

Though the death of Abdallah had rendered Abd'almâlec sole sovereign of the Moslem empire, the emir of Khorassan, Abdallah Ibn Hazem, who had been appointed by his rival, hesitated to give in his allegiance. His province, so distant and great in extent, might make him a dangerous rebel; Abd'almâlec, therefore, sent a messenger, claiming his oath of fealty, and proffering him in reward, the government of Khorassan for seven years, with the enjoyment of all its revenues, at the same time, he sent him the head of the deceased Caliph, to intimate the fate he might expect should he prove refractory.

The emir, instead of being intimidated, was filled with horror, and swore never to acknowledge Abd'almâlec as Commander of the Faithful. He reverently washed and embalmed the head, folded it in fine linen, prayed over it, and sent it to the family of the deceased Caliph at Medina. Then summoning the messenger, he made him eat the epistle of Abd'almâlec in his presence, and dismissed him with the assurance that his sacred character of herald alone saved his head.

It was to go against this refractory but high-minded emir, that Al Hejagi was called off from his command in Arabia. He entered Khorassan with a powerful army, defeated the emir in repeated battles, and at length slew him and reduced the province to obedience.

The vigor, activity, and indomitable courage displayed by Al Hejagi in these various services, pointed him out as the very man to take charge of the government of Babylonia, or

Irak, recently vacated by the death of the Caliph's brother Besher; and he was accordingly sent to break that refractory province into more thorough obedience.

The province of Babylonia, though formerly a part of the Persian empire, had never been really Persian in character. Governed by viceroys, it had partaken of the alien feeling of a colony; forming a frontier between Persia and Arabia, and its population made up from both countries, it was deficient in the virtues of either. The inhabitants had neither the simplicity and loyalty of the Arabs of the desert, nor the refinement and cultivation of the Persians of the cities. Restless, turbulent, factious, they were ever ready to conspire against their rulers; to desert old faiths, and to adopt new sects and heresies. Before the conquest by the Moslems, when Irak was governed by a Persian satrap, and Syria by an imperial prefect, a spirit of rivalry and hostility existed between these frontier provinces; the same had revived during the division of the Caliphat; and while Syria was zealous in its devotion to the house of Ommiah, Irak had espoused the cause of Ali. Even since the reunion and integrity of the Caliphat, it still remained a restless, unsteady part of the Moslem empire; the embers of old seditions still lurked in its bosom, ready at any moment once more to burst forth into flame. We shall see how Al Hejagi fared in his government of that most combustible province.

CHAPTER LIII.

Administration of Al Hejagi as Emir of Babylonia.

Al Hejagi, aware of the nature of the people over whom he was to rule, took possession of his government in military style. Riding into Cufa at the head of four thousand horse, he spurred on to the mosque, alighted at the portal, and ascending the pulpit, delivered an harangue to the multitude, that let them know the rigorous rule they were to expect. He had come, he said, "to make the wicked man bear his own burden, and wear his own shoe;" and, as he looked round on the densely-crowded assemblage, he intimated he saw before him turbaned heads ripe for mowing, and beards which required to be moistened with blood.

His sermon was carried out in practice; he ruled with a rigorous hand, swearing he would execute justice in a style that should put to shame all who had preceded, and serve as an example to all who might follow him. He was especially severe, and even cruel, towards all who had been in any way implicated in the assassination of the Caliph Othman. One

person, against whom he came prepared to exercise the utmost severity, was the veteran Musa Ibn Nosseyr, who had officiated as prime minister to the deceased emir Basher. He had been accused of appropriating and squandering the taxes collected in the province, and the Caliph had lent a too ready ear to the accusation. Fortunately, the following letter, from a friend in Damascus, apprised Musa in time of his danger:

"Thy deposition is signed; orders have been despatched to Al Hejagi to seize on thy person and inflict on thee the most severe punishment: so away! away! thy safety depends on the fleetness of thy horse. If thou succeed in placing thyself under the protection of Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, all will go well with thee."

Musa lost no time, but mounted his steed and fled to Damascus, where Abd'alaziz was then sojourning, having arrived with the tribute of Egypt. Abd'alaziz received with protecting kindness the veteran adherent of the family, and accompanied him before the Caliph. "How darest thou show thy beard here, exclaimed Abd'almâlec?" "Why should I hide it?" replied the veteran; "what have I done to offend the Commander of the Faithful?" "Thou hast disobeyed my orders, and squandered my treasures." "I did no such thing," replied Musa, firmly; "I have always acted like a faithful subject; my intentions have been pure; my actions true." "By Allah," cried the Caliph, "thou shalt make thy defalcation good fifty times over." The veteran was about to make an angry reply,

but at a sign from Abd'alaziz, he checked himself, and bowing his head, "Thy will be done," said he, "oh, Commander of the Faithful." He was fined fifty thousand dinars of gold; which, however, Abd'alaziz enabled him to pay; and, on his return to his government in Egypt, took his old favorite with him. How he further indemnified Musa for his maltreatment will be shown hereafter.

To resume the affairs of Al Hejagi in Irak. Having exercised the rod of government in Cufa, he proceeded to Bassora, where he was equally sharp with his tongue, and heavy with his hand. The consequence was, as usual, an insurrection. This suited his humor. He was promptly in the field; defeated the rebels in a pitched battle; sent the heads of eighteen of their leaders to the Caliph, and then returned to the administration of affairs at Bassora. He afterwards sent two of his lieutenants to suppress a new movement among the Azarakite sectaries, who were defeated and driven out of the province.

In the 76th year of the Hegira, a conspiracy was formed against the life of Abd'almâlec, by two Karegite fanatics, named Shebib Ibn Zeid and Saleh Ibn Mari. Their conspiracy was discovered and defeated, but they made their escape and repaired to the town of Daras, in Mesopotamia, where they managed to get together adherents to the number of one hundred and twenty men. Saleh was smooth tongued and seductive; having a melodious voice and a great command of figurative language. He completely fascinated and bewildered his

companion Shebib, and their infatuated followers, mingling his inflammatory harangues with pious precepts and expositions of the Koran. In the end he was hailed Commander of the Faithful by the motley crew, and gravely accepted the office His men were all armed, but most of them were on foot; he therefore, led them, to a neighboring village, where they seized upon the best horses in the name of Allah and the prophet, to whom they referred the owners for payment.

Mahomet, brother of Abd'almâlec, who was at that time emir of Mesopotamia, was moved to laughter when he heard of this new Caliph and his handful of rabble followers; and ordered Adi, one of his officers, to take five hundred men and sweep them from the province.

Adi shook his head doubtfully, "One madman," said he "is more dangerous than five soldiers in their senses."

"Take one thousand, then," said the emir; and with that number well armed and mounted, Adi set out in quest of the fanatics. He found them and their pseudo Caliph living in free quarters on the fat of the land, and daily receiving recruits in straggling parties of two, and three, and four at a time, armed with such weapons as they could catch up in their haste. On the approach of Adi they prepared for battle, having full confidence that a legion of angels would fight on their side.

Adi held a parley, and endeavored to convince them of the absurdity of their proceedings, or to persuade them to carry

their marauding enterprises elsewhere; but Saleh, assuming the tone of Caliph as well as sectarian, admonished Adi and his men to conform to his doctrines, and come into his allegiance. The conference ended while it was yet the morning hour. Adi still forbore to attack such a handful of misguided men, and paid dearly for his forbearance. At noontide, when he and his men were engaged in the customary prayer, and their steeds were feeding, the enthusiast band charged suddenly upon them with the cry of Allah Achbar! Adi was slain in the onset, and his body was trampled under foot; his troops were slaughtered or dispersed, and his camp and horses, with a good supply of arms, became welcome booty to the victors.

The band of sectarians increased in numbers and in daring after this signal exploit. Al Hejagi sent five thousand veteran troops against them, under Al Hareth Alamdani. These came by surprise upon the two leaders, Saleh and Shebib, with a party of only ninety men, at a village on the Tigris not far from Mousul, the capital of Mesopotamia. The fanatic chiefs attacked the army with a kind of frantic courage, but Saleh, the mock Caliph, was instantly killed, with a score of his followers. Shebib was struck from his horse, but managed to keep together the remnant of his party; made good his retreat with them into Montbagi, a dismantled fortress, and swung to and secured the ponderous gate.

The victors kindled a great fire against the gate, and waited

patiently until it should burn down, considering their prey secure.

As the night advanced, Shebib, who from his desolate retreat watched anxiously for some chance of escape, perceived, by the light of the fire, that the greater part of the besiegers, fatigued by their march, were buried in deep sleep. He now exacted from his men an oath of implicit obedience, which they took between his hands. He then caused them to steep most of their clothing in a tank of water within the castle, after which, softly drawing the bolts of the flaming gate, they threw it down on the fire kindled against it; flung their wet garments on the burning bridge thus suddenly formed, and rushed forth scimetar in hand.

Instead of contenting themselves with an escape, the crazy zealots charged into the very heart of the sleeping camp, and wounded the general before an alarm was given. The soldiers started awake in the midst of havoc and confusion; supposing themselves surprised by a numerous army, they fled in all directions, never ceasing their flight until they had taken refuge in Mosul or Jukhi, or some other walled city.

Shebib established himself amid the abundance of the deserted camp; scarce any of his men had been killed or wounded in this midnight slaughter; he considered himself therefore invincible; proclaimed himself Commander of the Faithful, and partisans crowded to his standard. Strengthened by numbers, he led his fanatic horde against Cufa, and had the

address and good fortune to make himself master of it, Al Hejagi, the emir, being absent at Bassora. He was soon joined by his wife Gazala; established himself as Caliph with some ceremonial, and doubtless his vagabond sway was more acceptable to the people of Cufa, than the iron rule of Al Hejagi.

The mock Caliphat, however, was of brief duration. Al Hejagi, reinforced by troops from Syria, marched in person against Cufa. He was boldly met in the plains near that city by Shebib, at the head of four thousand men. The fanatics were defeated, and Gazala, the wife of the mock Caliph, who had accompanied her husband to the field, was slain. Shebib with a remnant of his force cut his way through the Syrian army; crossed and recrossed the Tigris, and sought refuge and reinforcements in the interior of Persia. He soon returned into Irak, with a force inconsiderable in numbers, but formidable for enthusiasm and desperate valor. He was encountered at the bridge of Dojail al Awaz. Here a sudden and unexpected end was put to his fanatic career. His horse struck his forefeet on some loose stones on the margin of the bridge, and threw his rider into the stream. He rose twice to the surface, and each time uttered a pious ejaculation. "What God decrees is just!" was the first exclamation. "The will of God be done!" was the second, and the waters closed over him. His followers cried with loud lamentations, "The Commander of the Faithful is no more!" and every man betook himself to flight. The water was dragged with a net, the

body was found and decapitated, and the head sent to Al Hejagi, who transmitted it to the Caliph. The heart of this enthusiast was also taken out of his breast, and is said to have been as hard as stone. He was assuredly a man of extraordinary daring.

Arabian writers say that the manner of Shebib's death was predicted before his birth. His mother was a beautiful Christian captive, purchased at a public sale by Yezid Ibn Naim for his harem. Just before she gave birth to Shebib, she had a dream that a coal of fire proceeded from her, and, after enkindling a flame over the firmament, fell into the sea and was extinguished. This dream was interpreted that she would give birth to a man-child, who would prove a distinguished warrior, but would eventually be drowned. So strong was her belief in this omen, that when she heard, on one occasion, of his defeat and of his alleged death on the battle-field, she treated the tidings as an idle rumor, saying it was by water only her son would die. At the time of Shebib's death he had just passed his fiftieth year.

The emir Al Hejagi was destined to have still farther commotions in his turbulent and inconstant province. A violent feud existed between him and Abda'lrahman Ibn Mohammed, a general subject to his orders. To put an end to it, or to relieve himself from the presence of an enemy, he sent him on an expedition to the frontiers against the Turks. Abda'lrahman set out on his march, but when fairly in the field, with a

force at his command, conceived a project either of revenge or ambition.

Addressing his soldiers in a spirited harangue, he told them that their numbers were totally inadequate to the enterprise; that the object of Al Hejagi in sending him on such a dangerous service with such incompetent means, was to effect his defeat and ruin, and that they had been sent to be sacrificed with him.

The harangue produced the desired effect. The troops vowed devotion to Abda'lrahman and vengeance upon the emir. Without giving their passion time to cool, he led them back to put their threats in execution. Al Hejagi heard of the treason, and took the field to meet them, but probably was not well seconded by the people of Babylonia, for he was defeated in a pitched battle. Abda'lrahman then marched to the city of Bassora; the inhabitants welcomed him as their deliverer from a tyrant, and, captivated by his humane and engaging manners, hailed him as Caliph. Intoxicated by his success, he gravely assumed the title, and proceeded toward Cufa. Encountering Al Hejagi on the way, with a hastily levied army, he gave him another signal defeat, and then entered Cufa in triumph, amid the shouts of its giddy populace, who were delighted with any change that released them from the yoke of Al Hejagi.

Abda'lrahman was now acknowledged Caliph throughout the territories bordering on the Euphrates and the Tigris, a mighty empire in ancient days, and still important from its

population, for he soon had on foot an army of one hundred thousand men.

Repeated defeat had but served to rouse the energy of Al Hejagi. He raised troops among such of the people of Irak as remained faithful to Abd'almâlec; received reinforcements from the Caliph, and by dint of indefatigable exertions was again enabled to take the field.

The two generals, animated by deadly hate, encamped their armies at places not far apart. Here they remained between three and four months, keeping vigilant eye upon each other, and engaged in incessant conflicts, though never venturing upon a pitched battle.

The object of Al Hejagi was to gain an advantage by his superior military skill, and he succeeded. By an artful manœuvre he cut off Abda'lrahman, with a body of five thousand men, from his main army; compelled him to retreat, and drove him to take refuge in a fortified town; where, being closely besieged, and having no hope of escape, he threw himself headlong from a lofty tower, rather than fall into the hands of his cruel enemy.

Thus terminated the rebellion of this second mock Caliph, and Al Hejagi, to secure the tranquillity of Irak, founded a strong city on the Tigris, called Al Wazab, or the Centre, from its lying at equal distance from Cufa, Bassora, Bagdad, and Ahwâz, about fifty leagues from each.

Al Hejagi, whom we shall have no further occasion to men-

tion, continued emir of Irak until his death, which took place under the reign of the next Caliph, in the ninety-fifth year of the Hegira, and the fifty-fourth of his own age. He is said to have caused the death of one hundred and twenty thousand persons, independent of those who fell in battle, and that, at the time of his death, he left fifty thousand confined in different prisons. Can we wonder that he was detested as a tyrant?

In his last illness, say the Arabian historians, he sent for a noted astrologer, and asked him whether any great general was about to end his days. The learned man consulted the stars, and replied, that a great captain named Kotaib, or 'The Dog,' was at the point of death. "That," said the dying emir, "is the name my mother used to call me when a child." He inquired of the astrologer if he was assured of his prediction. The sage, proud of his art, declared that it was infallible. "Then," said the emir, "I will take you with me, that I may have the benefit of your skill in the other world." So saying, he caused his head to be struck off.

The tyranny of this general was relieved at times by displays of great magnificence and acts of generosity, if not clemency. He spread a thousand tables at a single banquet, and bestowed a million dirhems of silver at a single donation.

On one occasion, an Arab, ignorant of his person, spoke of him, in his presence, as a cruel tyrant. "Do you know me?" said Al Hejagi, sternly." "I do not," replied the Arab. "I am Al Hejagi!" "That may be," replied the Arab, quickly,

but do you know me? I am of the family of Zobeir, who are fools in the full of the moon; and if you look upon the heavens you will see that this is my day." The emir laughed at his ready wit, and dismissed him with a present.

On another occasion, when separated from his party while hunting, he came to a spring where an Arab was feeding his camels, and demanded drink. The Arab bade him, rudely, to alight and help himself. It was during the rebellion of Abda'lrahman. After he had slaked his thirst, he demanded of the Arab whether he was for the Caliph Abd'almâlec. The Arab replied "no; for the Caliph had sent the worst man in the world to govern the province." Just then a bird, passing over head, uttered a croaking note. The Arab turned a quick eye upon the emir: "Who art thou?" cried he, with consternation. "Wherefore the question?" "Because I understand the language of birds, and he says that thou art chief of yon horsemen that I see approaching."

The emir smiled, and when his attendants came up, bade them to bring the camel-driver with them. On the next day, he sent for him; had meat set before him, and bade him eat. Before he complied, the Arab uttered a grace, "Allah grant that the end of this meal be as happy as the beginning."

The emir inquired if he recollected their conversation of yesterday. "Perfectly! but I entreat thee to forget it, for it was a secret which should be buried in oblivion."

"Here are two conditions for thy choice," said the emir;

"recant what thou hast said and enter into my service, or abide the decision of the Caliph, to whom thy treasonable speech shall be repeated." "There is a third course," replied the Arab, "which is better than either. Send me to my own home, and let us be strangers to each other as heretofore."

The emir was amused by the spirit of the Arab, and dismissed him with a thousand dirhems of silver.

There were no further troubles in Irak during the lifetime of Al Hejagi, and even, the fickle turbulent and faithless people of Cufa became submissive and obedient. Abulfaragius says that this general died of eating dirt. It appears that he was subject to dyspepsia or indigestion, for which he used to eat Terra Lemnia, and other medicinal or absorbent earths. Whether he fell a victim to the malady or the medicine, is not clearly manifest.

CHAPTER LIV.

Renunciation of tribute to the emperor.—Battles in Northern Africa.—The prophet queen Cahina ; her achievements and fate.

The seventy-second year of the Hegira, saw the Moslem dominions at length free from rebellion and civil war, and united under one Caliph. Abd'almâlec now looked abroad, and was anxious to revive the foreign glories of Islam, which had declined during the late vicissitudes. His first movement was to throw off the galling tribute to the Greek emperor. This, under Moawyah I, had originally been three thousand dinars of gold, but had been augmented to three hundred and sixty-five thousand; being one thousand for every day in the Christian year. It was accompanied by three hundred and sixty-five female slaves, and three hundred and sixty-five Arabian horses of the most generous race.

Not content with renouncing the payment of tribute, Abd'almâlec sent Alid one of his generals on a ravaging expedition into the imperial dominions, availing himself of a disaffection evinced to the new emperor Leontius. Alid returned laden

with spoils. The cities of Lazuca and Baruncium were likewise delivered up to the Moslems through the treachery of Sergius, a Christian general.

Abd'almâlec next sought to vindicate the glory of the Moslem arms along the northern coast of Africa. There, also, the imperialists had taken advantage of the troubles of the Caliphat, to reverse the former successes of the Moslems, and to strengthen themselves along the sea-coast, of which their navy aided them to hold possession. Zohair, who had been left by Abd'almâlec in command of Barca, had fallen into an ambush and been slain with many of his men, and the posts still held by the Moslems were chiefly in the interior.

In the seventy-seventh year of the Hegira, therefore, Abd'almâlec sent Hossán Ibn An-no'mán, at the head of forty thousand choice troops, to carry out the scheme of African conquest. That general pressed forward at once with his troops against the city of Carthage, which, though declined from its ancient might and glory, was still an important seaport, fortified with lofty walls, haughty towers and powerful bulwarks, and had a numerous garrison of Greeks and other Christians. Hossán proceeded according to the old Arab mode; beleaguering it and reducing it by a long siege; he then assailed it by storm, scaled its lofty walls with ladders, and made himself master of the place. Many of the inhabitants fell by the edge of the sword; many escaped by sea to

Sicily and Spain. The walls were then demolished; the city was given up to be plundered by the soldiery, the meanest of whom was enriched by booty. Particular mention is made among the spoils of victory of a great number of female captives of rare beauty.

The triumph of the Moslem host was suddenly interrupted. While they were revelling in the ravaged palaces of Carthage, a fleet appeared before the port; snapped the strong chain which guarded the entrance, and sailed into the harbor. It was a combined force of ships and troops from Constantinople and Sicily; reinforced by Goths from Spain; all under the command of the prefect John, a patrician general of great valor and experience.

Hossán felt himself unable to cope with such a force; he withdrew, however, in good order, and conducted his troops laden with spoils to Tripoli and Caerwân, and having strongly posted them, he awaited reinforcements from the Caliph. These arrived in the course of time, by sea and land. Hossán again took the field; encountered the prefect John, not far from Utica, defeated him in a pitched battle, and drove him to embark the wrecks of his army, and make all sail for Constantinople.

Carthage was again assailed by the victors, and now its desolation was complete, for the vengeance of the Moslems gave that majestic city to the flames. A heap of ruins and the remains of a noble aqueduct, are all the relics of a metrop-

olis that once valiantly contended for dominion with Rome, the mistress of the world.

The imperial forces were now expelled from the coasts of Northern Africa, but the Moslems had not yet achieved the conquest of the country. A formidable enemy remained in the person of a native and heroic queen, who was revered by her subjects as a saint or prophetess. Her real name was Dhabbá. but she is generally known in history by the surname, given to her by the Moslems, of Cahina or the Sorceress. She has occasionally been confounded with her son Aben, or rather Ibn Cahina, of whom mention has been made in a previous chapter.

Under the sacred standard of this prophet queen were combined the Moors of Mauritania and the Berbers of the mountains, and of the plains bordering on the interior deserts. Roving and independent tribes, which had formerly warred with each other, now yielded implicit obedience to one common leader, whom they regarded with religious reverence. The character of marabout or saint has ever had vast influence over the tribes of Africa. Under this heroic woman the combined host had been reduced to some degree of discipline, and inspired with patriotic ardor, and were now prepared to make a more effective struggle for their native land than they had yet done under their generals.

After repeated battles, the emir Hossán was compelled to retire with his veteran but diminished army to the frontiers

of Egypt. The patriot queen was not satisfied with this partial success. Calling a council of war of the leaders and principal warriors of the different hordes: "This retreat of the enemy," said she, "is but temporary; they will return in greater force. What is it that attracts to our land these Arab spoilers? The wealth of our cities; the treasures of silver and gold digged from the bowels of the earth; the fruits of our gardens and orchards; the produce of our fields. Let us demolish our cities; return these accursed treasures into the earth; fell our fruit trees; lay waste our fields, and spread a barrier of desolation between us and the country of these robbers!"

The words of the royal prophetess were received with fanatic enthusiasm by her barbarian troops; the greater part of whom, collected from the mountains and from distant parts, had little share in the property to be sacrificed. Walled towns were forthwith dismantled; majestic edifices were tumbled into ruins; groves of fruit trees were hewn down, and the whole country from Tangier to Tripoli was converted from a populous and fertile region into a howling and barren waste. A short time was sufficient to effect a desolation, which centuries have not sufficed to remedy.

This sacrificial measure of Queen Cahina, however patriotic its intention, was fatal in the end to herself. The inhabitants of the cities and the plains, who had beheld their property laid waste by the infuriated zeal of their defenders, hailed the

return of the Moslem invaders as though they had been the saviours of the land.

The Moslems, as Cahina predicted, returned with augmented forces: but when she took the field to oppose them, the ranks of her army were thinned; the enthusiasm which had formerly animated them was at an end: they were routed, after a sanguinary battle, and the heroine fell into the hands of the enemy. Those who captured her spared her life, because she was a woman and a queen. When brought into the presence of Hossán she maintained her haughty and fierce demeanor. He proposed the usual conditions, of conversion or tribute. She refused both with scorn, and fell a victim to her patriotism and religious constancy, being beheaded in presence of the emir

Hossán Ibn An-no'mán now repaired to Damascus, to give the Caliph an account of his battles and victories; bearing an immense amount of booty, and several signal trophies. The most important of the latter was a precious box, containing the embalmed head of the slaughtered Cahina. He was received with great distinction, loaded with honors, and the government of Barca was added to his military command.

This last honor proved fatal to Hossán. Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, the Caliph's brother, was at that time emir of Egypt, and considered the province of Barca a part of the territories under his government. He had, accordingly, appointed one of his officers to command it as his lieutenant. He was extremely

displeased and disconcerted, therefore, when he was told that Hossán had solicited and obtained the government of that province. Sending for the latter, as he passed through Egypt on his way to his post, he demanded whether it was true that in addition to his African command, he was really appointed governor of Barca. Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared still to doubt; whereupon Hossán produced the mandate of the Caliph. Finding it correct, Abd'alaziz urged him to resign the office. "Violence only," said Hossán, "shall wrest from me an honor conferred by the Commander of the Faithful." "Then I deprive thee of both governments," exclaimed the emir, in a passion, "and will appoint a better man in thy stead; and my brother will soon perceive the benefit he derives from the change." So saying, he tore the diploma in pieces.

It is added that, not content with depriving Hossán of his command, he despoiled him of all his property, and carried his persecution so far, that the conqueror of Carthage, the slayer of the patriot queen, within a brief time after her death, and almost amid the very scenes of his triumphs, died of a broken heart. His cruel treatment of the heroic Cahina reconciles us to the injustice wreaked upon himself.

CHAPTER LV.

Musa Ibn Nosseyr made emir of Northern Africa.—His campaigns against the Berbers.

THE general appointed by the Caliph's brother, Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, to the command in Northern Africa, was Musa Ibn Nosseyr, the same old adherent of the Merwân family that had been prime counsellor of the Caliph's brother Besher, when emir of Irak, and had escaped by dint of hoof from the clutches of Al Hejagi, when the latter was about to arrest him on a charge of squandering the public funds. Abd'alaziz, it will be remembered, assisted him to pay the fifty thousand dinars of gold, in which he was mulcted by the Caliph, and took him with him to Egypt; and it may have been with some view to self-reimbursement, that the Egyptian emir now took the somewhat bold step of giving him the place assigned to Hossán by Abd'almâlec.

At the time of his appointment, Musa was sixty years of age. He was still active and vigorous; of noble presence-

and concealed his age by tinging his hair and beard with henna. He had three brave sons who aided him in his campaigns, and in whom he took great pride. The eldest he had named Abd'alaziz, after his patron; he was brave and magnanimous, in the freshness of his youth and his father's right hand in all his enterprises. Another of his sons, he had called Merwân, the family name of Abd'alaziz and the Caliph.

Musa joined the army at its African encampment, and addressed his troops in frank and simple language. "I am a plain soldier like yourselves," said he; "whenever I act well, thank God, and endeavor to imitate me. When I do wrong, reprove me, that I may amend; for we are all sinners and liable to err. If any one has at any time a complaint to make, let him state it frankly, and it shall be attended to. I have orders from the emir Abd'alaziz (to whom God be bountiful!) to pay you three times the amount of your arrears. Take it, and make good use of it." It is needless to say, that the address, especially the last part, was received with acclamations.

While Musa was making his harangue, a sparrow fluttered into his bosom. Interpreting it as a good omen, he called for a knife; cut off the bird's head; besmeared the bosom of his vest with the blood, and scattering the feathers in the air above his head—"Victory! Victory!" he cried, "by the master of the Caaba, victory is ours!"

It is evident that Musa understood the character and foibles of his troops; he soon won their favor by his munifi-

conce, and still more by his affability; always accosting them with kind words and cheerful looks; carefully avoiding the error of those reserved commanders, shut up in the fancied dignity of station, who looked, he said, "as if God had tied a knot in their throats, so that they could not utter a word."

"A commander," he used to say, "ought to consult wise and experienced men in every undertaking; but when he has made up his mind, he should be firm and steady of purpose. He should be brave, adventurous, at times even rash, confiding in his good fortune, and endeavoring to do more than is expected of him. He should be doubly cautious after victory; doubly brave after defeat."

Musa found a part of Eastern Africa,* forming the present states of Tunis and Algiers, in complete confusion and insurrection. A Berber chief, Warkattáf by name, scoured night and day the land between Zaghwan and Caerwan. The Berbers had this advantage; if routed in the plains they took refuge in the mountains, which ran parallel to the coast, forming part of the great chain of Atlas; in the fastnesses of these mountains they felt themselves secure; but should they be driven out of these, they could plunge into the boundless deserts of the interior, and bid defiance to pursuit.

The energy of Musa rose with the difficulty of his enter-

* Northern Africa, extending from Egypt to the extremity of Mauritania, was subdivided into Eastern and Western Africa.

prise. "Take courage," would he say to his troops. "God is on our side, and will enable us to cope with our enemies, however strong their holds. By Allah! I'll carry the war into yon haughty mountains, nor cease until we have seized upon their passes, surmounted their summits, and made ourselves masters of the country beyond."

His words were not an empty threat. Having vanquished the Berbers in the plains, he sent his sons Abd'alaziz and Merwân with troops in different directions, who attacked the enemy in their mountain-holds, and drove them beyond to the borders of the Southern desert. Warkattâf was slain with many of his warriors, and Musa had the gratification of seeing his sons return triumphant from their different expeditions, bringing to the camp thousands of captives and immense booty. Indeed the number of prisoners of both sexes, taken in these campaigns, is said to have amounted to three hundred thousand; of whom one-fifth, or sixty thousand, formed the Caliph's share.

Musa hastened to write an account of his victories to his patron Abd'alaziz Ibn Merwân, and as he knew covetousness to be the prime failing of the emir, he sent him, at the same time, a great share of the spoils, with choice horses and female slaves of surpassing beauty.

The letter and the present came most opportunely. Abd'alaziz had just received a letter from his brother, the Caliph, rebuking him for having deposed Hossân, a brave, experienced

and fortunate officer, and given his office to Musa, a man who had formerly incurred the displeasure of the government; and he was ordered forthwith to restore Hossán to his command.

In reply, Abd'alaziz transmitted the news of the African victories. "I have just received from Musa," writes he, "the letter which I inclose, that thou mayest peruse it, and give thanks to God."

Other tidings came to the same purport, accompanied by a great amount of booty. The Caliph's feelings toward Musa immediately changed. He at once saw his fitness for the post he occupied, and confirmed the appointment of Abd'alaziz, making him emir of Africa. He, moreover, granted yearly pensions of two hundred pieces of gold to himself and one hundred to each of his sons, and directed him to select from among his soldiers five hundred of those who had most distinguished themselves in battle, or received most wounds, and give them each thirty pieces of gold. Lastly, he revoked the fine formerly imposed upon him of fifty thousand dinars of gold, and authorized him to reimburse himself out of the Caliph's share of the spoil.

This last sum Musa declined to receive for his own benefit, but publicly devoted it to the promotion of the faith and the good of its professors. Whenever a number of captives were put up for sale after a victory, he chose from among them those who were young, vigorous, intelligent, of noble origin, and who appeared disposed to be instructed in the

religion of Islam. If they were converted, and proved to have sufficient talent, he gave them their liberty, and appointed them to commands in his army; if otherwise, he returned them to the mass of captives, to be disposed of in the usual manner.

The fame of Musa's victories, and of the immense spoil collected by his troops, brought recruits to his standard from Egypt and Syria, and other distant parts; for rapine was becoming more and more the predominant passion of the Moslems. The army of Musa was no longer composed, like the primitive armies of the faith, merely of religious zealots. The campaigns in foreign countries, and the necessity, at distant points, of recruiting the diminished ranks from such sources as were at hand, had relaxed the ancient scruples, as to unity of faith, and men of different creeds now fought under the standard of Islam without being purified by conversion. The army was, therefore, a motley host of every country and kind; Arabs and Syrians, Persians and Copts, and nomadic Africans; arrayed in every kind of garb, and armed with every kind of weapon. Musa had succeeded in enlisting in his service many of the native tribes; a few of them were Christians, a greater proportion idolaters, but the greatest number professed Judaism. They readily amalgamated with the Arabs, having the same nomad habits, and the same love of war and rapine. They even traced their origin to the same Asiatic stock. According to their traditions five colonies, or tribes, came in ancient times from Sabæa, in Arabia the Happy; being expelled

thence with their king Ifrique. From these descended the five most powerful Berber tribes, the Zenhagians, Muzamudas, Zenetes, Gomeres and Hoares.

Musa artfully availed himself of these traditions; addressed the conquered Berbers as Aulad-arabi (sons of the Arabs), and so soothed their pride by this pretended consanguinity, that many readily embraced the Moslem faith, and thousands of the bravest men of Numidia enrolled themselves, of their own free will, in the armies of Islam.

Others, however, persisted in waging stubborn war with the invaders of their country, and among these, the most powerful and intrepid, were the Zenetes. They were a free, independent and haughty race. Marmol, in his description of Africa, represents them as inhabiting various parts of the country. Some leading a roving life about the plains, living in tents like the Arabs; others having castles and strongholds in the mountains; others, very troglodytes, infesting the dens and caves of Mount Atlas, and others wandering on the borders of the Libyan desert.

The Gomeres were also a valiant and warlike tribe, inhabiting the mountains of the lesser Atlas, in Mauritania, bordering the frontiers of Ceuta, while the Muzamudas lived in the more western part of that extreme province, where the great Atlas advances into the Atlantic Ocean.

In the eighty-third year of the Hegira, Musa made one of his severest campaigns against a combined force of these Ber-

ber tribes, collected under the banners of their several princes They had posted themselves in one of the fastnesses of the Atlas mountains, to which the only approach was through different gorges and defiles. All these were defended with great obstinacy, but were carried, one after the other, after several days of severe fighting.

The armies at length found themselves in presence of each other, when a general conflict was unavoidable. As they were drawn out, regarding each other with menacing aspect, a Berber chief advanced, and challenged any one of the Moslem cavaliers to single combat. There was a delay in answering to the challenge; whereupon Musa turned to his son Merwân, who had charge of the banners, and told him to meet the Berber warrior. The youth handed his banner to his brother Abd'-alaziz, and stepped forward with alacrity. The Berber, a stark and seasoned warrior of the mountains, regarded with surprise and almost scorn, an opponent scarce arrived at manhood. "Return to the camp," cried he, "I would not deprive thine aged father of so comely a son." Merwân replied but with his weapon, assailing his adversary so vigorously, that he retreated and sprang upon his horse. He now urged his steed upon the youth, and made a thrust at him with a javelin, but Merwân seized the weapon with one hand, and with the other thrust his own javelin through the Berber's side, burying it in the flanks of the steed; so that both horse and rider were brought to the ground and slain.

The two armies now closed in a general struggle; it was bloody and desperate, but ended in the complete defeat of the Berbers. Kasleyah, their king, fell, fighting to the last. A vast number of captives were taken; among them were many beautiful maidens, daughters of princes and military chiefs. At the division of the spoil, Musa caused these high-born damsels to stand before him, and bade Merwân, his son, who had so recently distinguished himself, to choose among them. The youth chose one who was a daughter of the late king Kasleyah. She appears to have found solace for the loss of her father in the arms of a youthful husband; and ultimately made Merwân the father of two sons, Musa and Abd'almâlec.

CHAPTER LVI.

Naval enterprises of Musa.—Cruisings of his son Abdolola.—Death of Abd'almâlec.

THE bold and adventurous spirit of Musa Ibn Nosseyr was not content with victories on land. "Always endeavor to do more than is expected of thee," was his maxim, and he now aspired to achieve triumphs on the sea. He had ports within his province, whence the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, in the days of their power, had fitted out maritime enterprises. Why should he not do the same?

The feelings of the Arab conquerors had widely changed in regard to naval expeditions. When Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, was at Alexandria, the Caliph Omar required of him a description of the Mediterranean. "It is a great pool," replied Amru, "which some foolhardy people furrow; looking like ants on logs of wood." The answer was enough for Omar, who was always apprehensive that the Moslems would endanger their conquests by rashly-extended enterprises. He forbade all maritime expeditions. Perhaps he

feared that the inexperience of the Arabs would expose them to defeat from the Franks and Romans, who were practised navigators.

Moawyah, however, as we have shown, more confident of the Moslem capacity for nautical warfare, had launched the banner of Islam on the sea from the ancient ports of Tyre and Sidon, and had scoured the eastern waters of the Mediterranean. The Moslems now had armaments in various ports of Syria and Egypt, and warred with the Christians by sea as well as by land. Abd'almâlec had even ordered Musa's predecessor, Hossán, to erect an arsenal at Tunis; Musa now undertook to carry those orders into effect; to found dock-yards, and to build a fleet for his proposed enterprise.

At the outset he was surrounded by those sage doubters who are ever ready to chill the ardor of enterprise. They pronounced the scheme rash and impracticable. A gray-headed Berber, who had been converted to Islam, spoke in a different tone. "I am one hundred and twenty years old," said he, "and I well remember hearing my father say, that when the Lord of Carthage thought of building his city, the people all, as at present, exclaimed against it as impracticable; one alone rose and said, oh king, put thy hand to the work and it will be achieved; for the kings thy predecessors persevered and achieved every thing they undertook, whatever might be the difficulty. And I say to thee, oh emir, put thy hand to this work, and God will help thee!"

Musa did put his hand to the work, and so effectually, that by the conclusion of the eighty-fourth year of the Hegira, A. D. 703, the arsenal and dock-yard were complete, and furnished with maritime stores, and there was a numerous fleet in the port of Tunis.

About this time a Moslem fleet, sent by Abd'alaziz, the emir of Egypt, to make a ravaging descent on the coast of Sardinia, entered the port of Susa, which is between Caerwan and Tunis. Musa sent provisions to the fleet, but wrote to the commander, Attá Ibn Rafi, cautioning him that the season was too late for his enterprise, and advising him to remain in port until more favorable time and weather.

Attá treated his letter with contempt, as the advice of a landsman: and having refitted his vessels, put to sea. He landed on an island, called by the Arab writers, Salsalah, probably Linosa or Lampedosa; made considerable booty of gold, silver, and precious stones, and again set sail on his plundering cruise. A violent storm arose, his ships were dashed on the rocky coast of Africa, and he and nearly all his men were drowned.

Musa, hearing of the disaster, dispatched his son, Abd'alaziz, with a troop of horse to the scene of the shipwreck, to render all the assistance in his power; ordering that the vessels and crews which survived the storm, should repair to the port of Tunis; all which was done. At the place of the wreck Abd'alaziz found a heavy box cast up on the sea-shore; on be-

ing opened, its contents proved to be the share of spoil of one of the warriors of the fleet, who had perished in the sea.

The author of the tradition from which these facts are gleaned, adds, that one day he found an old man sitting on the sea-shore with a reed in his hand, which he attempted to take from him. A scuffle ensued; he wrested the reed from his hands, and struck him with it over his head; when lo, it broke, and out fell gold coins and pearls and precious stones. Whether the old man, thus hardly treated, was one of the wrecked cruisers, or a wrecker, seeking to profit by their misfortunes, is not specified in the tradition. The anecdote shows in what a random way the treasures of the earth were in those days scattered about the world by the predatory hosts of Islam.

The surviving ships having been repaired, and added to those recently built at Tunis, and the season having become favorable, Musa, early in the eighty-fifth year of the Hegira, declared his intention to undertake, in person, a naval expedition. There was a universal eagerness among the troops to embark; Musa selected about a thousand of the choicest of his warriors, especially those of rank and family, so that the enterprise was afterwards designated The Expedition of the Nobles. He did not, however, accompany it as he had promised; he had done so merely to enlist his bravest men in the undertaking; the command was given to his son, Abdolela, to give him an opportunity to distinguish himself; for the reputation of his sons was as dear to Musa as his own.

It was, however, a mere predatory cruise; a type of the ravaging piracies from the African ports in after ages. Abdolola coasted the fair island of Sicily with his ships, landed on the western side, and plundered a city which yielded such abundant spoil, that each of the thousand men embarked in the cruise received one hundred dinars of gold for his share. This done, the fleet returned to Africa.

Soon after the return of his ships, Musa received news of the death of his patron Abd'alaziz, which was followed soon after by tidings of the death of the Caliph. On hearing of the death of the latter, Musa immediately sent a messenger to Damascus to take the oath of allegiance, in his name, to the new Caliph; to inform him of the naval achievements of his son Abdolola, and to deliver to him his share of the immense booty gained. The effect of course was to secure his continuance in office as emir of Africa.

The malady which terminated in the death of Abd'almâlec is supposed to have been the dropsy. It was attended in its last stages with excessive thirst, which was aggravated by the prohibition of his physicians that any water should be given to him, lest it should cause certain death. In the paroxysms of his malady the expiring Caliph demanded water of his son Waled; it was withheld through filial piety. His daughter, Fatima, approached with a flagon, but Waled interfered and prevented her; whereupon the Caliph threatened him with disinheritance and his malediction. Fatima handed to him the

flagon, he drained it at a draught, and almost instantly expired. He was about sixty years old at the time of his death, and had reigned about twenty years. Abulfeda gives him a character for learning, courage, and foresight. He certainly showed ability and management in reuniting, under his sway, the dismembered portions of the Moslem empire, and quelling the various sects that rose in arms against him. His foresight with regard to his family also, was crowned with success, as four of his sons succeeded him, severally, in the Caliphat.

He evinced an illiberal spirit of hostility to the memory of Ali, carrying it to such a degree that he would not permit the poet Ferazdak to celebrate in song the virtues of any of his descendants. Perhaps this may have gained for Abd'almâlec another by-name with which some of the Arab writers have signalized his memory, calling him the "Father of Flies:" for so potent, say they, was his breath, that any fly which alighted on his lips died on the spot.

CHAPTER LVII.

Inauguration of Waled, 12th Caliph.—Revival of the arts under his reign. —His taste for architecture.—Erection of mosques.—Conquests of his generals.

WALED, the eldest son of Abd'almâlec, was proclaimed Caliph at Damascus immediately on the death of his father, in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira, and the year 705 of the Christian era. He was about thirty-eight years of age; and is described as being tall and robust, with a swarthy complexion, a face much pitted with the small-pox, and a broad flat nose; in other respects, which are left to our conjecture, he is said to have been of a good countenance. His habits were indolent and voluptuous, yet he was of a choleric temper, and somewhat inclined to cruelty.

During the reign of Waled the arts began to develope themselves under the Moslem sway; finding a more genial home in the luxurious city of Damascus, than they had done in the holy cities of Mecca or Medina. Foreign conquests had brought the Arabs in contact with the Greeks and the Persians.

Intercourse with them, and residence in their cities, had gradually refined away the gross habits of the desert; had awakened thirst for the sciences, and a relish for the elegancies of cultivated life. Little skilled in the principles of government, accustomed in their native deserts to the patriarchal rule of separate tribes, without any extended scheme of policy, or combined system of union, the Arabs, suddenly masters of a vast and continually widening empire, had to study the art of governing in the political institutions of the countries they conquered. Persia, the best organized monarchy in Asia, held out a model by which they were fain to profit; and in their system of emirs vested with the sway of distant and powerful provinces, but strictly responsible to the Caliph, we see a copy of the satraps or viceroys, the provincial depositaries of the power of the Khosrus.

Since Moawyah had moved the seat of the Caliphat to Damascus, a change had come over the style of the Moslem court. It was no longer, as in the days of Omar, the conference of a poorly clad Arab chieftain with his veteran warriors and gray-beard companions, seated on their mats in the corner of a mosque: the Moslem Caliph at Damascus had now his divan, in imitation of the Persian monarch; and his palace began to assume somewhat of oriental state and splendor.

In nothing had the Moslem conquerors showed more ignorance of affairs than in financial matters. The vast spoils acquired in their conquests, and the tribute and taxes imposed

on subjugated countries, had for a time been treated like the chance booty caught up in predatory expeditions in the deserts They were amassed in public treasuries without register or account, and shared and apportioned without judgment and often without honesty. Hence continual frauds and peculations; hence those charges so readily brought and readily believed, against generals and governors in distant stations, of enormous frauds and embezzlements, and hence that grasping avarice, that avidity of spoil and treasure, which were more and more destroying the original singleness of purpose of the soldiers of Islam.

Moawyah was the first of the Caliphs who ordered that registers of tribute and taxes, as well as of spoils, should be kept in the Islamite countries, in their respective languages; that is to say, in the Greek language in Syria, and in the Persian language in Irak; but Abd'almâlec went further, and ordered that they should all be kept in Arabic. Nothing, however, could effectually check the extortion and corruption which was prevailing more and more in the administration of the conquered provinces. Even the rude Arab soldier, who in his desert would have been content with his tent of hair-cloth, now aspired to the possession of fertile lands, or a residence amid the voluptuous pleasures of the city.

Waled had grown up amid the refinements and corruptions of the transplanted Caliphat. He was more of a Greek and Persian than an Arab in his tastes; and the very opposite of that

primitive Moslem, Omar, in most of his habitudes. On assuming the sovereign power, he confirmed all the emirs or governors of provinces, and also the generals appointed by his father. On these he devolved all measures of government and warlike duties; for himself, he led a soft luxurious life amidst the delights of his harem. Yet, though he had sixty-three wives, he does not appear to have left any issue. Much of his time was devoted to the arts, and especially the art of architecture, in which he left some noble monuments to perpetuate his fame

He caused the principal mosque at Cairo to be demolished, and one erected of greater majesty, the pillars of which had gilded capitals. He enlarged and beautified the grand mosque erected on the site of the temple of Solomon, for he was anxious to perpetuate the pilgrimage to Jerusalem estab lished by his father. He gave command that the bounds of the mosque at Medina should be extended; so as to include the tomb of the prophet, and the nine mansions of his wives He furthermore ordered, that all the buildings round the Caaba at Mecca should be thrown down, and a magnificent quadrangular mosque erected, such as is to be seen at the present day. For this purpose, he sent a body of skilful Syrian architects from Damascus.

Many of the faithful were grieved, particularly those well-stricken in years, the old residents of Mecca, to see the ancient simplicity established by the prophet, violated by the splendor

of this edifice; especially as the dwellings of numerous individuals were demolished to furnish a vast square for the foundations of the new edifice; which now inclosed within its circuit, the Caaba, the well of Zem Zem, and the stations of different sects of Moslems, which came in pilgrimage.

All these works were carried on under the supervision of his emirs, but the Caliph attended in person to the erection of a grand mosque in his capital of Damascus. In making arrangements for this majestic pile he cast his eyes on the superb church of St. John the Baptist, which had been embellished by the Roman emperors during successive ages, and enriched with the bones and relics of saints and martyrs. He offered the Christians forty thousand dinars of gold for this holy edifice; but they replied, gold was of no value in comparison with the sacred bones enshrined within its walls.

The Caliph, therefore, took possession of the church on his own authority, and either demolished or altered it, so as to suit his purpose in the construction of his mosque, and did not allow the Christian owners a single dirhem of compensation. He employed twelve thousand workmen constantly, in this architectural enterprise, and one of his greatest regrets in his last moments was that he should not live to see it completed.

The architecture of these mosques was a mixture of Greek and Persian, and gave rise to the Saracenic style, of which Waled may be said to be founder. The slender and graceful

palm-tree, may have served as a model for its columns; as the clustering trees and umbrageous forests of the north are thought to have thrown their massive forms and shadowy glooms into Gothic architecture. These two kinds of architecture have often been confounded, but the Saracenic takes the precedence; the Gothic borrowed graces and embellishments from it in the times of the Crusades.

While the Caliph Waled lived indolently and voluptuously at Damascus, or occupied himself in erecting mosques, his generals extended his empire in various directions. Moslema Ibn Abd'almâlec, one of his fourteen brothers, led an army into Asia Minor, invaded Cappadocia, and laid siege to Tyana, a strong city garrisoned with imperial troops. It was so closely invested, that it could receive no provisions; but the besiegers were equally in want of supplies. The contest was fierce on both sides, for both were sharpened and irritated by hunger, and it became a contest which could hold out longest against famine.

The duration of the siege enabled the emperor to send reinforcements to the place, but they were raw undisciplined recruits, who were routed by the hungry Moslems, their camp captured and their provisions greedily devoured. The defeat of these reinforcements rendered the defence of the city hopeless, and the pressure of famine hastened a capitulation, the besieged not being aware that the besiegers were nearly as much famished as themselves. Moslema is accused by Chris-

tian writers, of having violated the conditions of surrender many of the inhabitants were driven forth into the deserts, and many of the remainder were taken for slaves. In a subsequent year Moslema made a successful incursion into Pontus and Armenia, a great part of which he subjugated, and took the city of Amasia, after a severely contested siege. He afterwards made a victorious campaign into Galatia, ravaging the whole province, and bearing away rich spoils and numerous captives.

While Moslema was thus bringing Asia Minor into subjection, his son Khatiba, a youth of great bravery, was no less successful in extending the empire of the faith toward the East. Appointed to the government of Khorassan, he did not content himself with attending to the affairs of his own province, but crossing the Oxus, ravaged the provinces of Turkistan, defeated a great army of Turks and Tartars, by which he had been beleaguered and reduced to great straits, and took the capital city of Bochara, with many others of inferior note.

He defeated also Magourek, the Khan of Charism, and drove him to take refuge in the great city of Samarcand. This city, anciently called Marcanda, was one of the chief marts of Asia, as well for the wares imported from China and Tangut across the desert of Cobi, as of those brought through the mountains of the great Thibet, and those conveyed from India to the Caspian Sea. It was, therefore, a great resort and rest-

ing-place for caravans from all quarters. The surrounding country was renowned throughout the East for fertility, and ranked among the paradises, or gardens, of Asia.

To this city Katiba laid siege, but the inhabitants set him at defiance, being confident of the strength of their walls, and aware that the Arabs had no battering-rams, nor other engines necessary for the attack of fortified places. A long and close siege, however, reduced the garrison to great extremity, and finding that the besiegers were preparing to carry the place by storm, they capitulated, agreeing to pay an annual tribute of one thousand dinars of gold and three thousand slaves.

Khatiba erected a magnificent mosque in that metropolis, and officiated personally in expounding the doctrines of Islam, which began soon to supersede the religion of the Magians, or Ghebers.

Extensive victories were likewise achieved in India during the reign of Waled, by Mohamed Ibn Casem, a native of Thayef, one of his generals, who conquered the kingdom of Sindia, or Sinde, killed its sovereign in battle, and sent his head to the Caliph; overran a great part of Central India, and first planted the standard of Islam on the banks of the Ganges, the sacred river of the Hindoos.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Further triumphs of Musa Ibn Nosseyr.—Naval enterprises.—Descents in Sicily, Sardinia, and Mallorca.—Invasion of Tingitania.—Projects for the invasion of Spain.—Conclusion.

To return to affairs in Africa. During the first years of the Caliphat of Waled, the naval armaments fitted out by Musa in the ports of Eastern Africa, continued to scour the Mediterranean, and carry terror and devastation into its islands. One of them coasted the island of Sicily in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira, and attacked the city of Syracuse; but the object appears to have been mere plunder, not to retain possession. Another ravaged the island of Sardinia, sacked its cities, and brought off a vast number of prisoners and immense booty. Among the captives were Christian women of great beauty, and highly prized in the Eastern harems. The command of the sea was ultimately given by Musa to his son Abdolola, who added to his nautical reputation by a descent upon the island of Mallorca.

While Abdolola was rejoicing his father's heart by exploits

and triumphs on the sea, Abd'alaziz contributed no less to his pride and exultation by his achievements on land. Aided by this favorite son, Musa carried the terror of the Moslem arms to the western extremity of Mount Atlas, subduing Fez, Duquella, Morocco, and Sus. The valiant tribes of the Zenetes at length made peace, and entered into compact with him; from other tribes Musa took hostages; and by degrees the sway of the Caliph was established throughout western Almagreb to Cape Non on the Atlantic.

Musa was not a ferocious conqueror. The countries subjected by his arms became objects of his paternal care. He introduced law and order; instructed the natives in the doctrines of Islam, and defended the peaceful cultivators of the fields and residents in the cities against the incursions of predatory tribes. In return they requited his protection by contributing their fruits and flocks to the support of the armies, and furnishing steeds matchless for speed and beauty.

One region, however, yet remained to be subjugated before the conquest of Northern Africa would be complete; the ancient Tingis, or Tingitania, the northern extremity of Almagreb. Here the continent of Africa protruded boldly to meet the continent of Europe; a narrow strait intervened; the strait of Hercules, the gate of the Mediterranean Sea. Two rocky promontories appeared to guard it on each side, the far-famed pillars of Hercules. Two rock-built cities, Ceuta and Tangiers, on the African coast, were the keys of this gate, and

controlled the neighboring seaboard. These had been held in ancient times by the Berber kings, who made this region their stronghold, and Tangiers their seat of power; but the keys had been wrested from their hands at widely-separated periods, first by the Vandals, and afterwards by the Goths, the conquerors of the opposite country of Spain; and the Gothic Spaniards had now held military possession for several generations.

Musa seems to have reserved this province for his last African campaign. He stationed his son Merwân, with ten thousand men, in a fortified camp on the frontier, while Taric Ibn Zeyad, a veteran general scarred in many a battle, scoured the country from the fountains or head waters of the river Moluya, to the mountains of Aldaran. The province was bravely defended by a Gothic noble, Count Julian by name; but he was gradually driven to shut himself up in Ceuta. Meantime Tangiers yielded to the Moslem arms after an obstinate defence, and was strongly garrisoned by Arab and Egyptian troops, and the command given to Taric. An attempt was made to convert the Christian inhabitants to the faith of Islam; the Berber part easily conformed, but the Gothic persisted in unbelief, and rather than give up their religion, abandoned their abodes, and crossed over to Andaluz with the loss of all their property.

Musa now advanced upon Ceuta, into which Count Julian had drawn all his troops. He attempted to carry it by storm, but was gallantly repulsed, with the loss of many of his best troops.

Repeated assaults were made with no better success; the city was situated on a promontory, and strongly fortified. Musa now laid waste the surrounding country, thinking to reduce the place by famine, but the proximity of Spain enabled the garrison to receive supplies and reinforcements across the straits.

Months were expended in this protracted and unavailing siege. According to some accounts Musa retired personally from the attempt, and returned to his seat of government at Caerwan, leaving the army and province in charge of his son Merwân, and Taric in command of Tangiers.

And now occurred one of the most memorable pieces of treason in history. Count Julian, who had so nobly defended his post, and checked the hitherto irresistible arms of Islam, all at once made secret offers, not merely to deliver up Ceuta to the Moslem commander, but to betray Andaluz itself into his hands. The country he represented as rife for a revolt against Roderick the Gothic king, who was considered a usurper; and he offered to accompany and aid the Moslems in a descent upon the coast, where he had numerous friends ready to flock to his standard.

Of the private wrongs received by Count Julian from his sovereign, which provoked him to this stupendous act of treason, we shall here say nothing. Musa was startled by his proposition. He had long cast a wistful eye at the mountains of Andaluz, brightening beyond the strait, but hitherto the conquest of Northern Africa had tasked all his means. Even now he

feared to trust too readily to a man whose very proposition showed an utter want of faith. He determined, therefore, to dispatch Taric Ibn Zeyad on a reconnoitering expedition to coast the opposite shores, accompanied by Count Julian, and ascertain the truth of his representations.

Taric accordingly embarked with a few hundred men in four merchant vessels, crossed the straits under the guidance of Count Julian, who, on landing, dispatched emissaries to his friends and adherents, summoning them to a conference at Jesirah al Khadra, or the Green Island, now Algeziras. Here, in presence of Taric, they confirmed all that Julian had said of the rebellious disposition of the country, and of their own readiness to join the standard of an invader. A plundering cruise along the coast convinced Taric of the wealth of the country, and he returned to the African shores with ample spoils and female captives of great beauty.

A new career of conquest seemed thus opening upon Musa. His predecessor, Acbah, had spurred his steed into the waves of the Atlantic, and sighed that there were no further lands to conquer; but here was another quarter of the world inviting the triumphs of Islam. He forthwith wrote to the Caliph, giving a glowing account of the country thus held out for conquest; a country abounding in noble monuments and wealthy cities; rivalling Syria in the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its climate; Yemen, or Arabia the happy, in its temperature; India in its flowers and spices; Hegiaz in its fruits and

productions; Cathay in its precious and abundant mines; Aden in the excellence of its ports and harbors. "With the aid of God," added he, "I have reduced to obedience the Zenetes and the other Berber tribes of Zab and Derâr, Zaara, Mazamuda, and Sus: the standard of Islam floats triumphant on the walls of Tangiers; thence to the opposite coast of Andaluz is but a space of twelve miles. Let but the Commander of the Faithful give the word, and the conquerors of Africa will cross into that land, there to carry the knowledge of the true God and the law of the Koran."

The Arab spirit of the Caliph was roused by this magnificent prospect of new conquests. He called to mind a tradition that Mahomet had promised the extension of his law to the uttermost regions of the West; and he now gave full authority to Musa to proceed in his pious enterprise, and carry the sword of Islam into the benighted land of Andaluz.

We have thus accomplished our self-allotted task. We have set forth, in simple and succinct narrative, a certain portion of this wonderful career of fanatical conquest. We have traced the progress of the little cloud which rose out of the deserts of Arabia, "no bigger than a man's hand," until it has spread out and overshadowed the ancient quarters of the world and all their faded glories. We have shown the handful of proselytes of a pseudo prophet, driven from city to city, lurking in dens and caves of the earth; but at length rising to be leaders of

armies and mighty conquerors; overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Grecian phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia; carrying their victories from the gates of the Caucasus, to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus, the ultimate river in Mauritania; and now planting their standard on the pillars of Hercules, and threatening Europe with like subjugation.

Here, however, we stay our hand. Here we lay down our pen. Whether it will ever be our lot to resume this theme, to cross with the Moslem hosts the strait of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of those uncertainties of mortal life and aspirations of literary zeal, which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment.

THE END.

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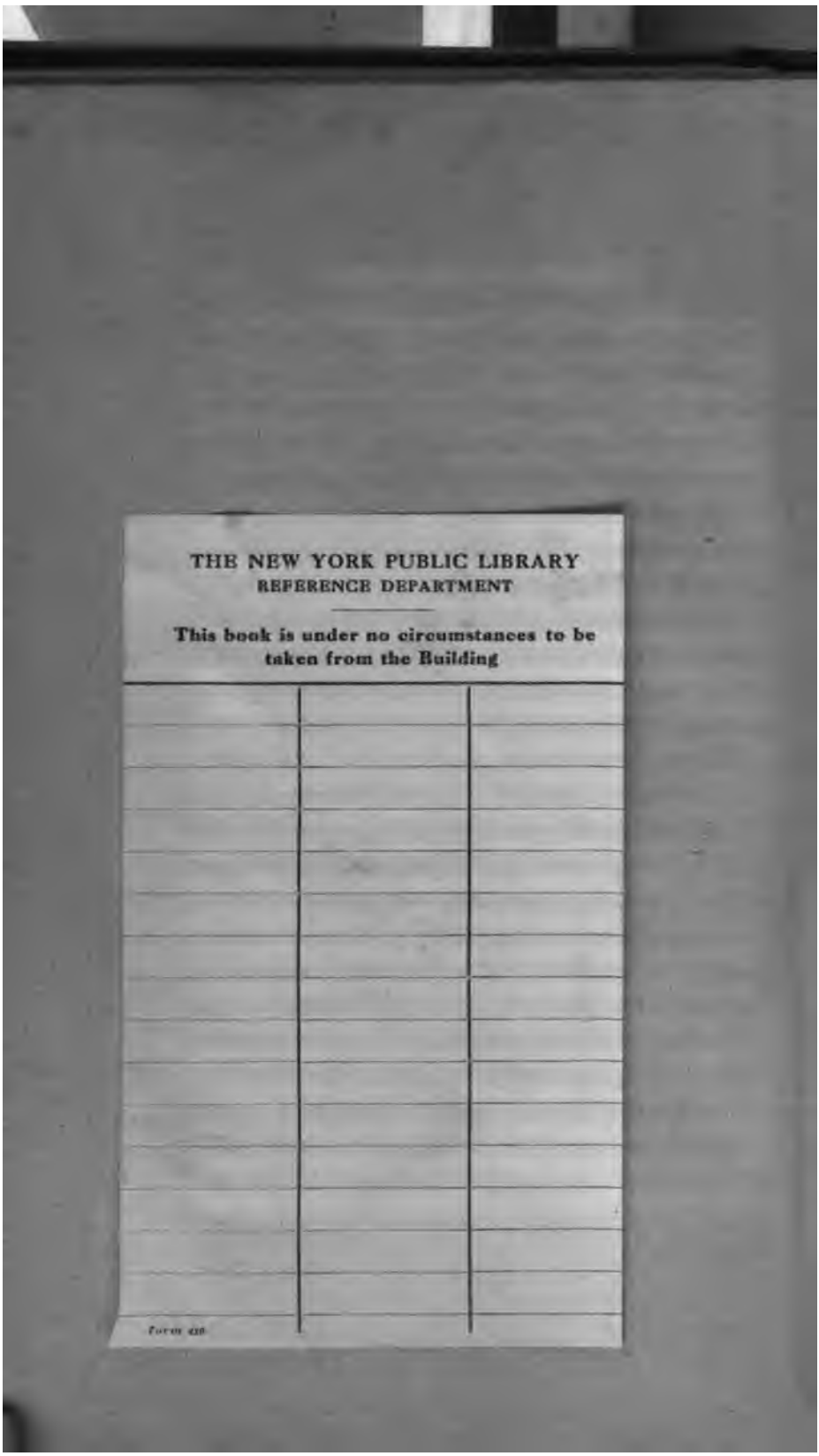
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